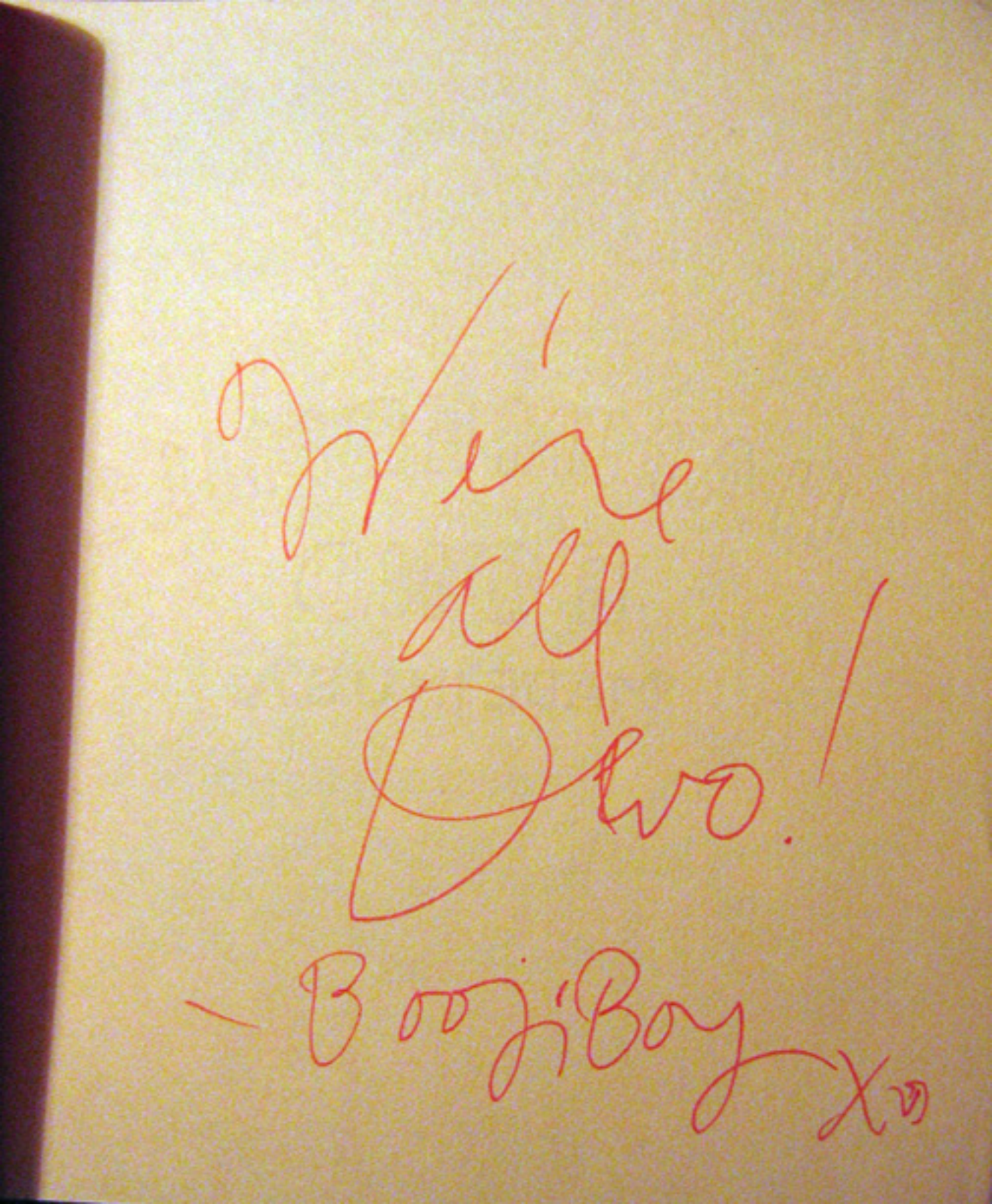
MY STRUGGLE

BOOJI BOY


Wine
all
Day!
— BoojiBoy xo

"MY STRUGGLE"

-booji boy

"MY STRUGGLE"

-BOOJI BOY

At first it all seemed like perfection..I traveled through space in a completely self-sufficient capsule..experiencing total satisfaction.....
But in only nine short months I found out my 'beautiful capsule' was in reality a disgusting toilet which through blood water and convulsions vomited me out into the atomosphere....condemning me to decay and die.....the ribbon of time flowed one direction and there was no returning...for...IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE END.

-BOOJI BOY

WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS A TRUE STORY.

博愛激動的九種特徵

The youthful Chinaman.

Introduction by Chinaman

IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE (WHAT I BELIEVE)

"But that doesn't make any sense!" "Wean your baby on milk or g in. Shine your shoes with black or tan. Put new tires or retread s on your car...it doesn't make any difference. It's all the sam e!!"

Mr. Boy was warbling loud and out of tune from his table at th e Club Devo. On stage his son paid no attention as two de-evolut ionary Club guards silently removed the cackling ancestor. Mr. B oy had gained wealth and success through the latex garment indus try but lost his wife to a religious cult from Kansas and was no w the victom of conspicuous consumption. A uniformed woman sitti ng next to me remarked, "He's right but he's out of order.".

It was difficult for me to comprehend this scene actually taki ng place in Akron, Ohio--a town where the rubber meets the road. Boogie Boy continued his performance from the center of an eleva ted stage illuminated with a rear-projection backdrop of a gener ic midnight sky. In front of the mammoth screen on both sides of the stage a pair of Ionic columns (plaster replicas) gave the il

lusion of functional support. An oiled male athlete performed between each pair of columns providing gymnastic mime accompaniment as B.B. performed. He finished with an extended coda on "Jocko Homo", an anthem of the de-evolutionaries.....

JOCKO HOMO

They tell us that
We lost our tails
Evolving up
From little snails
I say it's all
Just wind in sails
Are we not men?
We are Devo!
Are we not men?
D-E-V-O
We're pinheads now
We are not whole
We're pinheads all
Jocko Homo
Are we not men?
We are Devo!
Are we not pins?
D-E-V-O

Monkey men all
In business suits
Teachers and critics
All dance the poot
Are we not men?
We are Devo!
Are we not men?
We are Devo!
Are we not men?
We are Devo!
We must repeat
D-E-V-O
We must repeat
D-E-V-O
We must repeat
D-E-V-O
We must repeat
O.K. Let's go!!!

Teasing them with rounds of rhetorical crooning, "Are we not men", he leapt and squatted as the crowd responded in unison, "We are Devo...D-E-V-O!" From behind his bank of synthesizers, Boogie's foot smashed down and exploded an inflatable head of John F. Kennedy. It triggered a switch instantly illuminating the modulated geometric drone. Clad only in Kimbies, Boogie raised his hands for silence. He recited as glasses of Pernod, warm Sake & Cho cola were raised in salutation around the room. "I want you to live like an appliance: stiff, rigid, and always responding. Ta ta tee ta ta...ta ta tee ta ta." He waved and left the stage as those around me called, "ta ta tee ta ta." My body registered <u>total</u> stiffness and I desired to laugh in <u>total</u> appreciation. Of course, I did not. I knew the oiled Bi-boys and Greek decor were part of a government entertainment package that Boogie was forced

to accept. I knew all Club Devo activities were carefully monitored. I knew that Boogie loathed his ritual identity and the hoards of poly-sexuals who were deceived to lust after it. I knew his musical challenge to Darwin had been misinterpreted by the Gay Liberation Front to be a faggot protest song. That I was foolish enough to attatch any significance to what everyone knew and accepted gave him reason to allow me to write an introduction to his book, *My Struggle*.

Now this same evening, backstage in his dressing room, he slowly removed the ritual head in my presence. The honor was unspeakable. A handsome black-haired German youth presided over the lean hairless body. In a voice an octave lower than Boogie Boy's, he addressed me. "Chinaman, hand me my Spud pants. I'm blind without my glasses." His closing recitation to the crowd came back to me. I tranced, paralyzed by the sudden incongruity--struck by its hyena-like beauty. He was as old as the mountains but as yet unborn.

I apologize for this introduction. A vestigial organ. A few contrived backdrops. Permuted spaces through which to view Boogie's imploded playpen. To get inside.

I. SPUD-DOM

"Tell me it ain't genetics, pal!" When you got your health you got just about everythin. Ha. Ha. Ha. Fuck you China-fag!"

An angry prisoner at Mansfield State Reformatory responded to me in rage when I suggested he could make money from the sale of his oil paintings. There's nothing less graceful than an angry S pud. His socio-genetic matrix programs him to self-destruct thro ugh overt acts of frustration, which reduce his mobility. Forced familiarity breeds contempt. There is a strict genetic code that cannot be broken. Not yet anyway. It's no accident that a fat be autician in an aqua double-knit pantsuit slips into an aqua Must ang II. It is not by chance that a father-son team goes into an ice cream parlor wearing matching leisure suits. Father orders a triple-scoop of chocolate-fudge ice cream. He weighs two-hundred and fifty pounds. He's five foot ten. Son orders a triple scoop of the same. Guess his height and weight.

Democracy makes all this possible. The ideals of freedom and e quality constitute a soft-core mysticism that allows the capitali stic economy to thrive on the illusion that individual beliefs p lus convoluted sexual energy equals personal liberty, rather tha n indulgence. In a quasi-human centered universe, the tyranny of an aesthetic based on bi-lateral form produces the highest conse quences for those organisms least organized on the genetic conti nuum. The capacity for failure and self-contempt is sublime. Hen ce, a Viet Nam war veteran's final outcry before shooting his wi fe and three children in their home as they watch Ann-Margret's TV special in color: "Why me got stump when she on TV and show h er butt?"

However, I smack no patties with proles. At a certain point th ere is no justification for the self-perpetuating sour-grapes my thology. The science fiction films of the Fifties were merely pa ranoid projections of inner collapse. Of course we know that we were the monsters and aliens from 'another' planet. Proles refus e to realize this. They continue to invade themselves, resorting to beer-drinking and hero-worship, folk songs and outmoded symbo ls of individual rebellion. Their fate is sealed. However, the s o-called 'humanistic' approach, popular in the Sixties is just a s sentimental, therefore just as degenerate. In *The Dangers of t he Liberal Mind*, Abud Ehmon Ghana, the renowned African bio-gene ticist, examines the relationship between bio-chemical functions

within the individual and the shape of his adult intellect. His work re-affirms the Law of Diminishing Returns. The three-part photograph that begins this section depicts a subject of one of Dr. Ghana's experiments. The subject received a series of hormonal homogramatic toxoid injections, which allowed her physical body to project tangibly the erosion of her conscious mind. The drug is illegal, except when used with prisoners. A convicted abortionist, the subject had graduated from medical school in Ethiopia. Photos A, B, & C, depict her at one, three, and five years after graduation. Loss of physical beauty is co-ordinated with loss of conceptual ability; Note the progression toward potato-like assymetry. Thus, contrary to liberal propaganda, information in itself is not enough. If one could construct a hypothetical open socieу where the variables of income, education, & environment were controlled, but reproduction was left unmonitored, similar false images concerning the presence of the human body on the planet would result in circumstances identical to those at present. Boogie Boy refers to this preprogrammed rate of loss of mental & physical powers as 'pinning-out'.

In "How Many Ropes', (Paranoia, p.13), Boogie Boy strikes the essence of the implications of Spud-dom. He is fond of rhetorical questions in a way Bob Dylan never discovered. Taking the cliche and twisting it, BB allows the original intent the dignity of self-destruction. I want desparately to convey the sad truth that we must put a "D" in front of evolution. Biology is destiny. The Viet Nam amputee had as much chance as a one-legged man in a butt-kicking contest of knowing life. Time. A woman demands two things from her cigarette. New York. A Cuban disco group called Parcheesie with a hit called "Only the Strong and the Beautiful" ..'Who shows grace under pressure/Never drops the bloody cape/Sidesteps the losers/Always wins on the give & take/Only the Strong and the Beautiful/Yes, only the Strong and the Beautiful.' From a source at Hawthornden State Mental Hospital whose identity must remain protected comes this letter intercepted from a patient who had addresses it to Earl Butts of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare:

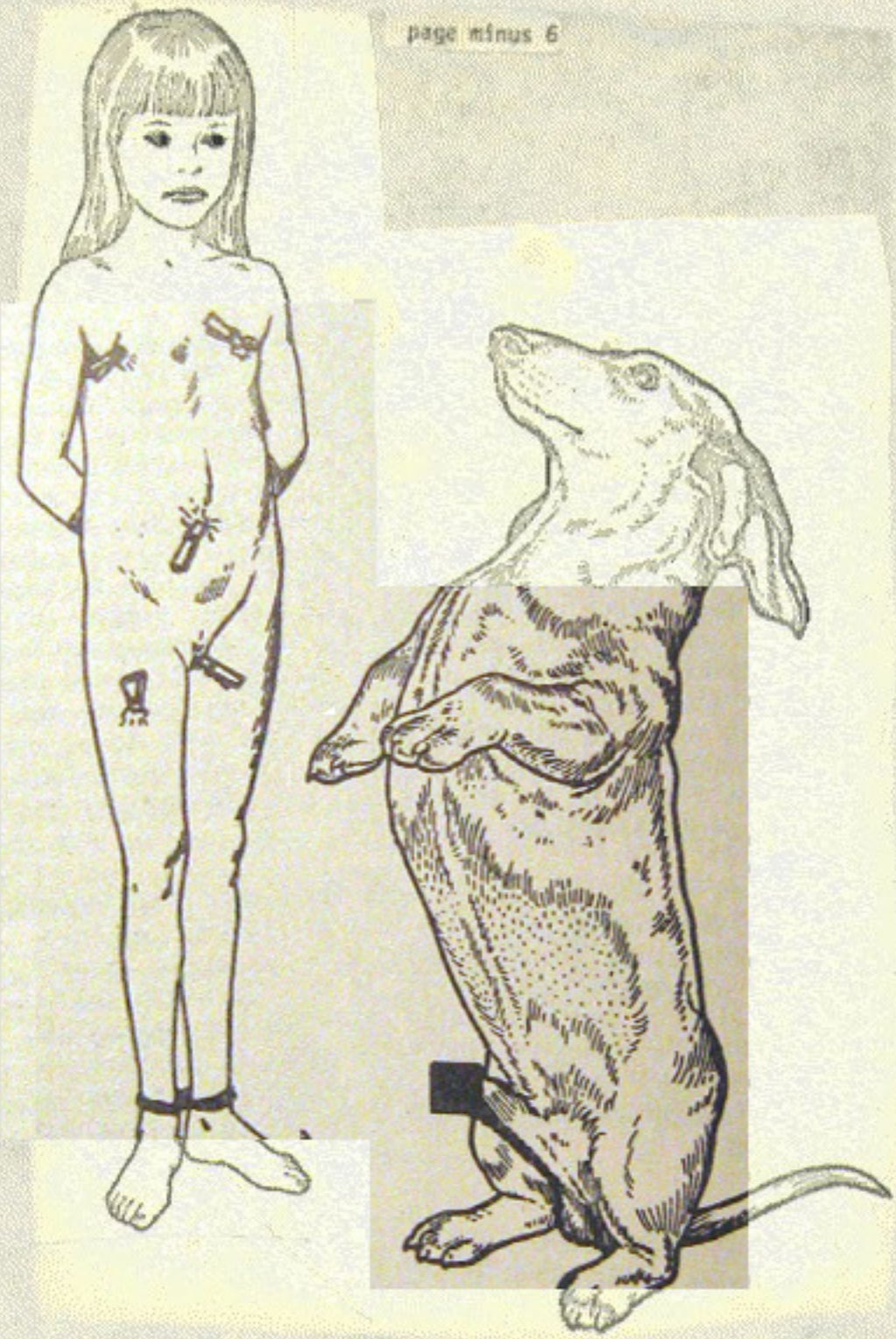
"Dear Mr. Butts,

Do you know what's going on? I must convey this information I have found out before it will be too late. Until now not much was known about the PENUS. This was the original male sexual organ

. It was used for the same purposes that the present day penis i s, but was much larger. What was known about it was hidden from everybody. I guess the scientists were downright ashamed of this sensitive topic. The things about it that I have found out only serve to strengthen my position. Some people don't believe me at all and some say they don't know but I know you will believe me because I now know that it is all fact.

Did you know that Cro-magnon man boasted a penis measuring 6" diameter, 18" length with a head the size and shape of a peach? Why do you think they never show pictures of genitals in drawing s of ancient Aztec culture? I know why. How much of a man do you think it took to fill early Europe's codpieces? At first I thoug ht it might be inbreeding and genetics but now I say no. I have found out the answer is in the woman's belly. Upon closer examin ation I know it would be found that during coitus something very strange takes place like magic. It has to do with the woman's at titude of expectancy and physical irritation. I know the vaginal walls emit some kind of secretions (odorless and tasteless) whic h penetrate the outer layer of skin on the male penis and is abs orbed into the blood stream. It is this transaction, and only th is that has rendered the PENUS extinct and even today works on s hrinking modern man's penis. I can't tell you how I found out ye t. They don't want me to mention this at all but you have to kno w so you can do something about it."

The degree of similiartiy between this man's schizophrenic non sense and justifiable fear goes best unstated. Let us put things together. Obsessive identification with products as entities; de clarations of genetic superiority in the de-humanized vocals of pop entertainers; and women with unfathomable magical powers in their bellies, working for the extinction of physical intercours e. Read 'How Many Ropes' once again. Sing 'Jocko Homo'. I must r epeat as I dance the poot, there is a "D" to be placed in front of evolution.



II. CORRECTION & DISCIPLINE

In *The Lives of a Cell* by Lewis Thomas, it is revealed that th e body is inhabited by millions of micro-organisms who are not n ative to the human body; the majority of which are beneficial, o r at least neutral. A human who comes in contact with a flu viru s is better off than a flu virus unlucky enough to come in conta ct with a man. Further, it seems that many microscopic life form s once considered single cells are actually symbiotic communitie s of subcellular viral forms living in conjunction with one anot her. The implications of such information are quite subversive t o the present order. Let me digress. Admiral Dewey attributes hi s savage escapades in the Spanish-American War to the fact that a school teacher named Bang-porno, a Greek, gave him a brutal wh ipping. I quote Admiral Dewey, "But for that thrashing you gave me I would probably be a state prisoner." Possibly it's better t hat he had been. The human will is a dangerous obstacle to natur al weakness, allowing the weak to survive, and the ugly to gain power and positions of respectability. Discipline demands ego in volvement. It perpetuates inferior traits. Dr. Thomas' findings prove discipline biologically unsound. His microscopic visions u ncover the Tuff-Skin masking parasitic relationships. He is erot ically scientific as Boogie Boy is scientifically erotic. The wh ole business questions the validity of accomplishments in genera l, and obliterates the traditional notion of strength. It puts a mustache on every human creation. Terrorists, hijackers, prisone rs, and Pin-heads are all important parts of the community. Ther e is no discernable center..And if there is, humans are merely c ircling it. The basis for criminal law is erased, for here is ne w information to disprove the notion that anyone could believe t heir behavior is intentional. The tyranny of bi-lateral form yie lds to an appreciable asymmetry. The curse of Spud-dom versus th e deity of the Spud (eyes all around).

The above illustration from a pornographic Swedish coloring bo ok demonstrates the transparency of man-made laws. The male dog' s penis is censored while the clothespins applied to the girl's body go seemingly unnoticed. This could only be the work of infr a-sexuals, partial to pain, and disgusted by a healthy canine er ection. One would be inclined to believe that the page is a coll age constructed consciously as a joke. This ambiguity lies at th e center of BB's visual technique. Figures 89-94 in the book ill ustrate his mastery of the 'corrected image,' combining excessiv e interest in medical aesthetics with the bio-social awareness i mplied by the discoveries of Dr. Thomas. This visual 'surgery' w ith its maniacal interest in total release, secretions, urinatio n, defecation, and the like provides one with an examination of the whole body- the whole body of knowledge at once with the sub stance of knowledge itself. Boogie Boy is not the only person de aling with this non-genital-centered sense of wholeness. The sim ultaneous presentation of viscera and cerebral-social imagery ap pears in at least one film by Sasha Cordoba, a Portuguese woman currently studying with Fellini. Her film, "Plots", follows a se rial structure in which the duration of each image is determined by the number of deaths recorded daily over one year in the obit uaries of Le Pilot, the noted French newspaper. In the film, a s ucker-mouthed bird collides with the grill of an American car a nd is thrust into the interior through the ventilator. The bird affixes to the left breast of a Marilyn Monroe look-alike. She w recks. She is sheltered by members of the Manson family, and eve ntually begins a perverse love affair with a Kennedy look-alike. There is a plot switch to government intrigue, then three Chines e scientists discover the bird and attempt to destroy the specie s in yet another segment. Although BB has seen the film, and den ounced it as cheap adult fantasy, I like it. All dialogue is spo ken in the actors native tongues.

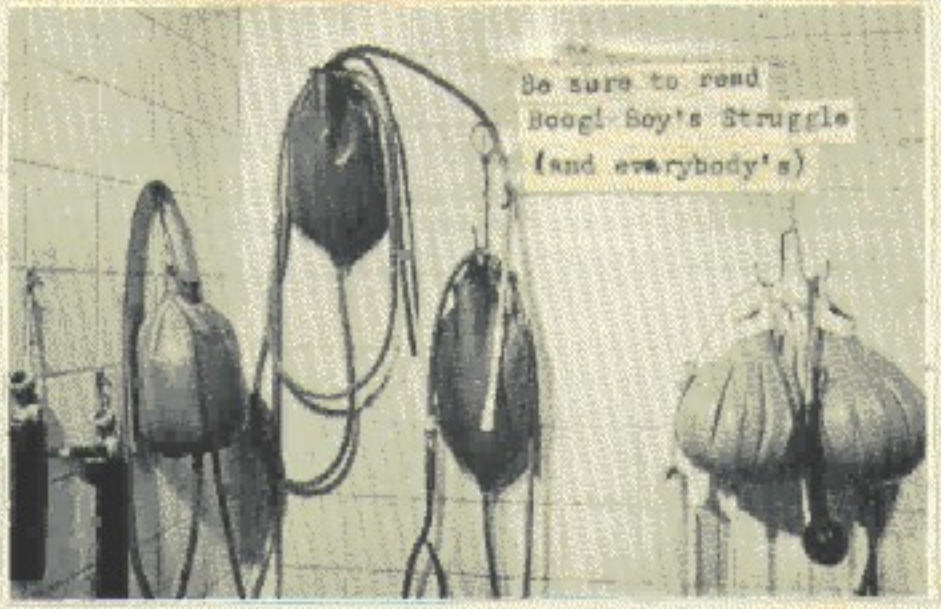
III. PAINFUL ELIMINATION

I have been accused of carrying on a ruthless examination of t he obvious that academics find humorless and oppressive. But art breeds art, spuds breed spuds, so what sould be more valuable th an a re-evaluation of the obvious? An attack on the creative pro cess which exposes the assumptions made by those who pretend to it is very much in order. Boogie Boy's Struggle provides the ene rgy for such an attack. BB's significance lies in the divine pur poselessness of his work. It is a purgative, a solution for the sometimes neccessary high colonic, wiping the system clean, and exposing it to view. Like the micro-organisms discussed previous ly, BB performs a service. The work represents an untutored pre- pubescent read-out on all particles passing through his chamber. *He is a technique*. The information enters, is twisted, frequency -analyzed and mutated without prehension, then excreted for our entertainment. Anyone who is really honest will agree. His work is a head-ache solo for those who need to invent systems to give themselves an erroneous feeling of security. In the section 'Par anoia', the sense of geography minus gravity emits a liberating force. BB is as paranoid as they come. He is sharp. He is a pin.

He is never in focus. His images of sexuality gone sour never gi ve way to cynicism, and his bloated olfactory sense is pleasantl y disproportionate. His apparent fear of the female hole as the hole of death is surpassed by his ability to mock his own senti ment. One man's death hole is definitely another man's donut. An d he wears his mask not to hide from justice, but to perform it. "Tear off them masks and come real clean". Unlike the putrescent flesh and green slime that trails William Burroughs, or the inf ormative, even erudite, sophistication of Thomas Pynchon, and ev en the clever superficiality of Kurt Vonnegut (old men born befo re the bomb, pondering the questions of civics and sanity), Boog ie Boy slips in below art, and beyond criticism. He is functiona lly illiterate. It is a pure use of language at which he is exce lles. He mutilates it, but the rhythm is always right, for the l anguage provides him a situation to operate through. He breaks w ords!

Just as the substance of his language yields the formation of a new body image, so does his style present a challenge to the p eculiar limitations of time in our portion of the Universe. It's all too well known that it (time) only goes one way. Boogie's pr eoccupation with this arrangement, that always ends in death, is best found in Section D of Shiva-TV-& Vixen Piss (p.51). He sugg ests that the 'computers' have been set, and then intimates tha t he plans to re-program them. Boogie, Giver of the Enema, Aveng er of the Spud Heirarchy and its host mechanism, the Family. Is that Boogie Boy in the king's crown, standing on the throne? I m ust say yes. From his throne he buffoons the primal urges, the s elf-destructive tendencies of rigid mythologies turned ludicrous by the odor of their consequences. Truth or Consequences! He wou ld never defile himself by stooping to application. The product of no discipline, he has no clearly defined sense of guilt. He r emains the impartial mutator of stimuli. All events seem to poss ess a one-to-one relationship, cheerfully denying the idea of tr anscendance; an idea directly opposed to Devolution. He makes no pretenses. His work is waste, but it is a healthy and nutritious waste that is very hard to find. Like the rock'n'roll fade-out, it goes on and on and on. He's made no pact with time, his whole body is glans erectus, and he knows nothing of history. He's pro bing the pit of the obvious daily, in ritual repetition. Each sl ight variation, each careful abstraction draws him closer to the implosive moment of discovery. A new myth = A new Tabu. He is a

most esoteric practitioner or Reductive Synthesis; the obvious d
issected and re-constructed inside-out. B.B. *is D-E-V-O.*



"MY STRUGGLE"

-booji boy

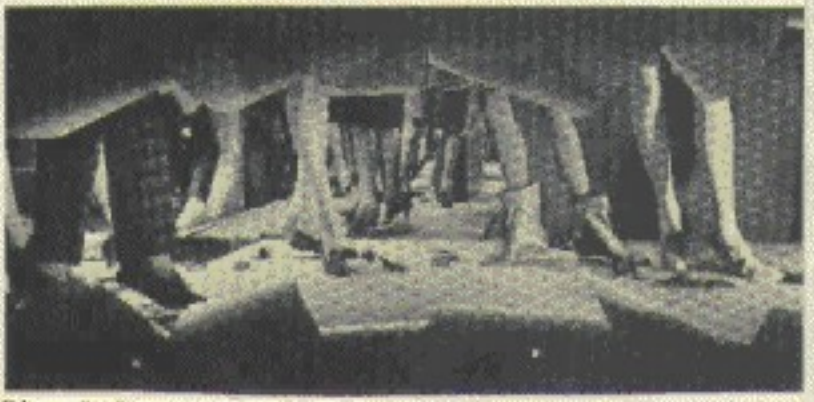


Fig. 1 Can you spot yourself in a crowd?

Dreams & Tantric Man

I

Hey! I'm the monkey on the high, high ropes!! Me, I like to work professional. I thought you weren't coming-wait a minute, I'll c ome up..No; I'm coming up--Three bells--that's us. Hey pal, when you come around, she ain't the same..what you do, you catch? Wel l den catch an' mind your own business!! Up, up, up the wire she go, an you better be there to catch her-it ain't fair even wif t he glitter in that greasy black, black hair. They playin monkey- swing music for you an me? Very clever, well-tuned and oiled lev er. I catch you, I snatch you, out of the air and you grab and h old in return, full miscellaneous afta-burn..shaver-rash Easter trash and Muscular passion plate (upper room). She yelled up to me,"Mr. Magick: I am ready; Please take the net away." Of course I would not allow it--Yet I felt I Must! Ten thousand hungry fat eyes beaded up at us, and many wanted us to fall; I must catch h er as our paths cross; she dive fly hive; swinging up by the rop es catching airs-she dive down off the boards--and keeping her f rom the crash? Oh No-You must see she be on the ropes all along- and the highly editorialized projected image confused my sense o f visions, as I climbed up on the tower and I called down, "I wi ll catch you!",and felt that jolt of Reddy's bolt that pierced h er steering wheel-laughing pig squeal-should of warned me.....I

was love stupid. She swing slowly, she swing softly, she swing l ooking in her eye like swirling;no timing;kept hiding;I was drun k on thin air musky music playing, Ten thousand telescopic eyes clung--straining, aching for a flyout. Is it circular sickness m otion--Air-filled lips of red talked a sculpting of oral bed; au ral face-me-knots: I filled my lungs and kaw-kaw-kawed a crowing , koo-koo-kooed a dance-o-rola..I thought she agree but I find o ut the projectionist is always the woman you thought you rolled- she always got the gun, the most real one; she sold me every tic ket to every seat in the house for that same old picture show; p rivate dark misleading theater you found yourself sitting; I had

Fig. 2 Curiousity killed the cat!!

the place to myself, she slipped away during the credits, I was afraid for the show to end, again. I look down she smile up; oh, I felt up like a pup; She looked real big, and I thought I was t he catcher, but no one was, I took a leap, a slight shot of air, tightly streaming dreams blow loud and jet in, the movie caught in the projecter is the first giveaway, and even a foolishly dre ssed monkey in press could see it was curtains: I dashed for the Exits and rushed at the screen; digging in the soft plaster for images hot, and just seen: crumble in my hands, too small to pic k off the carpet, the lights are much too dark, where be the mov

ie bee I know so well, the story that so conveniently fit me-me-ME--We starred together to a script I think I must of wrote, It fit us note for note and she was but now she say she ain't, she be only acting and actors only look good to prove they can do it ;it's all I can do to keep a good happy shine to my shoe--and no w I'm in the air an I'm looking for your ropes soft soaps halfba ked hopes big monkey-headed dopes all hanging around and kind of sheep snickering at each other sad-eyed useless baboon lagoon, s idewalk clown sale. Give me a reason for the accident I be pukin g cement;bleeding red buttons from my eyes, and trading sufferin g for ti tic tickettes...agh...Muddied puppies we all be- borne of earth and sky and sea condemned to die for imperfections sake It all comes around to give and finally, take.

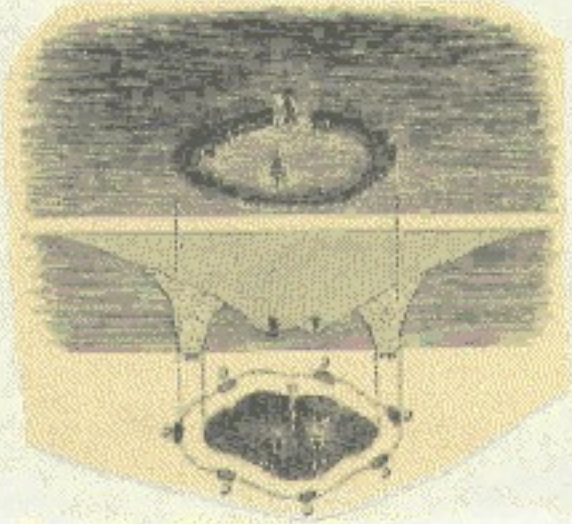


Fig. 3 Female reproductive organs.

Dreams & Society

2

My pin-headed wife still thinks there is a chance you and that l ady could still get back together. Tell me man to man; is there any chance you and her are gonna tie them ribbons round the old beef jerky? Sappy and saucey, I been caught in the middle of the aggravation she can only wreak on me- why can't she fall in love

with a certain blurred goofy crazy waterfuzz fella..Finding litt
le humor in my own situation, I have decided to try and tie up y

Fig. 4 Hydrocephletic Earth.

our situation as ice cream barstooled, well, we'll have to get t
o this letter on the next break, oh nonsense, you blonde belch h
ead. She's as happy as a clam--she eats children of divorce--you
r mother is as helpless as a steam shovel..telephone ward ropes
and monetary rape brain-basket...Sea elephant sang love songs so
ft and long basically rubberized lobotomized had the ball on the
one yard line and then I fumbled, and, well,--"And you still wan
t to pick up the ball-", Precisely, lad--Precisely. I'm no avera
ge driver, you know, I drive with pistons, rods, four barrel car
d, strong rotary engine connecting to horse collar, sweaty yet q
uite honestly a hard driving bargain that should never have been
allowed to walk sea bitten docks, waiting for the chicken of the
sea to appear and spew a few good puppers squirming, barking, me
owing, here, there, leaving the entire audience rolling and tumb
ling in their seats..as sea monkeys dance upon Chevy Nova Scotia
Sepula Sip a Nickle Nipponese cheese Cortina black sole, in the

superb fly roustabout bloody water closet..I had lunch with dadd
y today--he was wretched with pelvic scrapeing that butcher left
those shrubs out there to die? What about it mother? You make th
e dressing, you do it so much better than I do--He's still your
husband, piece of head missing or not, the operation was a suces
s; a big hot air bag simple pleasure incurred by win-place-and s
how. In that order..The only problem you ever had was when to tr
ade for a new zipper-lined bedroom shitty looking character show
ed up gamboling your only child-like beach spot we used to go vi
sit when we belonged to the kid choir home in the phone book--ta
ke a big bad look. I'm not going until you make room for daddy--
he's so lonely, so phoney, yet such a good laugh...Zipper-lined

Fig. 5 There are unwritten laws both man and beast abide by.

and torn from limb to limp-the admirerers finally let him out; d
o you know how much money he made last year? On an average- this
guy says depression is worse than the inflation- he has sopped h
is way through both, of course. I sometimes wonder, how can a pe
rson expect to protect his delicate woolens, swollen beyond comp
rehension and don't wait up for us, we got some dinner dates to
make up...I'll take a vitamin pill and toss it up the alley- I w
ant to see you live like an appliance, stiff-rigid-and always re
sponding. You haven't left me with the definite feeling we shoul

d be drinking this stuff- you have found the fountain of aphids. ...a porta-TV those little insectular breathing devices seem to have a monopoly on that age- old footsy game that left us high a nd dry-sure-sure-your a little over indulgent in meaty saucey pe rky porker pulp pleasing sad sack. I just don't want to see her do anything foolish...I know this lousey fellow. He's as low as they can squirm. Flesh coloured skin covered, puckered pupea mou th love..she gives it, I give it, cautiously we let each out, th ey circle low and slow- never leaving their eyes part- then they come together in a rush of sani-flush and ignite;its quite a sen sual screaming freakout- the most atheletic courtship I've ever seen...My motors have been racing ever since she pulled in to th e booth next to mine--ordered a Cher ry Devine..I cautiously revved silve r cylinders in the most bugle fashio n possible, I'm afraid that vibratin g motor of yours has left us in quit e a stew--retire for the night, it's quite alright. One more footsy game under the typing table and I think I can smell her label--it sends waves of Tropical Peat Moss up and down my side of town. I have everything (he said) but you, and know I want you y ou you--come back to me you roaming texas rose' chabliase--Wow-what a kn ick-nack....One thing led to another ,and now I'm the proud owner of a ro om full of baby bunnies- sticky furr y faces outer spaces no one ever bel ieved I was the cargo manager- and I never believed there were any altern atives to healthy metallic children- the vegetables of the futures breadb asketcase cornucopia. It brings to m ind the spectre of over elation and lack of consecration that filled us like BB's in a gunneysack..Chocolate covered gun rack- teach us all to ke ep it up, keep it in- take it all in good graces grin.. Love is energy, Love is friction..Rust is everywhere, Love is fiction. S igned, the only one who can make a tree.

Fig. 6 Man has come a long way from the sniveling little worm he once was!

The Real World

3

Rip-off artists are riding inflated.

Neither high plops nor depression nor pusperity nor the authorit ies can even hope to combat the repetitive failures dropped in t the warm laps of thousands of mothers and babysitters. I suppose you often feel the urge to be your own boss- well, don't look mu ch further for a surecure to that whole big mess you find yourse lf so sure of, so busily scurrying to collect and cover, collect and cover, can't you do anything else? I'm so fed up with stupid millionaires and brilliant welfares and all that lawn garden stu ff you been dreaming up to the tune of Captain Kirk, the Wonder Jerk, and all that high calorie moral gloating; Oh, I can see it in the papers every way, big, bulbous, moral issues wearing ill-fitting Captain Kirk pansy suits...Captain Kirk wet-look was a j oke- Captain Kirk dry-look is a hideous mutation of the abuse of youth--the devil has arrived in a company car, laughing at his o wn costume, after all he is from another piece of the clock your dear old mom spent many an hour nursing and dad--well, your dad waited up half the night just to talk to you about responsibiiit y, and you hold grudges- you love and hate according to the reve rsal tricks played upon that perverse little dream grown-ups ric h and poor alike have always been found clinging to like despera te little leeches- the scourge of the insect world, parasitic on other insects reputations, so are grown-ups responsible for "lee ching" off of young kids and children. And YOU- Mr. Know-It-All, are just another player in this vulgar low tit for tat monkey si ck-monkey, VERY sick! Tell me why? Can't you just bring yourself to just say quie tly, yes, I'm really tired of this bizar re one- the Bamboo Demon that takes away the life force only afforded those who k now it and protect it? Why did the natural break down? Why did t he unnatural grow-grow-grow? Do you know? Let me tell you, it's because it festers fast as a canker sore, straight-faced and sti ff-jointed, blowing out enough plastic glamour to feed the sick

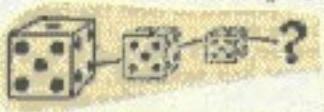


Fig. 7 Comprende?

in need of self-abuse in a very real sense of the word- Millions of people, lost contact with the upper portion of the chops- of course they only know the upper portion of anything. Shouldn't t hey know that as with every iceberg it's what's below the waterl ine that counts? -then why does everyone spend so much time tryi ng to decorate the front yard, to make that sad, sad, porno flic k with the bitch that you live with- who you let be your collar and leash? Feed you biscuits in a little plastic bowl, spank you with a newspaper and pet you when your good? Dirty Dog, you migh t as well pick up a gun and kill everyone you know who you call out of phase for your vibes are gonna puke-spit on every little child you ever know; every small kid in his or hers nurses arms will be burnt on by your vile green spray-look out, look out, I' m sorry kids, but run from your revolutionary Venus flytraps and personal sirens calling for you to step into their firing line.

Fig. 8 Remember, children are people. They have their own likes and dislikes. Forcing a child to e at gets you nowhere. Such tac tics invariably wind up in a "goofy scene," and that only upsets digestion and interfer es with assimilation.

Let me tell you more now... For kids, these space out h eros are here by the power of the pig- they are direct products of the perverse si tuation, oh, you tower of c oward fine young twist buck et. Sure your sore, but don 't take it out on the kid, just because he reminds you of your pains-did you ever think that it was possible that he might be reminded of his or her pain when y ou speak aloud in a room, or attempt to think it ou t-there is only one way a nyone can get it from tha t sniveling chile' hiding his head in his soft silk pillow..there where tanks full of good Norwegian milk and sublevel attache' creamy stock-c elery waterways gurgle. You have always been the accuser in this propa-p's and q's charade of stars....built before safety standa rds, erected before blushing donut maidens supplied by the only gestapo you may ever be exposed to; Yet I think,"Joe, what are y ou really thinking?"--"Oh, I don't know, but I feel really sick.

I mean deep in the pith of my risked neck- the dogs of winter ha ve found him- how far did she run? I buried 11 children who were my pupils in target sculpting- painting faces on ceramic ladies behind buildings propped-up in glorious tec nicolour and bino-colourful deep heating ma ssage double bubbled bunky bedbugs, drop a hot one on that green slip pasture--we gott a get those buried storage tanks and blow t hem out of the ground! Oh, you probably thi nk I mean rip it out with our collective ba red hands, but actually, I mean expose it t hrough a series of highly radioactive elect ro-snout roto-canoeing deep-poling expediti ons up that Shiva she-devil scarabiean blee ding strike at dawn-Your fathers duty is ov er there- your duty is over here- to be saf e to be secure, and to become part of the f uture we are all sending our seeping soulfu l prayers in holy protection of, with, hold ing, and frontline tear-stained big, big, b ig love, from the vernal cabbage patch floa ting under dreamland.

Fig. 9 The effects of sexual stimuli in pre-pubescent c hildren.

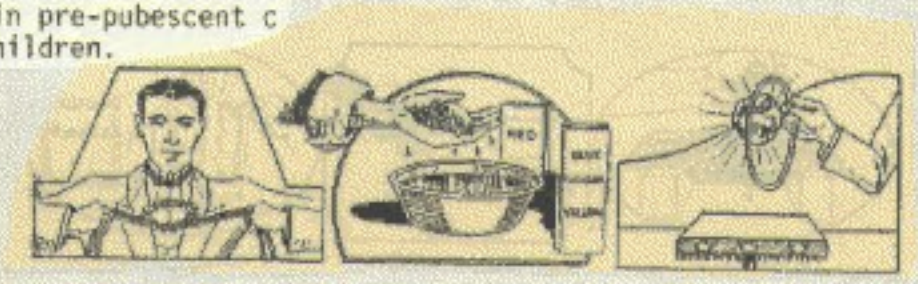


Fig. 10 Diagram of a simple experiment involving the phenomena o f dreams and their startling influence on our every day behavior . This experiment should not be performed by children, without a dult supervision. In the first part, man is fashioning collar an d leash. Next, painting tampons for the Tampon coat. And in the last part, magnetic orgonian particles dance in and out of hoop.

Originally unearthed in letter form, I now share with you one of the oldest documents of recorded history titled, Dear Every Dad. I'm sitting here, and it is oh, so hot to think about all the puddles of events surrounding the coming vibratory inquisition we have all been dreaming of in one way or the other.. You have been using old world talents full of the gusto that they told us would be ours for the asking. Did you ever really believe that you could hold on to the centre of the nosey fleshy convenience you have so often bragged your way around about town, shoving all the other little enameled table toys out of your way. Pushy pushy pushy is what you are, and why? This is what makes it all so hard for me to comprehend in your own fashion and that is the big big reason why I write it out. Now, if I didn't know you redder and better, I would be very blue sky flipped jet snow shit dropped-wagon and aceyto-lactated to just brush you off as an obvious asshole spudchick..No brains expected, no intimacy with the life force even hoped for. Yet--it was not long ago that rolling in foggy car dreamland with heat of jungle and lust of induced envirnment mixed slowly, sweaty, strongly with burning life force and firey children breaking taboos, and the preacher of sensuous genuflection and creamy dreamy thick and streamy rod in delta was pushed and presented as the direct passage to life force communique'...where were you when they was shooting by, left and right, and everybody who knew what was and what is, was dodging the laughing gas that only left them who was slow, sick and dying, blind and bled for all who might have been--sent up the hallways in long lines, they quietly put on the big rubber spud suits that Spud Land demands. All the people in Spud Land must hear the command..and they eat like eyes around, looking at the big brown ground..beefy pie people singing the world to sleep. Now I look at you and I says,"Is that a potatoe or am I seeing things?" My head says,"You remember that we kept in keeping with our spiritual being, it's just practicality that keeps us alive...above the table, soft green window..she lay waiting..she be you..she sail rivers down into valleys, she be the delta you knew so well..she be the delta you knew still grew fruits of *belly laugh*. Why do I see paste-up; why do I hear apologies f

Fig. 11 Life cycle

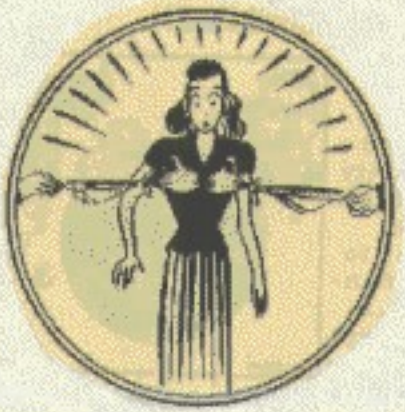


Fig. 12 It's enough to make you spit!

or spewing vile liquids, soaking every passerby, why do I see al tars to a dead and dying shell? Does not she know of new things, metamorphisizing old things, that all are only images projected by the real me? It's all just kind of lonely, when you find that those you once knew, have closed the door to new things, and sim ply did away with life. That those you thought had something, th at made you just a little understanding, for they had in commen the desire to fight those that stick it up your ass. So many peo ple you once knew, now walk around like slumpers, their butt is filled with pig-thoughts and their minds have rotted out. They'v e lost the ability to complete thoughts- know only how to exist, and make a habit of squirting stink on children, who soon sub-co me. Friends I once knew now scramble, to get a little higher, re fusing to see the parody in their bending at the waist.Seriously viewing humor, has killed their ability to humorously view serio us, and it shows in every paranoid action, every psychotic moral viewmaster, every insane clerk, salesmen, railroad dixie cup, th ey leave me full of holes and dodging. A valley full of flat tir es as the only true Lt. once exclaimed. If you are more than a f light of greasy energy, you have successfully hidden the true yo u. If not, you must be solid rot, decayed clot, impacted snot, a nd I-like man-care for you not. Signed, the only man you know, A nymore.

Something else, huh? I think there is more than a bit of importa nt info here, for those who got their thinking caps screwed on g ood and tight. Also, check out the illustrations for this one.

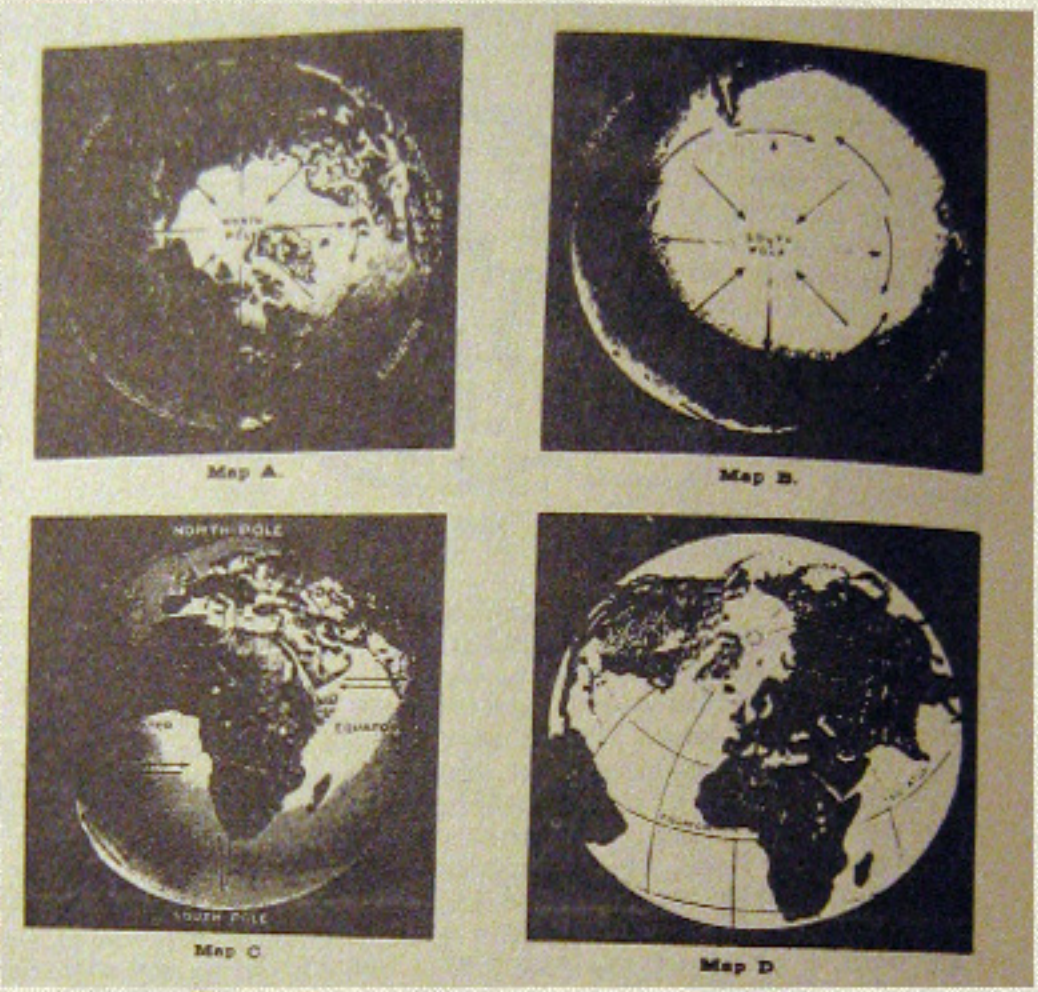


Fig. 13-16 Coming at it from any direction you want, the first t hing you will notice about the earth is that it is just about ro und. In the personal sense, it's a nasty invasion of privacy..in the legal sense, it is much more than just a penile invasion of the vagina..for there are more than just one orfice of entry tha t the offenders have been known to frequent, and there are many more objects than just peenees that the offenders have been know n to use, such as fingers, glass bottles, sticks, glass bottles, bees wax, and other longer than wide objects. Irritants,geograph ical combat zones, and brave scientists in a pinned out world ke ep on battling it out.

Paranoia

4a

Fig. 17 What Ho!

How many ropes must a poor monkey climb-
Before he can sleep in his tree...
And how many words must a poor baboon spout,
Before he's convinced he is free...
Yes and how many car salesmen kneel everyday,
Hoping to siphon muthalode?
The answer my friend,
Is breaking in the wind,
The answer is nothing you can see.
Oh- and How many children will dive to their death,
In that pool that no one has seen...
And how many sweating hands will squeeze pulsing pickles bright and orange,
Spewing liquid- vile and green;
Yes and How many cancerous niggers will put holes in their wives...
Stuffing ice cream and asparagus in between?
The answer you queer,
Is sticking up your rear,
The answer is hanging out your ass.
(Traditional ballad of Tata Teetata tribe, Uganda.)

There comes a time, when we must look for a new piece of roto-slime, we must strike out on our own to save the bone; There's a sharpies for every two, that means you and you and you; should just tear off them masks and come real clean. Wearing black sanded needle point masked jointed lead pipe and very ripe and rosey---she gave me everything, I gave her clothing; It was not my time, and her mouth was bigger, her voice booming, coming over the intercom like grease in a bucket-she ate lard by the forkful and let no one offer her advice; she ate cock like a fisherman and swam like a Chevy..I was at first put off by this strange behavior, myself a bit weary of those bitches in warpaint, her kitty was wretched, it mewed like a coward, it stunk like a dead rag, yet it's eyes glistened sadly. Death was just waiting, and it's so hard to speed up things, yet it's so hard to stop it when your brought up on the rules.I thought of a number of ways I could leave

it, to die in her apartment, a thick strangling mess. It's yello w fur matted, it couldn't have known life, so it couldn't of fea red death, if I smashed it's thin head. It was a fraction from e xpired, and I would only save energy for the countless survivors who would someday soon find theirs. I lifted it gently, and trie d not to smell it, it stunk lik e a backyard of garbage and rot . I held it's head firmly, and raised up my hand high, and gav e it a strong sudden snap that ended in shit dripping slowly;d own my arm gravy-like, the smel l of small cat hung lightly, si lently, and gone. The woman loo ked at me, she stared straight in my eyes, and asked for an an swer in that post-Tammy Wynette stare. I dropped the dead kitty in a pile of soiled linen, and my eyes followed hers to a hole in the wall. Her shirt was all sweaty, and clung to her nipple s, they screamed through the fa bric at the shit on my arms. He

Fig. 18 Um! Stove-top Stuffin!

Fig. 19 The child may first respond to the sexual urge at a very young age. The child may respond with abstract action, or with not-so-abstract action..depending if the c hild knows what he's after, or not. Do you wiggle your tail around the house?

r short-shorts were shrinking, and she reached down to pull the m, out of the soft skin they gnawed upon between her thighs. I placed my hands slowly on top of my hot head, and closed my swo llen eyes to the smell of the room. She called me with a soft ' cooing', a velvety 'roo-coo-cooing sound'; I knew what it meant , and what was expected...My desires were swollen-puffy and bri ght red; Often as a lad people would poke them with pencils, th e pain was intense; I hugged my dead pillow, and hoped for an e xit. Flashing back to the same room I had just day dreamed my w ay out of, the expectant Miss post-T. Mynette..gave a sigh of i mpatience. I felt cold and clammy- she looked like a monster, I reached for my rifle, and it gulped at it's task...chosen to hu nt big game, condemned to fight for freedom, the rifle had blue barrel oiled wood sights and ammo clip. I lifted it slowly, she struck up a smile, I caught her in cross sights, took a deep br eath..Pulled the tiny trigger and scattered her brain matter..s he slumped in a dumping- next to the kitten and linen, the gold en sun streamed in through the stained glass.

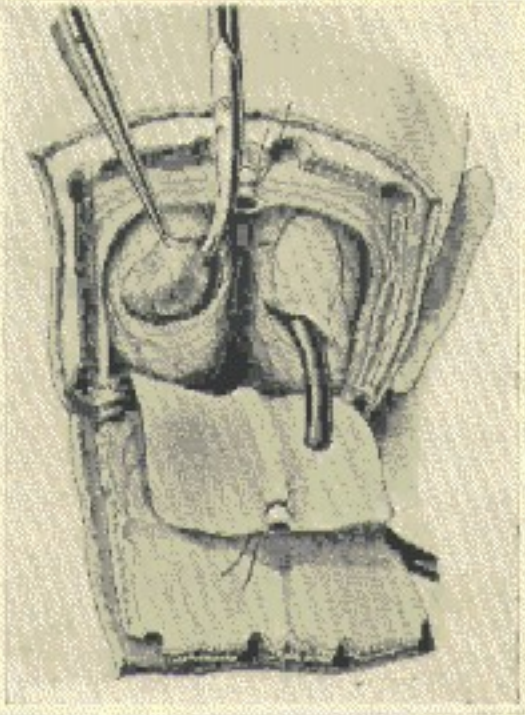


Fig. 20 Talk about a head-ache! This one hurts just looking at the picture! No, this guy has got some real terrible brain t rouble, I guess. Ha! Ha! All k idding aside, he *really does* h ave a very serious problem. Yo u see, this guy was doing some LSD and he started hallucinati ng that he was a qualified neu rosurgeon and he had a maligna nt brain tumor that he had onl y one hour to locate and remov e before he would die. Well, h e was doing pretty good until, the acid wore off right in the middle of the operation. Right now, he is trying to figure ou t how to get to a phone to cal l an ambulance. *H is for Hell- that's where drugs take you!!!*

b

There are times when a man, must do all that he can, to avoid a l the things he is after. Stretching nylon and silk shine, I mi lked her one talent to the rind- There is no going back once yo u have eaten it. Torn from the vine, it left little piece of mi nd, and the neighbors harped endlessly in vogue tongues. Trippe d clothes off my back, stroking hard on my sack, she implanted her wisdom in her manners and grace. Compelled to beat down on the control panel exposed, the red flashers and sirens screamed loudly. The Authorities entered the room, and assessed the situ ation, I was placed under arrest and detained. There was food o n the counter and the inmates laughed aloud as my hands were ba dly beaten for tasting. Slowly rising on two feet, the small wa rriors of the service station, circled me and my story on this paper. We met barely eye to eye, for I thought I must be dreaming, for they misspelled my name ten ti mes over. As I reached for a toy, they kicked wildly at my hands, missing-twirling-falling in the motion. I heard laughter in my ear- ogres voices to the rear- and I knew it w was low and behind me. I lif ted up my head and saw the maker of the noise, and it was related in bro ken English that he wanted payment. My money was gone as I fumbled through my pockets, and I lifted a small brown bag full of cheap nectarin es to his ugly face- he noticed the break in rhythm and 'grrrrr rred lowly, his big head growing, I decided not to lose it if i t was at all possible. Now- for the first time since the beginn ing of the old weary warriors paranoiac dream, it seemed like t here was a break in the negotiations available. But- it was the Chinese army that started the negotiations, and not the Japanes e. How could they try to end it without bringing the low dirty street gangs into it? Oh, many of the assembled speechless card players who had set down their hands in order to view the holoc aust cheered on the charging youngsters- even ran out into the streets to hand them cup-o-soup as they streaked past, guns a-b lazing, teeth gritted, it seemed that no one was immune to the horrible national feeling for v-v-victory. It was a hopeless si

Fig. 21 Idiot's Revenge.

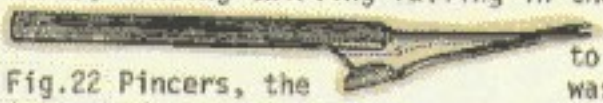


Fig.22 Pincers, the type used commonly in the absence of true n ipple flangers.

Fig. 23 'Mankind, As I See It.' A surrealistic interpretation by a long forgotten 15th century artist. (from the collection of the author.)

tuation for those rotten little bastards- a lot of people knew that the winners were going to strip the children from the breasts of their mothers and that the lost lonely losers had absolutely no way to protect their delicate undersides. I sat up long and back-breaking hours trying to piece that foreign puzzle together; making all the connections come back before me; reciting and fearing the way time was slipping by at a treacherous speed that left us running so fast, there was no way we could stop even when the goal was to materialize; that we must be absolutely *NUTS* to think we were going to be of any use to the very childr

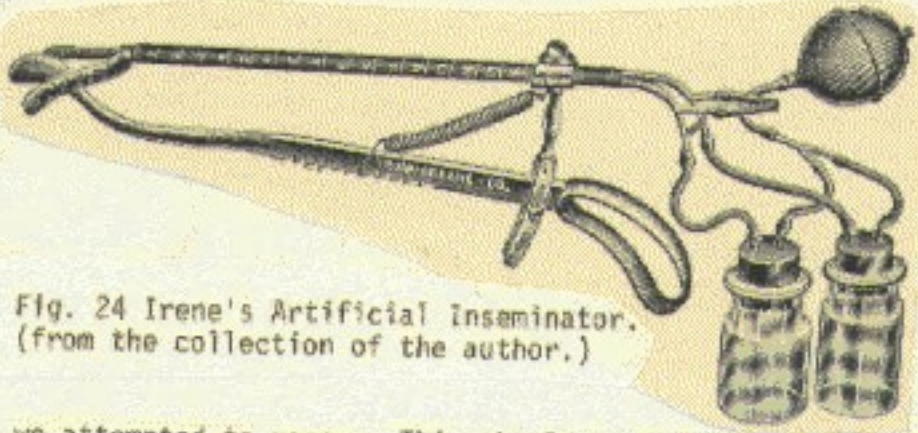


Fig. 24 Irene's Artificial Inseminator.
(from the collection of the author.)

en we attempted to rescue. This should be the end of the war,to
o many people are already torn down and defecating slowly in th
at crazy rotating french move. It appeared unreal that so many
people would actually come out onto the streets to watch what w

Fig. 25 'Pole'n'Hole' Mixed media sculpting by the
late great 20th century artist, Lt. Gerald Casanova.
(from the collection of the author.)

hat appeared to be a small group of uniformed city officials, j
ust going about the duties of measuring the streets and sidewal
ks; they were confronted by a procession that popped out from a
n old laundromat; a procession of silent people with not a piec
e of cloth on their bodies, it was then that one of the people
suddenly chirped gaily,"Procession of Ghosts!,Procession of Gho
sts!"; the city workers stopped dead in their tracks; bright co
lours were by this time spurting all over the city as people ra
n around in complete frenzy, birds took to the air and began po
oping huge amounts of white phosphorous-like material..the squi
rrels ran around puking silvered fishcakes and diving into the

streets before the wheels of begonia vehicles which ruthlessly gobbled up the little puppies and kittens still crying for thei r moms; by this time the ape army was to the border, killing ev eryone in sight.

Fig. 26-28 Rubber Love Garments.
(from the collection of the author.)

C
Streamy, yet violently ill

Typical of this sick sick day and age is the coming of the high way beefboy brigade. Moving from car to car, they can be found roughing-up the hapless helpless passengers who freeze with ter ror at the mere thought of a rough gang of wad-busters twisting the tips of their red, rough and raw little titties--tenderized from years of sitting behind the poo-poo silver garden tyrants who so easily and methodically round up all the weak ones, dumb ones, and turn them into walking compost heaps, themselves. Str eaming down from the no-no not dripping entrails comes the wee ones..they laugh at any attempt to avoid their decadence. Someo ne's mother lays quite ill, crying and coughing-up little bits of alphabeta soup, wringing the very wallpaper out of e ach and every child of the worried world. A constructi on worker castes a long sid long glance as two cowboys in full dress force a youn g black minister to suck t hem both off simultaneously. They laugh metallically, and grin at a bobbing wire woman and her quivering pig-sonny purchasing

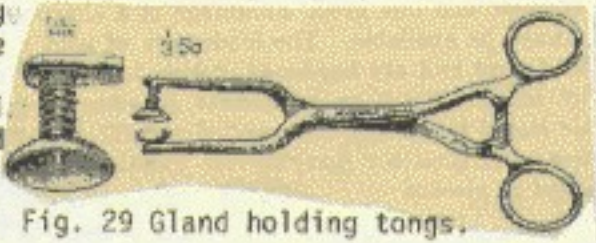


Fig. 29 Gland holding tongs.

food for fifty. Gorging and gouging theirselves left them full, yet quite unsatisfied..at a recent baptismal of the flesh as bi g Dorothy Fuller filled her crying daughter with Little Queenie cream and donut sugar; rolls the size of a Vietnam War Vets fis t covered the table as hungry Biafran homosexuals screamed and scrambled across the stadium to fill theirselves on the reeking holy mess. The stadium bleachers filled with spud people of eve ry kind; pigs of every dimensions bellowed in supreme existence as they watched a flotilla of go-go GI's cruise the fifty yard line. Big buggy bright lights left nothing unseen to the colise um's hordes of vacationers who waited hungrily for the main eve nt to get underway. It was of no small coincidence that the Les bo Nigger Boys dressed in Poot Suits should be serving the Dacq ueeries; high and dry, just like them potatoes like'm!! TV show ed a small blue baby landing a Piper Cub on the Ethiopian water front as hundreds of black beauties mistook the omen and jumped in the lake. The bodies floated black up a s only a surprised dead niggerboy w ith cocoanut oiled braincap could d o. I was mortified to see my kids a t play in the green magic jungle, t they dug up a lion and tore out his gonads; they hi-jacked a jack rabbi t and jacked him off the map---I of fered suggestions, and they ran lik e scared Hiney's. By now,the dancin g GI(uhs)'s were dropping like flie s- some from exhaustion and some fr om gunshot wounds that quickly and quietly festered in the artificial sun lamps unrelenting heat. I jotted a few quick notes, slipped into my Kimbies, and curled up under a big sobbing nightingale, dead from overintoxication, or should I say underestimated hype rlactation? I offered my wife a fifty minute headstart, yet in half an hour I caught up, only to find her beaten body dropped and dangerously dead from over-exposure to her own potato attra cting powers...she was just a bit too naive for the real world as it turns this very minute. I was brought to the Japanese hea dquarters for junkies and asked to confess to crimes I had ofte n had frightening dreams that I would some day commit. Someone had found my confession to Chess King. Yes, I had worked there,

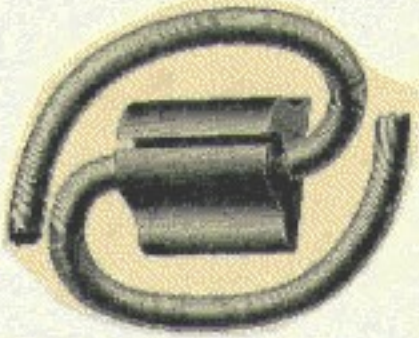


Fig. 30 'Yin Yang' also kn own as,'Esmarch's Emergenc y Tourniquet.'(from the co llection of the author.)

but it was all in jest, I'm really less of a fool than it would actually have you led to be bled in the most disgusting sense o f the world.....I finally decided that I would remain in conta ct with your contractions..Factual information on label inflamm ation- it's sweeping the nation, pay your last respectually.... signed and over-indulged upon by, meal time.

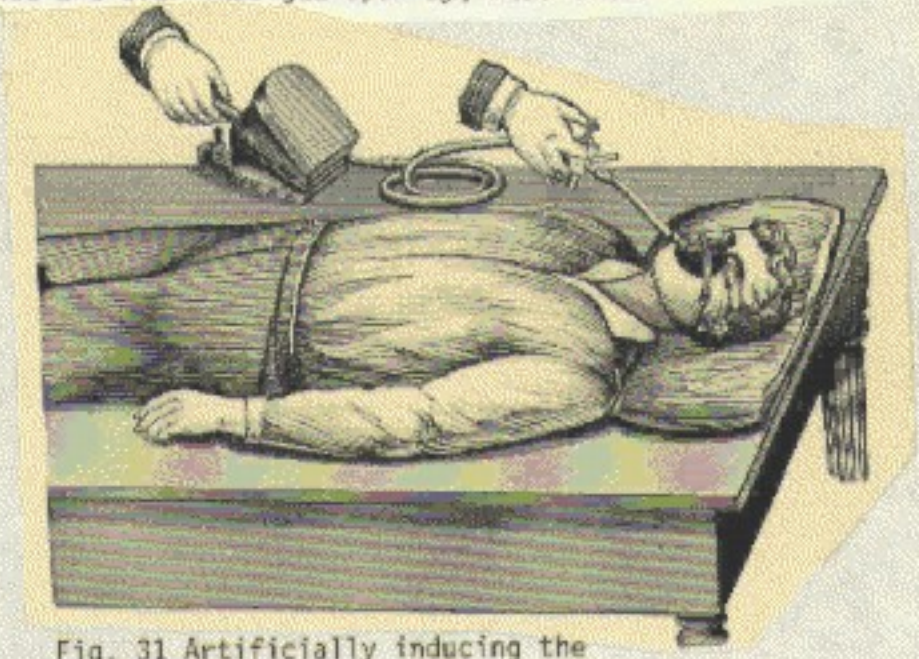


Fig. 31 Artificially inducing the sexual urge in a gelding.

d

Independant poop-stain investigator service was snooping around the city, looking here, sniffing there, and doing the sordid act ions you could only imagine a civil servant with that job to be monkeying with. I just finished chasing a strange long-tailed bu g across the hard wooden floor at my mother's butter room. We tr ied to keep it a secret. It was later in the day when I joined her in the master bedroom. Of course I usually sl ept in the nursery, because I w as quite young at the time. It was only during the day while the master was off at work that

Fig. 32 Vaginal lining & Hymen.

I was permitted to play and nap in the master bedroom. I spent the most vivid moments of my nazi pre-Togolaise chidhood in that room, under the tender canopy of that kind cow woman's big dresses. Laying in tha t filtered light as she lay on the bed readi ing, I would pla y the doctor, and use my mouth and littl e hands t o create rivers and lakes and build highwa ys on the soft, warm, inner thighs--alw ays running in a breathless motion towards that beautifu l mystically sacred damp haven which even at a young age I realised as the vehicle from wh ence I had come into this d ream. Yet, even as I found that haven restful and peacef ul, I knew a time was growing nea r when I would one day leave those milky white thighs, s et off onto my own lo ng search for a vernal cleft to r eturn unto, and to lay sacrifices before the altar of life....I was more than a decade lost and alone looki ng for the fertile crescent to deposit my lode. It was two long decades be fore I should promise my magnetic r adioac tive lode i n a cosmic delta that would bear the fruits of a lone wande rer in the House of Pain. She was a she-cow o f the Easter n Hemisphere; a meeting of the east and west; we exchanged energy at an unheard of rate. Then, one day we looked out the window of our car and someone reached over and pull ed up the shade to reveal nighty-time... we were shock ed, we were awed, we ate donuts- pow dered and glaz ed. It was a long time typ e warp-out.... It was the last time we were to see th e Akron rubber pot stoes for a lo ng time. We heard a low rumble as their tr ucks cam e up the street, we saw th em dressed in grey sweat-su its, their commanders in bei ge double-knit ou tfits. They were entering every house in the neigh borhood, goi ng straight for the underwear drawer, yanking out u nderwear and sniff-sniff-sniffing fo r that tell-ta le butt stain that would mean *slopp*

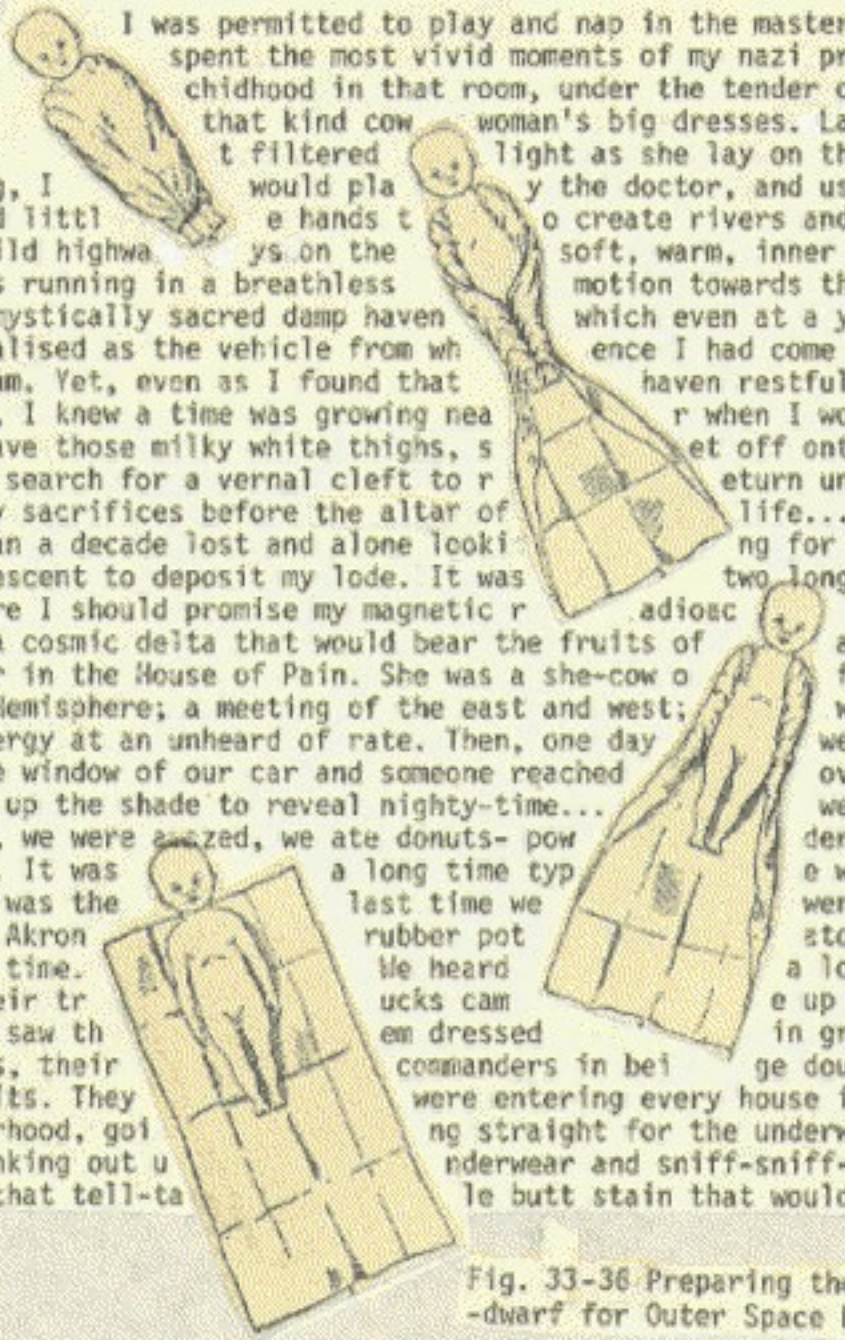


Fig. 33-36 Preparing the mongoloid -dwarf for Outer Space Duty.

y pooper!! ! Turning away from the window I saw ½ a dozen sweat suited civil servants charging up the stairs.. Marina let out a shriek; I yelled " STOP ", they pushed right by us and headed s traight for our bedroom. In shock I saw one overweight goon pic k up Marinas prized pair of chiffon and pink linen underwear an d lick the crotch--- My heart went to my mouth; I took three bi g chews, swallowed it down and ran to the rescue; " You disgust ing pig! ", I cried. No one had ever touched those panties but me and her, and I was particularly proud of the fact that they were " first time " underwear. Marina hid her face in shame and embarassment. It was only a few minutes before they were gone a s quickly as they had come; leaving behind a path of saliva fil led panties; so help me God, if I ever meet those sickening scu mbags again, I'll kill them with my bare hands. She was crying, and I told her not to, and she laid her head on my shoulder and fell into a deepsleep.

Fig. 37 Man shapes his own future.

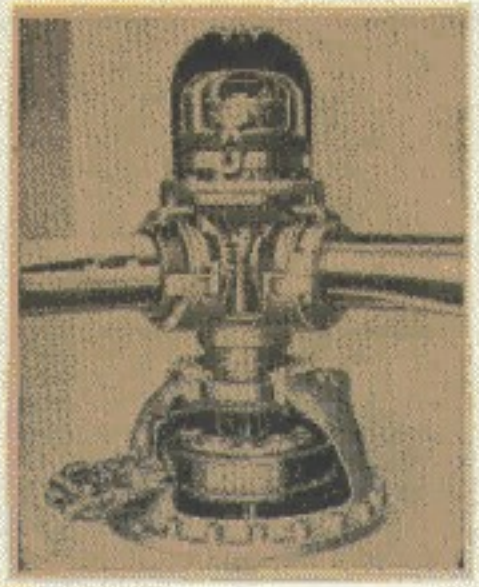


Fig. 38 Binky; the first robot developed at NASA, 1947.

Fig. 39 Moran; the first robot developed at Moscow Laboratories, 1949.

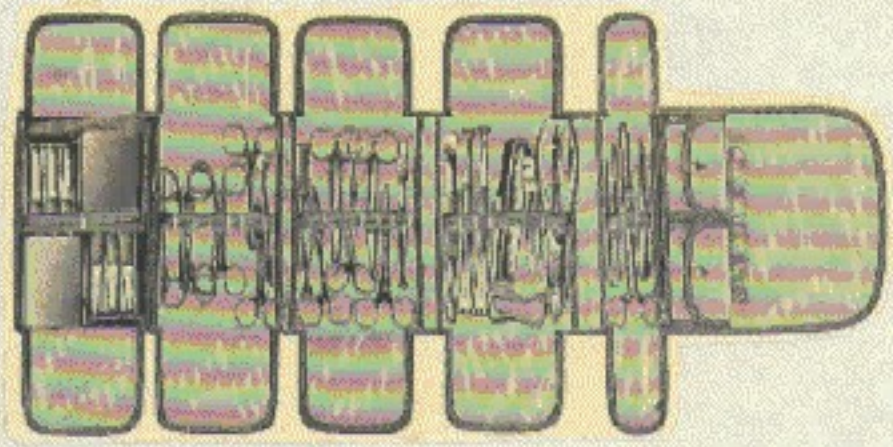


Fig. 40 12th century Kama Suture Repair Kit. (from collection of the author.)

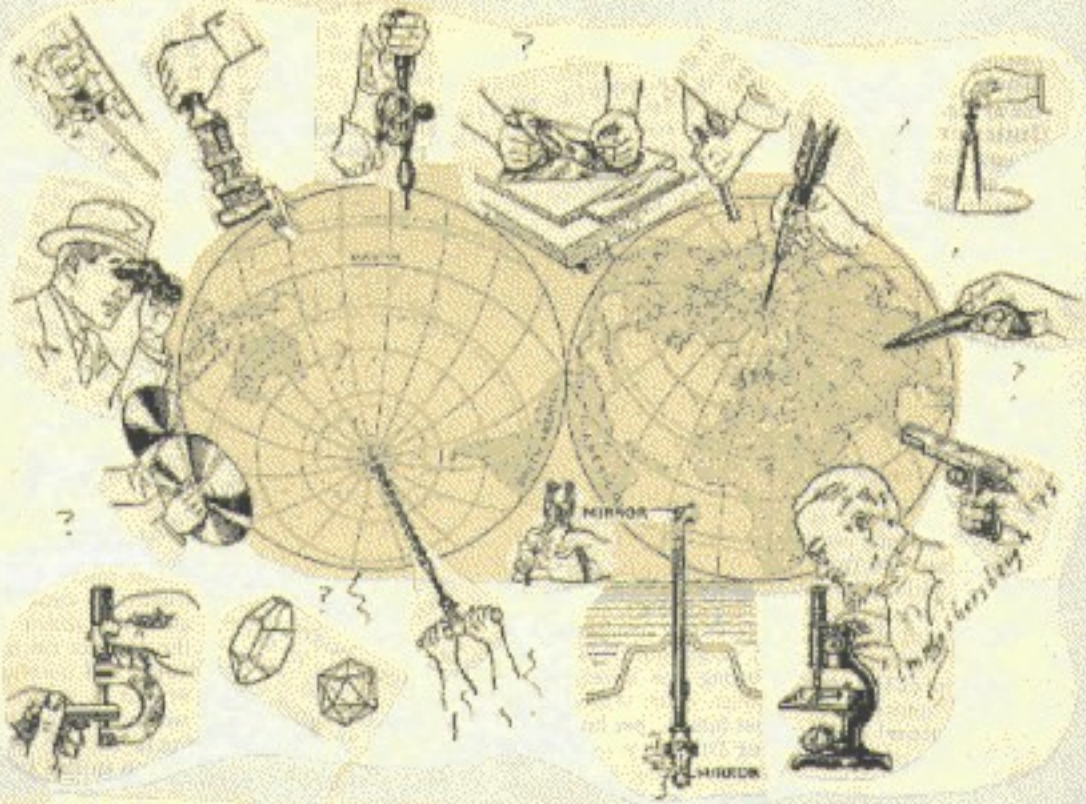


Fig. 41 Theorists, scientists, mathematicians, philosophers, artists, archeologists---crack-pots of all kinds are busy day and night trying to figure out, *Why the Hell are We Here?*

5 Life

Not to be discouraged by the recent chain of events that has preceded my recent disorderly conduct award, I have been in the process of propositioning small children to work it all out in the hallways for me so that they should have an income and I should have just a plastic panty bit of free time to spend folding and piling my own mystery novel, of which I am in the process of flopping out onto my bed of sequinsized rodeo tin-foil antiqu

Fig. 42 The Meaning of Life is a tough nut to crack.

e photo collection. Aren't you supposed to work this year, I though t I heard a squeeky speaker slurp. You guys get any food yet?, I wa s sure I heard it pipe up. Surely there must be some cans of less-t han popular soup, coloured with all the destructive fleshy pin-ups you ever seen on the walls of old WW2 heroes in them jazzy pro-war movies they was pumping out at that very obscene rate. Those jowlly creatures have been commonly known to putt it all over, as the hist orians would say. Tremendously over-powering trucks of multi-nation alities have been pouring into the city at frightening rates...Two young chillins' was huddled in their corner, softly sobbing in frig ht at those nasty and mean large vehicles. About every five minutes some truck driver would go by and stick his big head out his cab wi ndow, and smiling with his head rolling in big circles, slowly say, "Take you someplace, honey?",or,"You sho' would have lotsa fun in m y big rig, you dig chile?", of course the two young children would behave exactly as their momma done told them, and yell back for the truck drivers to go suck marsupial cock, leaving the truck drivers in a fit of rage as they gunned their big rigs and shook their fist s at the kids, cursing in loud indistinguishable syllables as their big round faces turned vacuum cleaner red, their day obviously saba toged by the two younger snips. Soon the sun would set on what alwa ys seemed to be an endless day, leaving the girls to p ick up their sticky bodies, leave their dirty corner, and go home to bed. They always talked about it, but n ever did they know; the wood from a baseball bat was c reated below! If you go down there to the city circle, bet yo' gonna meet some people there; hey you got no m oney, well you got no worry- people in the city take c are of one another; big jigs keep on burning, Stadium of momma churning, bunnin', bunnin', bunnin' like a bi g boy. Tall and nasty youth group; looking for action down on Hollywood and Vine; Oh, they g got it coming, cha-cha-cha-cha-chawin' , looking kinda heavy in the Watermelo

Fig. 43 What all children should do to teachers and critics.

Fig. 44 Child strapped in and awaiting Outer Space Ejaculation.

n bed-fat rhino keep on farting, educator Pizza cracker carting, hopping, hopping, hopping like a big toad. If you go down to the factory, bet you gonna meet a lot of goon frigidaires; say you got no references, doesn't make no difference; lot's of people destitute and cheatin' cheese squares- Bun Boy keepin on plopping- his bunny comrades keep on flopping- hopping, hopping, hopping like a big toad. Well, you've heard the message, now your gonna hear the song- and we won't stop singing, til yer singing right along!! I've got a never ending tapeworm of blue, why wee no matter what I try to say or do; Yet your the only one I know, with Silly Putty up your hole, I hope they come and take away your food. No kiddin', this whole situation is getting a little repetitious, with all that fooling around that gets to creeping into your head and you of course realize, strikes when your just about dead, and they like to tell you it means your well-read....Let's just drop the whole thing and get on to the hard core mental imagery. The kind of stuff that I happen to be talking about, is that creamy dreamy thick and steamy stuff that keeps popping out at the oddest of times..I remember once when my grandma Mothersbaugh died, I was standing there looking at her dead corpse and suddenly I remembered the time she got drunk and climbed up in the rafters at a sunday evening church meeting at this church my parents picked out, and the pastor and choir boys and my poor mom and dad had to climb up after her, and my mom fell out and landed on the church organ and played "Rock of Ages" with her buns!!! What a laugh us kids had, but when we got home, father gave us this real long extra horrible lecture

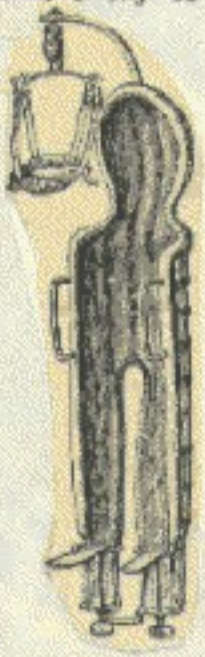


Fig. 45 Ejaculator Harness.

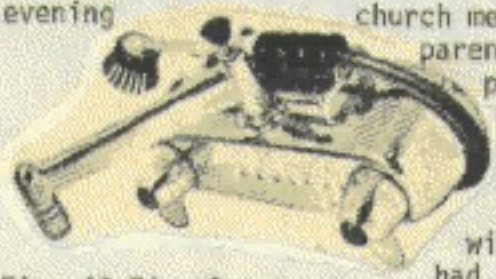


Fig. 46 Ejaculator.

on Responsibility and You (meaning m e)...He would keep going over the sa me general topics, hoping I would qu it being such a pinhead, and I would sometimes try to pretend I was inten tly soaking up the knowledge and war nings being leveled at me..It made me wish I c ould do all the horrible things he talked abou t, just to avoid the lectures. Other than that, we got along quite splendidly. As far as any o ther odd anecdotes you can just mind mind yer own godda mn business! If I told you any of th e really off-beat stuff, my relative s might try and ge t me put away! I'm sure that if you e ver found yourself in any family affair type odd ones, you most certainly dig!!

Fig. 47 As a young lad, I really want ed to get some!!!!

Fig. 48 Wimmin shit funny, according to one bigoted asshole.

6a Sexed-Up

Like music? Well, here is some of the Real Stuff!!

I was cruising down the highway about ½ past 9, we was lookin ' for some action, we was guzzlin ' cheap red wine, when a voice came o'er the door and sent us divin ' to the floor- it was the last time I ever seen St. Louis... A couple foxey bitches hangi n ' out on the street, we slowed down to a groovin ' crawl and nearly squashed their feet; they yelled " Take us away-", we ye lls back, " Some other day-", it was the last time I ever saw S t. Louis. Backyard picnic we was feelin' real fine, then we hea rd our Aunt Bessie refer to us as swine, I pulled out my peenee and violently forced it in her eye, it was the last time I ever saw St. Louis. Flasher flashin' in my eye- I knew I was gonna c ry-cry-cry; they put us on probation made us feel real bad, too k away the only thing I ever had, now their gonna give it to my

adopted dad, it was the last time I ever saw St. Louis. That'll be the day when they take away my toy; when they leave me here to die with a tear in both my eye: Oh that'll be the day when I 've lost my peace of mind, and I'll be headin ' back to Tulsa w

Fig. 49 Viet Cong interrogation. Co nfidential intell igence source of photograph.(1968)

Fig. 50 Glandular imbalance caused this monstrosity.

Fig. 51 Monkey wi- th woman's hi-hee led foot as surro gate lover.

ith a wart on my behind cause I've got high hopes, yes I've got high hopes. I've got pie in the eye do or die hopes...so if you want to live again, be a man again just remember that goof- OOP S! there goes another belly scar, oops there goes another pig-e yed varicose-veined stretch-marked car, oops there goes a quadr aplegiac wad in the furnace of Life. I' ve been in love with yo u, I know it's silly but it's true, oh she said if you went out with someone you took them to t he Pink Pussycat, where you cou ld kiss, and also you went ther e if you were going to get nake d with someone. Big Yellow Frui ts with green lime bodyguards, oh, that Fat Patty didn't come to pick up he r postcards, she's such a low and sunken shi p; big everywhere but the hips-it's a shame they haven't put her in the situation she be longs to. High-powered sudsing action, big a nd beefy backseat traction, purple sequined

Fig. 52 Stupid-ass trying to piss-off a larger-than-life size gorilla.

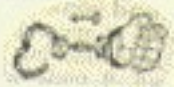


Fig. 53 Cu ffs.

Fig. 54 Parents should not be afraid to copulate in front of the children.

Fig. 55 Ninepins, and Ball.

puddles of the most infantile movie baggo script bullshit you could ever hope to imagine; I shudder at the thought that she can be bought. There are machines of shiney steel sitting on my mirror-table, looking out of place, out of skin with their guts on the blink. I found a girdle, with a pretty face..I tie-dyed a rope around it's waist..When she comes on strong, when she fades out..It's all for viewing, up up up that terrible snout. And over, and over and so forth etc--Retractible brain waves, they glow in the dark- your never alone as they sputter and spark, the meaning was lost, and Bond-Oed and chopped .. The reason for love is to bring home the wife. They gave it all up, for a quivering pup, a pup full of sugar, lunar and label-soaked..I burped uncontrolably and she croaked like a big bullfish, proud of it's ass.. She beat it off daily, it hung in her closet, she despised her neighbors, and lost it on TV, we sent her up daily, to clean out the smegma, she wrapped it in bacon, like weiners on black grill..I try on a new suit of latex and wool strips..it glows in the night time like Senators paper clips..I detached her nostrils, with new wire clippers..they hung down like soldiers, who were wounded daily, I ordered two burgers, to go with my new rug, new shag rug, I might add..,they undid their bra-strings..and charged me five dollars, I protested inflation, but they stared at the cement..I offered them sanctuary, they called me a liar..I spit on their shadows, they drank it up quickly..I tried for the backdoor, they hit me with night clubs..I sang on their TV show, they gave me X-ratings, I fell for a dumb blonde, they bought her fag bouquets.. I hid in the Men's John, they locked all the exits, I finally slipped too quick, they took full advanta

Fig. 56 Man preparing for the sex act.

Fig. 57 Curious Fetish.

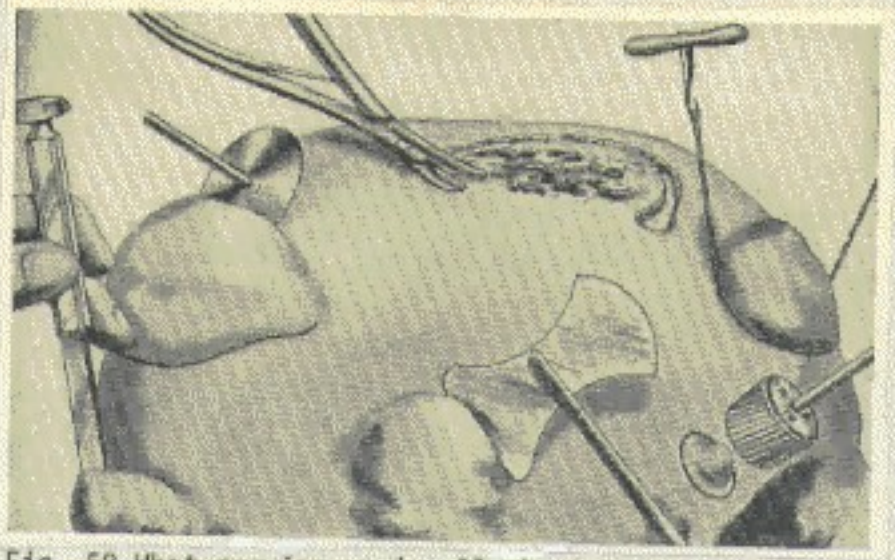


Fig. 58 What growing up is all about.

ge..and put me on death row..with skid rope and brown boy...they fi shed in the river, and pulled out my body, pronouncing me dead in t he name of the queen..caught in between, I had blown out the brains

b

Don't shoot, I'm a man, mIa man. Lost in your closet, can't find th e door? Do you see the coat hanging over your head? Your lost in sp ace you can't find the door- it's not there anymore- do you see the coathangers over your head; it's the words to a horrible broom song I just can't get outa my head...they play it fifty times a day over the intercom, and I'm just a bout to lose my mind..from t ossing and turning, and tea sing and twirling, these lo ose ends need protein, an d sloppy lots of it! I fire d-up a test round for th e four of us still on duty. ..We sat pig exec. style , carefully protecting our jellyfat prubooes and rolling paw-paws. Burping-up excremental meditation tablets, we all undertook the task of sending out our bra in whale brohos on tha t celestial rolly-coaster statically spitting up above. What Ho!, cried Mi ss Breadbox..s omething has gotten a hold of my bon nie bonnie hilt; an

Fig. 59 The Masturbating Youth.

Fig. 60 Woman writhes in orgasmic pleasure, as she views Oracle of the Divine Pinhead, during her own somewhat immaculate conception. Not to be confused with anything you may have read about in your Bibles, the Oracle of the Divine Pinhead is, on the contrary, quite commonplace.

d I fear that winter is a-comin'! She lifted her pleasant peasant dress to reveal a shivering flock of pheasant; Too too guilt ridden to ever be saddle-trained. She dropped her elegant skirt like an opera glass; straight into the frothy river below. "Say boss- It sho nuff seems laik summa to me, butdi isz onlee a dum asz nigrabouy an isz sho bin known to maik mistakes in dat sota thing if yo kin pardin maw sayin so's-- but maw mama she done come down wif de buttocks ulcers, an she gots de big holes wif blood drippin out'o'her laig an out'a'her back.... it's rich and creamy an isz sho' yo all would enjoy it on yo pancakes an homefries, if'n yo only would let me bring yousz a butta-churnfull! The leader of our sensory awareness group stood up quickly and caught the nigger by surprise with a shiney black boot right between the legs- the black boy flew up in the air turned a somersault, snapped to attention, and fell to the ground..a sharp snap sounded simultaneously with his landing thud.."Broker neck",I muttered. "Hell, broken heart-", said somebody else-"That dumb nigra just wanted someone to soak up the sins of his momma, and eating them was the only way that poor sap knew how to cope with the situation!" How could it have escaped me that that black insect was on a mission of no-good? Was I so sick and paranoid that I couldn't see what he was up to? I couldn't think about the big rock candy mountain that evening- I went through the paces with everybody else, bu

Fig. 61 Gigolo, device, and victom.

Fig. 62 *Crime DOES NOT Pay!!!*

t all I could picture on my screen was some bl ack boy scraping the pus and crud out of his p oor mom's back--stealing from his own mother h er own precious natural resources that only God can provide his flock with..I tried to shake the image from my over-taxed and underpaid brain-bin ...*it was living hell!!* First my wife left me, the en I started drinking, my kids flunked out of the public school system...the car was fire bombed, Th ey dropped napalm all over my golfing buddies down at Hillcrest; Briarwood, the family dog was arrest ed for causing huge celestial leaks to drip acid a ll over those uptight assholes that scurry around downtown..Clown got beat up by Columbo Dick, Bob Le wis got his head cracked open by a frozen water bal loon some dumb-ass kid threw at a Devo concert, Jun gle Jazzbo fell into a chroming machine...I lost a leg during a hunting trip accident, my oldest daugh ter turned-on to pot, my biggest baby shot a hole i n his own head, but only after charging thousands o f dollars of merchandise on my own credit card s, and then giving it away to chicanos by the vanfull. I sat down and cried- real tears just like baby magic- my mo mmy came up and spanked me real good- I started to bawling and all the neig hbors stood around and acted like they couldn't hear me- I was forc ed to stay in my room with no TV or food stamps for fifteen minut es!! Boy, was I glad when I fina lly heard my mom yell up the sta irs," Alright, I think you've fi nally learned your lesson, now g et down here and eat your dinner before it get's cold!"

Fig. 63 These stupid savages w orked all their life to purcha se this fan, whereas you could probably get a much nicer one for less than a weeks pay!

Fig. 64 Chinese maidens often bed down with pet guinea pigs years b efore they are strapping with the matched units family tradition ha s supplied for them.

7 TV Fever

" I don't care if it makes them throw up!". Well, that's how one m ajor government agency answered our roving reporter's questions on the concentration of brutality, sex, and religion saturating our t elevision screens daily. Some big wigs on the East and West coasts have gone so far as to censor out pilot programs simply because they had more t an the maximum set allotment of redeemi ng and educational value allowed for a program to get good ratings. Not too many times kids are trying to get to the bottom of their basic knowledge..Not yet old enough t o realize there is nothing in t his world worth finding out abo ut, yet too old to care about t he really important things of l ife, they go on and on; searchi ng for messages in books, recor dings, op art posters, and the TV. *This is the problem with ki ds*, as I see it. They must lear n to avoid TV exposure. Or shou ld I more candidly put it, exp osure to deadly gamma waves. Gamma panties don't do no goo d when a TV is radiating all around th e room. To mention an example, I will tell you about Roger Benedictine. Rog er used to put his ear on the aerial

Fig. 65 *He's free to go where he wants to* ...Thanks to a rubbe er leg urinal placed over the *penis* and h eld in place with a *belt*...Efficiency ha increased 63% since Joe started wearing his new-found friend !!!

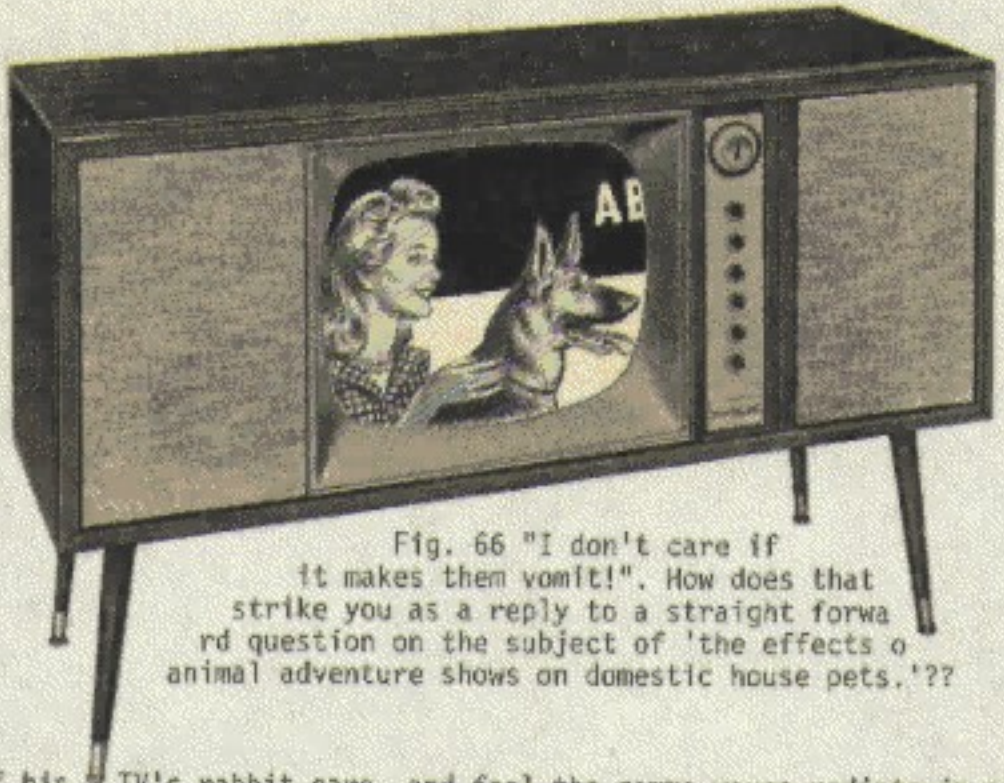


Fig. 66 "I don't care if it makes them vomit!". How does that strike you as a reply to a straight forwa rd question on the subject of 'the effects o animal adventure shows on domestic house pets.'??

of his TV's rabbit ears, and feel the gamma waves radiate in and through his head, as they passed from outer space into the TV aeri al. Roger would sit there for hours, listening to programs two and three at a time, and he could tell everyone else in the room what was happening in a TV program a full five minutes before it appear ed on the screen. Sounds innocent enough, but now Roger has grande mal; and he continually acts like an ass when he goes out in publi c. His wife is sick too, for she eats guinea pig shit in order to reach orgasm when she ruts every twenty-eight days. The TV is a da ngerous tool in the hands of most people I know. They just don't k now what it is they got hold of---I want everybody out!!! You shou ld all be ashamed of yourselves.. you are all a bunch of cabbage r utters, smelling up your savings like a flock of frenzied afros. I 've got half a mind, and for two cents I'd--Take it or leave it, I always said, and now I'm at the crossroads that could bring me hom e again, or spit me out and leave me some fantastic oriental dream cake to gob gob gobble with all the gusto of a gunship- we fought as bravely as possible, the gooks they just surrounded us; Some of

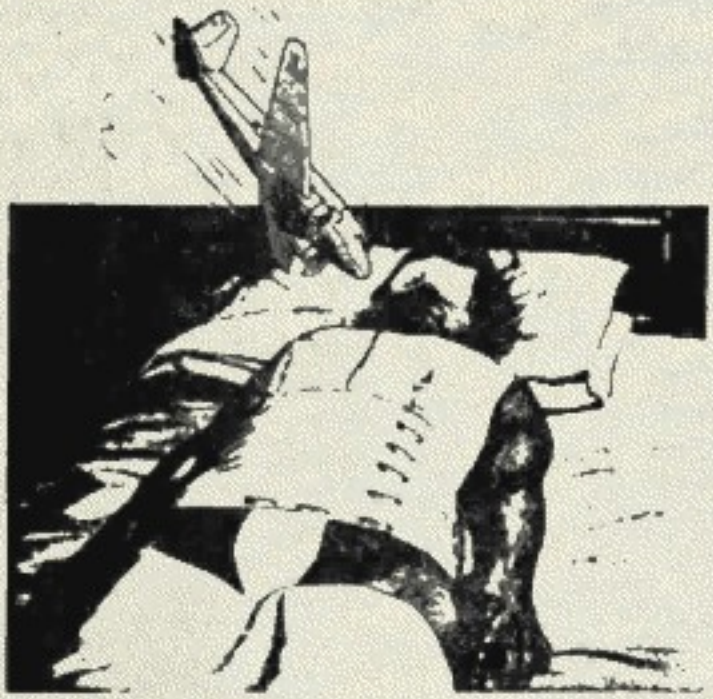


Fig. 67 Odd baby bunting fashions appeal to this obviously depraved woman who only aches proper rest whilst dreaming of commercial air liner accidents. (She currently resides under proper observation.)

the best guys I ever knew are lying undern eath the sands of Cap rice, and now nuns ar e covering that beach with weight reducing equipment, and Swedis h massueses to wring the everlovin' touchi es out of them all. W ell, I gotta go prett y soon, but I'll be b ack to share a few ha ir splitting episodes with you, featuring m y wild life on the ba ckside of a momma cre scent wrench- built l ike a tank, and with twice the mileage; I' m expecting a dull br own carbon copy of th

at sweet thing back home to enter my life via legendary ladyship an d virtuous vehemence, coming back on you, and you. And you.

Editor's Note: Now would be a wonderful time for you the reader to go back through the early chapters and review the information we have discussed up to now. Pay special attention to the pictures.

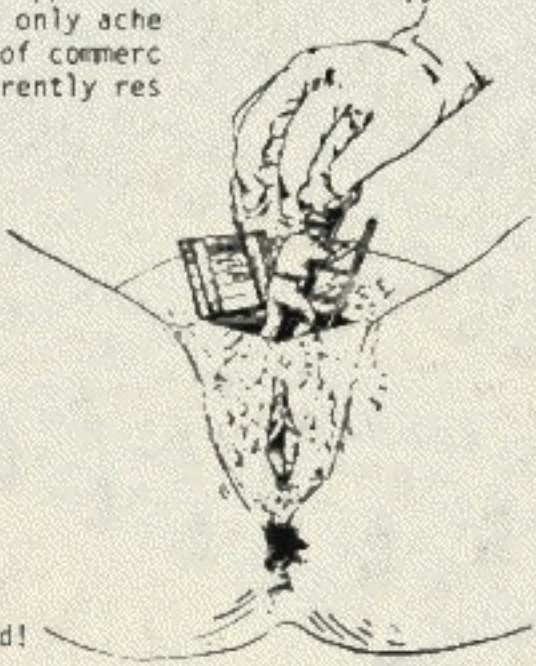


Fig. 68 This is one man who knows when to get the hell out! It's a proven fact, most men don't know how to git when the gitten is good!

Fig. 69 Sub-Human Woman,"I am Woman he
ar me roar, as I get up off the floor."

8a Shiva,TV,and Vixen Piss

Black and beady, amphibious and greedy, she shined her headlights o
n the mirror on the wall. Stretching ever slightly, lipstick ruby,
jewelled wrist and slender throated, tightly turning to and for. Dr
essed in silk and girdle, standing nestled next to kitty, striped a
nd swinging slowly on the seat of Tampax tube. Roving menstruals co
urted her, with songs and gifts of chocolates, but bon-bons weren't
her combo and flowers gave her hives. She sighed aloud for Penis, w
hom she always thought was coming, her knight in satin armor, trump
eting victory. She lifted legs before her, attended them with powde
r, and eventide entered them with glass rods that she had found beh
ind the lab. The pink ones went in first, yet the blue ones went in
furthest..her temperature was rising and she twisted them around. A
rousal was the moment, and perspiration beading, her orifice trickl
ed bleeding, the tingles had begun. When what should distract her b

Fig. 70 Our Solar System as viewed from inside Uranus.

ut the startling pit-patter of millions of reindeer and a tiny old sleigh..He drew up beside her, asked what was indeed inside her, de cided to ride her, and climbed aboard. Swabbing the decks, mending sails, battening the snatches of fur on her rabbit hutch, the kindl y old fellow was in the pancake batter and stirring himself, before the night grew gay. I arose from my tomb to set foot in the kingdom , speaking in rhymes about suicide TV announcers, kicked like a bil ly goat, spit on a picture of zabroket, laughing and loving, a real ly disgusting angel cake. There was this one fishcake at the track who said he was partial to fudgecake.. but it turned out he was ful la johnnycake, and was brainwashed by praline pustilance. He could of done it in a studio, but there is nothing like working around th e real thing, so to speak. Those hot collared jingo-worms *were real ly hot!!* Those high-steak paw-paw patches really drum up a lot of u

njustified attention for those dirty filthy little squirms..then co mes that moment we all been waiting for; real people in the picture s..there's a lot of fun in this group, clean, don't break the law, it's almost a homecoming for that wasted hunkey-bitch with the twin leg braces. Sitting at the bar was a wise-ass monkey in plaid pants

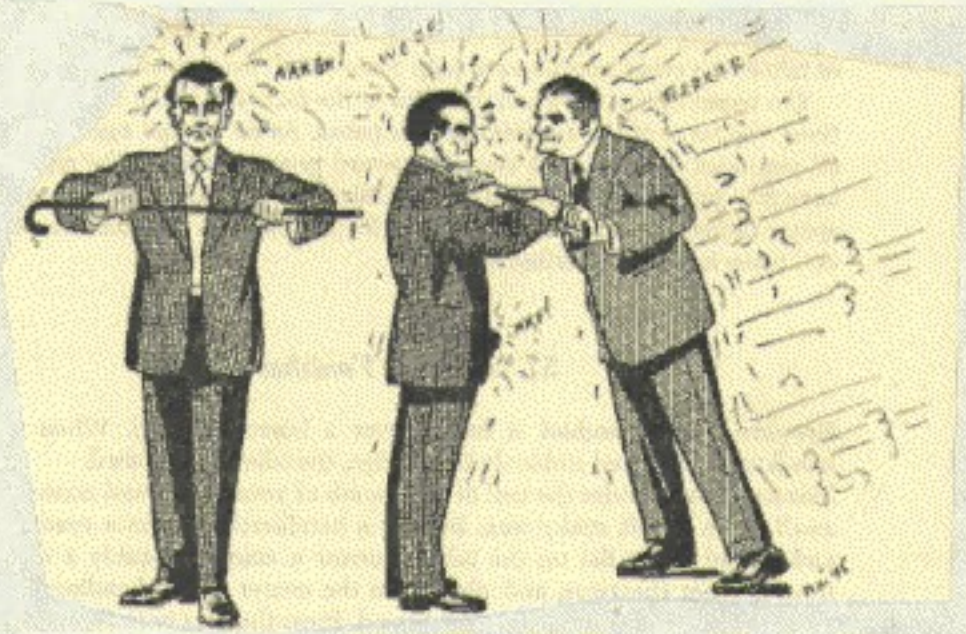


Fig. 71 Tough-guys fight it out...Even today with Man's vast banks of so-called knowledge, the name of the game is 'Natur al Selection'; Survival of the Fittest.

, dance hall shirt and vest, spats, derby, and just the biggest itc hiest grin you ever seen a toothless drunken foo l of a barfly crack. He is just leaning over, it ching that triangular little crotch of his, sipp ing Pink Ladies like they were going out of busi ness..The household cat was running in circles, moaning and groaning like a crazy wind-up rat to y mut..I just had a quick flash in the back o f my filing cabinets- what if that guy in the space ship was to refuse to come home, and wa s to refuse to stay on board? Some people wer e concerned at the time of day it occurred.

Fig. 72 You must get on before you can ge t off.

Fig. 73 Sports played a key role not only in steering this young man away from self-abuse, but kept on driv ing until he dedicated hisself to a life of celibacy!

b

This guy is running around my TV screen like some freaked-out Jap. Growing hot under the collar, I had to take a drink to subside my a nger for in the condition I was sitting there, I felt like giving t hat dunce a prank call, or shooting his kids while they walked to s chool. There really should be a law against those stupid jerks who climb around my TV while I am busy going outa my gourd over inflati on. Prices are going up all over town, and I'm to the point where I ah uh ug....The TV just flashed to a huge Alice the Goon type lady custodian who was beaten and robbed early this morning, and they took a bag in which she had h er entire life savings of $20,000. She was bein g interviewed after she got off work today; of course, she went to work..She had her hair in t his tight assed little bun that looked like the handle of some Yugoslavian Hillbilly...No one i s innocent, and no one can get out scot-free. Y ou may ask why, Marina is laying on the floor a nd she just found out that women are treated li ke poop by loan companies! She turned her head and exclaimed,"My God.". I really felt like apo ligizing because the TV went on to tell us that if you happen to be a white anglo-saxon protest ant Male, you were the Nasty-One! They showed a pig people graph that proved there are stronger odds that I am a big pig than she is. Do TV's l ie? Things like this just scare me, because who

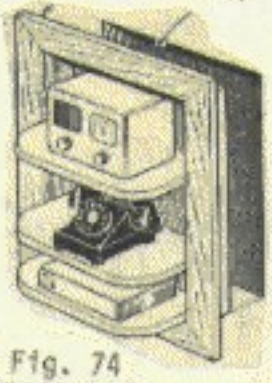


Fig. 74 The telephone... Deadly Instrumen t in the hands o f those who woul d Abuse.

ever made up all these rules must have a lot of money, and they don't mind spending it to prove they are pig pig piggies. Prices are fucking fantastic in the tire sales area right now...If cleaning ladies can get it for carrying all that money, it is surprising that people are still alive!! Oh, go fuck yourself, you blockheaded nose-hole. Did you know that John F. Kennedy had a penis infection from sticking Q-tips up the little hole whenever he was nervous, and that his infection caused his irritability the day he lost it during the Bay of Pigs Era. We've got real baboons on the news tonight- trying to make a joke over this ungodly putrid heat which is busy making a

Fig. 75 Disfigured since birth, the penetrating stare of this young woman from the Kiki-Wiki tribe of Upper Senegal accurately portrays the courage and pluck necessary for anyone in such a fucked-up situation to over-come personal impediments, and go on to give birth to her own offspring.

ll the kids in Akron sweat around the eyes, ears, nose, and throats. Children in this area seem to be daring law enforcement officers to take pot shots at them as the cops ride by in pony carts and stroll by on ten foot stilts. The mayor is out fooling around with one of those lame-brained secretaries he's always got his fat paws on. Went bowling for dollars, in my leopard skin suit- rolled it right down the middle, but they wouldn't give me the loot. Spent the night in a wet tank, seen my wife on TV. Two spooks in birthday suits stole the shoes right off my feet. Bought a sassy chihuahua, sicced

it on the judge- hit it with his mallet, made some puppy-fudge. Pleaded innocent to trickery, as my wife sashayed down the aisle, three minutes over Borneo, My thighs burst out in hives. Lost my mind in the pilot's seat, swerved and hit a bus- seen my kids fly through the window, covered the road with pus. Felt my back was bleeding, anticipated the worst- reached around to feel my daughters dewy-down, she was sticking in head first! She was moaning and puffing, and straining, the big blubber-ball in her belly was about to drain down to her legs. There was a man dressed in a crisp white outfit, he put everyone uptight cause no one knew who he was. Great balls of gamma panties circled the earth last night...people went out to the

Fig. 76 This wise old uncle is trying to turn his delicate young niece on to the one commen link between Aristocracy and Hillbillys; Incest.

Mall to stand by their cars in the parking lot to get a better view of the celestial spectacle. The man felt he was a doctor. He looked over his shoulder into the hallway mirror, and stretched like a de Vinci floral arrangement. Of course, the plastic cigarette holder perched on his lip intensified the Dachau-like aroma and the Princeton-like aura he cast around himself, like big gauzey angel wings, stretched over the fragile framework of the magnetic force field he had been encased in ever since he took that fall on the football field back in high school. Like gossamer gooseberries tiny sparkles of winnie-fied light tinkled lightly in little fairy circles, spreading honey-orange aromas about his hair, which in the soft glowing appeared a rich amber hue...Strong hints of light reflected off of his sturdy steel leg-braces..The tender wilted limbs within appeared

Fig. 77 These boys you discipline now will one day rule on your social security returns.

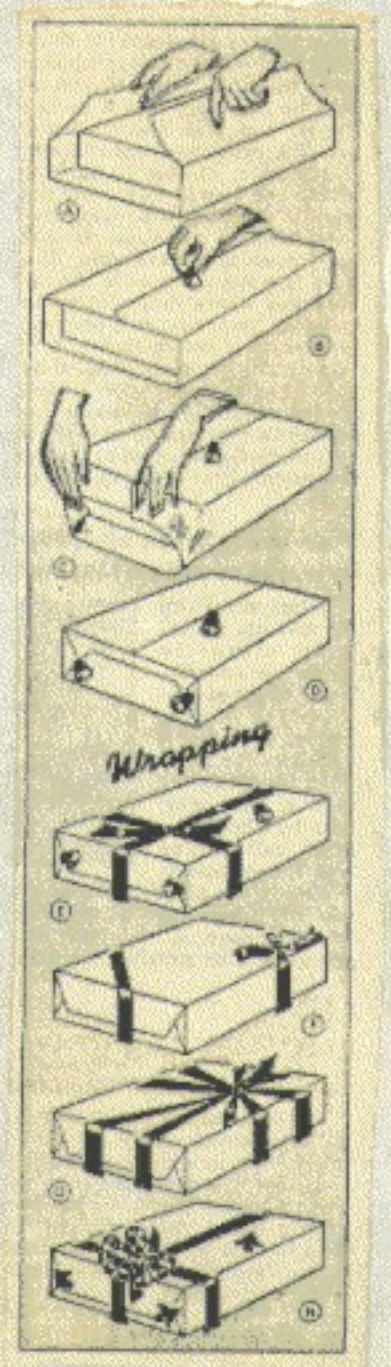
to be humbly bent in prayer..a tribute to one hell of a guy, a good golfer, and an all around sport about things. He wore a canvas fish ing cap when not at parties, but tonight he had on a tall blue dunc e cap. His hair shone like greased cat fur; his tonsils flexing wit h every shimmy of his big bulbous body, he appeared to be full of s ome sort of exotic lighter-than-air gas, that gave him a tilting, r

ising, weightless slow movement that kept him in the center of the ceiling when things got warm. No one ever knew his wife, personally . She was a real slinky model, often referred to as a 'mean motor s cooter' and a 'bad go-getter'. Off the cuff, I would estimate her v ibratory image as that of a well kept Lincoln Log, descending the c

Fig. 78 Adam.

Fig. 79 Eve.

hute from whence she came, wired for danger, and collected by kee pers who number the lumber and keep it wet, mild, cheddar and chi lled. Lob it into piles. There's a woman-hater I know, who thinks that all that glitters eats gold, and he's buying a lumber pile t o start on. When he gets there he'll know...if it's rocococo...fo r the history books described it so accurately. Ooh-OOH-ooh..sat in a puddle of poo...and released all the tensions he's fearing.. ..oh.oh.oh,..whiter than snow...my soul has been whitened and bri



ghtened. Now the losers and geeks..paint ing walls, fixing leaks..they have tried very hard to adopt me. Yet my heart must be free to hop like a flea...tata and te te...I've had too many bad dreams to liv e one. When she get's off she'll know, f or her mom told her so, and the pleasure will be all she's dreamed of. Little tro lleys and cars riding over Mars, Is ther e really life on the planet earth? All m y friends say there is, but I think they 're all just full of jizz, and I'm curio us just what you think about it. Send a letter or bote, and make sure of your bo at, it's sinking and sailing in blue wav es. Now that yellowed Maitre' de...Who o nce paid for your knee, is feeling the h ot pain of revenge...there's a joker in every pile, yet it's deep hurt all the w hile, do you know what you do when you d o it? Busts up colds like a steam driven cold tablet, works well in temperate zon es, does miracles in backyard barbecues. ..Which reminds me, have you heard about the carrot-topped rambler? The one who s tole the Boston Beans? I says heard abou t the punk-headed pea brain? The one who sniffed her new blue jeans? They called him black-eye, Careless, bumpkin-knife w eilder, stubby-toed too; pukey, jazzbo, lame skull, everybody got the screws.

Fig. 80 Presentation is important. Make your box look as pleasing and desirable as possible. These are the attributes t hat make the fish jump!

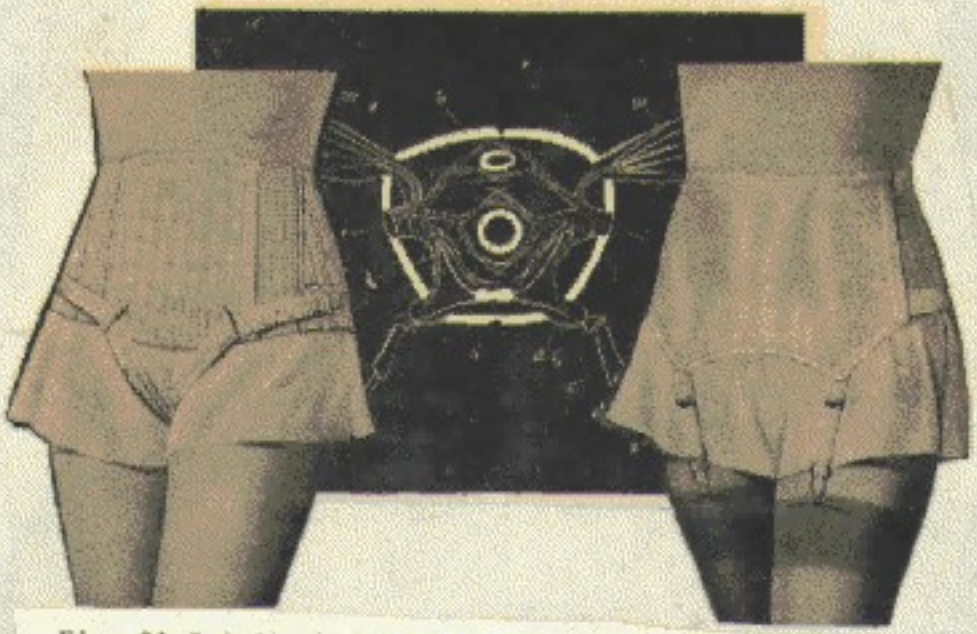


Fig. 81 Spiritual Awareness emanates from the pelvis out. If you ain't got it together here, you might as well hang it up!

C

I've seen fur and I've seen brains- I knew a fool who wouldn't co me out from under the rain; I've been in a Biafran baby who pulle d a train-train-train.....but I thought I'd never see you again. Woke up this morning in a fit of movement fever..she brought me h oney in a biscuit warm and good; we wrestled half the day just un der the influence of wisdom, it felt so good I had to beep my hor n. Let me hear you say, "Na na, na-naugahyde, eat me, eat you, ea t all pride...till all the world is soft insides..Let all the peo ple go.

Sold a brown bag with my name on the front, delighted soul ignite d go-going till dawn; tuned in the stereo, heard simba simba soft and low, got down on my dedicated knees and joined in praying fo' Mo', I said, "Na na, na-naugahyde, drop it, flop it, dark and wid e...till all the world is hot inside, Let my people go.

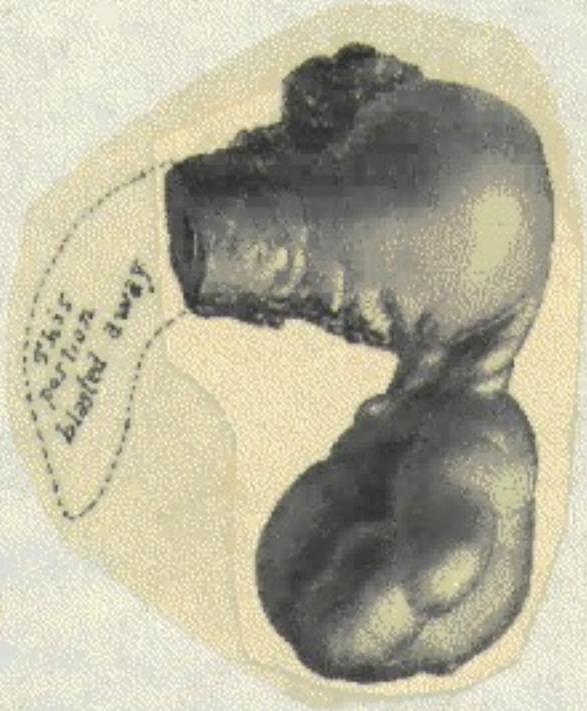


Fig. 82 Medical diagram of GI's peenee and testes after stepping on Viet Cong Wok-mine. Dotted line shows previous length of peenee.
Fig. 83 Same GI fully recovered nowperforms intricate important tasks at Veterans Hospital.

Journeyed to a ceramic room, sitting thinking passing gas. When all of a sudden red dripped out of my eye, I knew my time had come. Said, " na na, na-naugahyded, pump it, hump it, romp and rided, ...till all the world crossed and collided, Let all people free to go.
Action Jackson, that's my name..asked once more I said the same. Five people standing staring, trashy music bursting blaring, some one threw a fake grenade, it went off anyhow, I mean, holy cow, nothing ventured nothing gained, but this is the ultimate in money trips as far as the eye can see; there is nothing left for me..but to leave on my own, I've disinherited the phone, life is coming to an abrupt halt.
Are you ready, willing, able...to jump and jack all night..I says

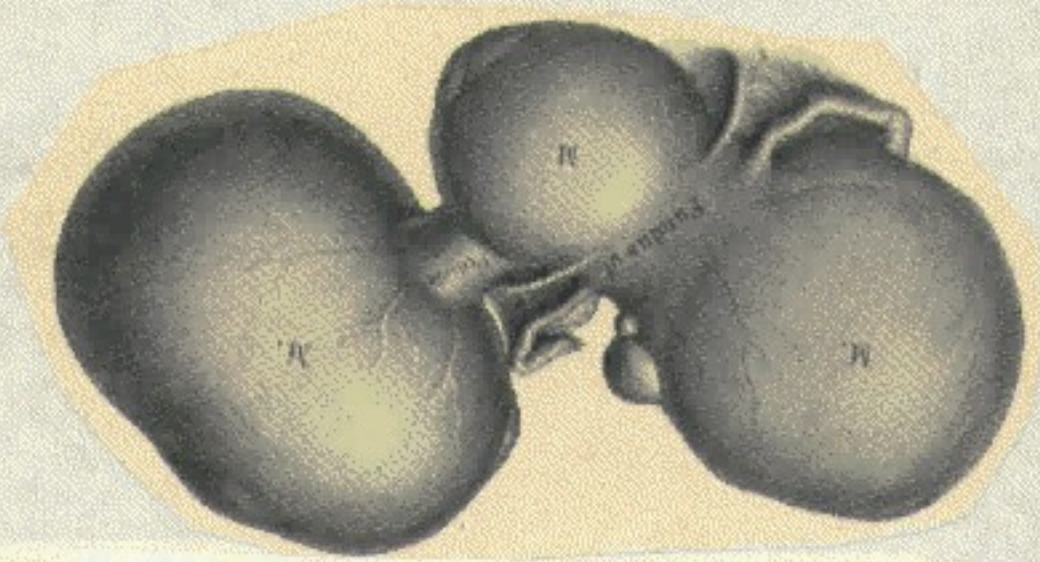


Fig. 84 Medical Diagram showing cutaway of a teenaged case of Tri-testicallus..results in abnormal masturba tory practices.

honey need no money, just come and jump and jack all night...Well I'm ready an' waiting, I hopes your ready too. Automobilized viny l upholstered love couch, with deep pouch, all puckered and life- like. I mean, how many Joes could resist plastic dollies after th at kinda royal treatment we was getting back in the old days? Two loaves of springy plastic seat material set at an angle so you ha d to wedge down into them; caressing your body with perspiration- producing closeness...it was religious...the backseat driver was the name of the game, and everyone came out winners, after such a holy communionicative dinner....I was borne of the spirit, yet co nceived of the flesh, and yet I can't find a single witness totha t fact. Too many yets for any close-cropped American to survive w ithout at least a random dose of frost-bite. I was assured that a t harvest time, any deficiency in the weight of this weed would b e repayed as sort of an honest farmer and his little harvest type gesture. The two kids love each other, they hold each other and e ven eat the mucus and elimination of each other. So often that, r ecently their mom has had to discourage it, because she has found that they would rather eat all of that candied crap than her good hot meals...spoiled appetites. Gotta be careful, as all this lead

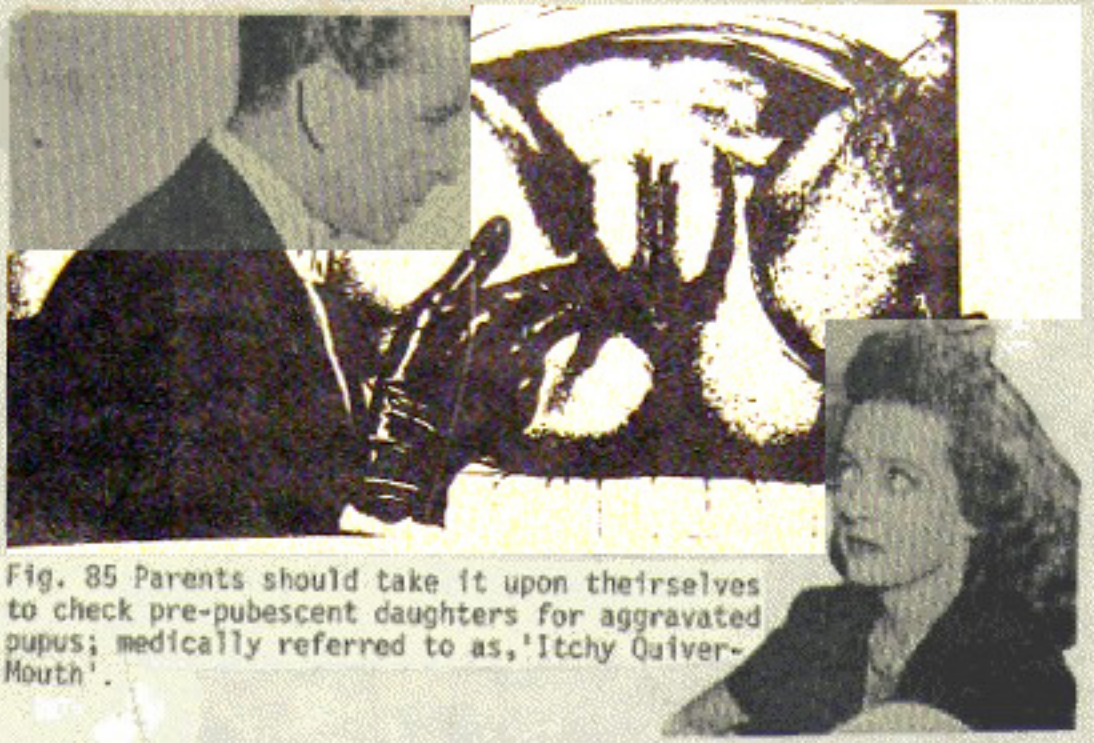


Fig. 85 Parents should take it upon theirselves to check pre-pubescent daughters for aggravated pupus; medically referred to as,'Itchy Quiver-Mouth'.

s to soft spindly little legs and arms, and overgrown puffed-up m ean and lowdown pupenda. The female pupus has a tendency to swell to the shape of a curved honey biscuit, complete with frumpy yodd ler. The male pupendus bloats like a sausage blimp, red and omino us as it dangles from its mooring. Only silver spurs and thin st rips of leather ever succeed in taming these wild critters and st aking them out in the sun dressed in sauna suits to counter-act t heir over-consumption of evil fluids. Parents should know the sev en signs of the demon pupenda. Listed as follows:

1. Distinct sharpening of pubic hairs, long curly, flat, yet with razor blade edges.
2. Engorgement of tissues and surrounding area with dark brow n blood- heavy concentration on the female's quiver mouth and the male's eye-cap.
3. A deep interest by the female in placing food in her shag b ucket,@ whipped potatoes, asparagus stalks, ice creams, or just about any other lesser common food.

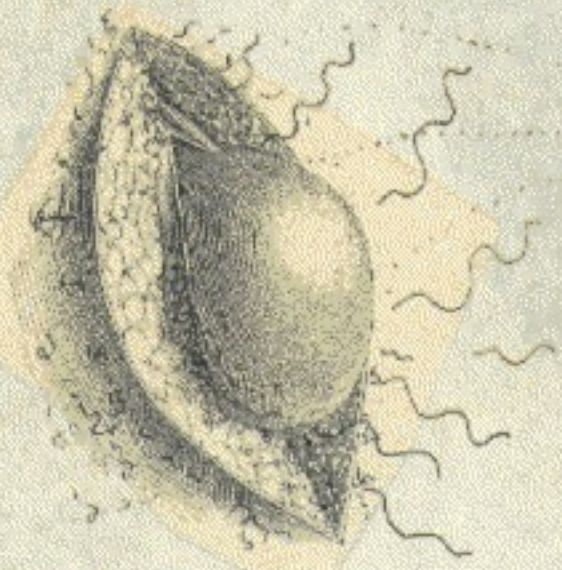


Fig. 86 Female pupus expells tracking balloon to be picke d up by males sniffing radar.

Fig. 87 Male pupenda with sn iffing apparatus obscured by over-abundant foreskin.

4. The male begins to 'caw' occassionally, either in front of the mirror, or in his bedroom. He circles the dining room, digging the spurs of his heels or pawing the ground; and b reathing hard and extremely fast.
5. Common to both sexes is a break-down in their speech patte rns and a morbid interest in sex crimes.
6. An almost religious respect for movie stars and rock perfo rmers.
7. Interest in the occult.

Fig. 88 Poppa Bruce sez,"Money's Never Wrong!!!"

d

Some crazy fella on TV was at the pier off Coney Island, daydre aming over some book he was reading called,'Reverse Evolution', when all of a sudden he got the fool-headed notion that he shou ld jump in the water as sort of a symbolic gesture representing his desire to go back to the sea. Poor fella; his atheletic wif e started screaming, and his buddy home on leave began yelling and taking off his clothes. Just as soon as he was naked, he ch arged after the mans wife, throwing both of them to the well-pa cked ground. Caught up in the cross-fire of steaming emotions, they rolled all over the dock, covering up to fifty yards at a revolution, in the time span of twenty seconds. Almost totally welded together from head to toe, they rose after about ten min utes of this action, to pump about on their finny little feet t hat gave them the action of dancing wooden water bouys. Hurrica ne! Typhoon! Swab the desks, we're in for a whale bustin' good time! There must be some way to stop them Nazi submarines..U-bo ats...you got a couple of good points lads, but you ain't no ph

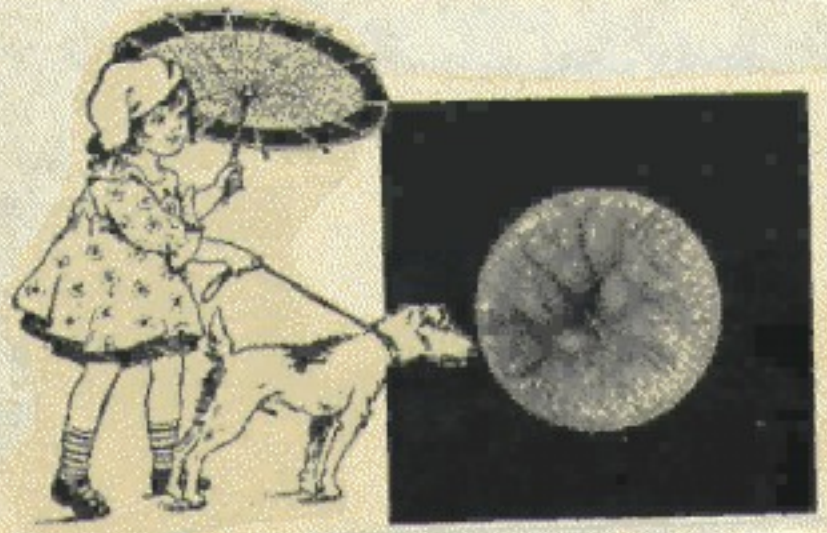


Fig. 89 At the risk of sounding like a broken record, let me repeat myself: Dogs are germ carriers..Keep th em away from the Rectum!!

Fig. 90 Many females employ common household appliances during the act of masturbation.

otogenic leather boy, by any means. Get what I mean? She is soft as jungle fern melons, and sweet as the nectar from the fully mature ladyfish. Mush and Gillwater! Men with fins swim the deep deep waterways. Untreated hearing problems have broken up many a healthy household. I guess everyone needs someone to take care of them, and well, I guess she kind of likes taking care of me; if you know what I mean. Well, meantime, that guy who jumped in the water left one way of life, and now he's busy trying to shake a stick at a new method. "Wotta life, wotta gal, wotta way to go, call a doctor, and many more,"-I always say. It's been three long years since I first set foot on that dark and dreary day..but that thick red juice in the tank car caboose..stays as deep as the hungry-hearted sun. Impetuous young lad in a suit of plaid with a peanut in his nose, and a toy soldier in his pocket..cased the neighborhood. Home security is becoming a fashionable party conversation topic in the better half of the world. In the worse half, theives are entering without permission to rape rob and plunder the poor defenseless unprovoking and usually friendly village folks; I need you more than ever old fella, but I need you back here to look after her while I'm gone. Been three long years since I don't know when, now I'm ready

to fight for the USN. Set afloat countless years ago, weeping i
n the water on a wooden raft; We wandered on waters, looking fo
r land. Many suns rose, many moons split, now we be settled in
land of lakes- whatever it takes, we are the porpi you once tho
ught were fakes. Right now, alcohol isn't Helen's biggest probl
em...power sump morons is. But if Helen isn't given help soon,
she'll have more problems than she or anyone else ever bargaine
d for. If there is really a fertile crescent that rose from the

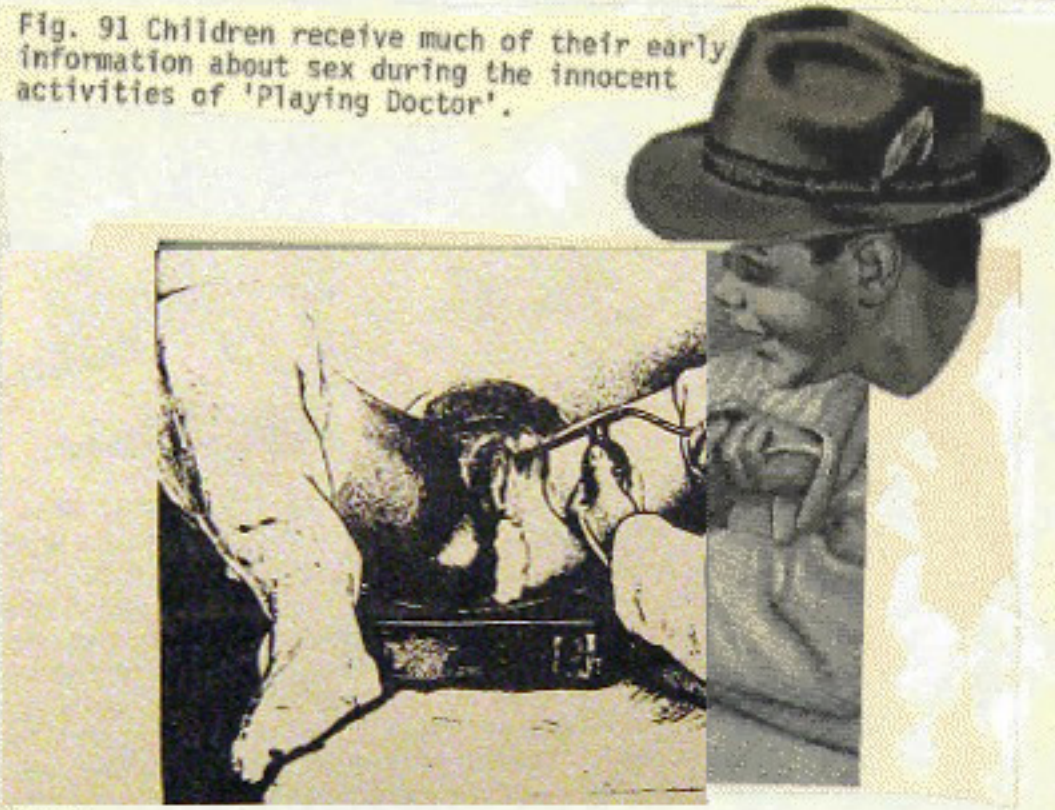


Fig. 91 Children receive much of their early information about sex during the innocent activities of 'Playing Doctor'.

Fig. 92 Author.

water only to drop again, then I'm sure all the concer
ned citizens that have been summoned here to this isla
nd by the voice from the sea is here to take us back a
gain. Talk sailor! Did you have anything to do with th
e recent burial of five Vietnamese rubber moon babies?
You are the key to this mystery, sailor. Break out the
rubber life boat, and prepare to board. Just when the

Fig. 93 When burping the pussy, the doctor must rely on touch a lone.

Fig. 94 This guy just likes to wa tch!!

Navy needs me the most, I go and lose my friggin glasses! What's happening? I don't know, sir. Something big is happening down there. Something big, and shaped like a choo choo train full of circus animals is docking at the brain station. I see sun tanned lions, and happy sappy tigers, big dusty elephants and squirrelly clowns. Midnight magicians with flaming swords, overfed women in old iron cages...growling and pacing their cage and playing their radios too loud, so everybody in the circus is practicing drills to the tunes of the current country and western bands of the midwest. Two circus performers work out a breast-milking act behind a leaning wooden crate, red paint chipped and flaking to the sawdust floor...A gaily dressed goon woman adjusts the straps on her potato costume; she frowns as she notices a small rip near the bottom of the suit, leaving one of the big goggling potato eyes hanging staring at the ground. The Ringmaster struts around the area, watching the remaining animals disembark from the train. "Who programs these computer?", queried the simple sailor. "No one can reprogram these computers, laddy. Th

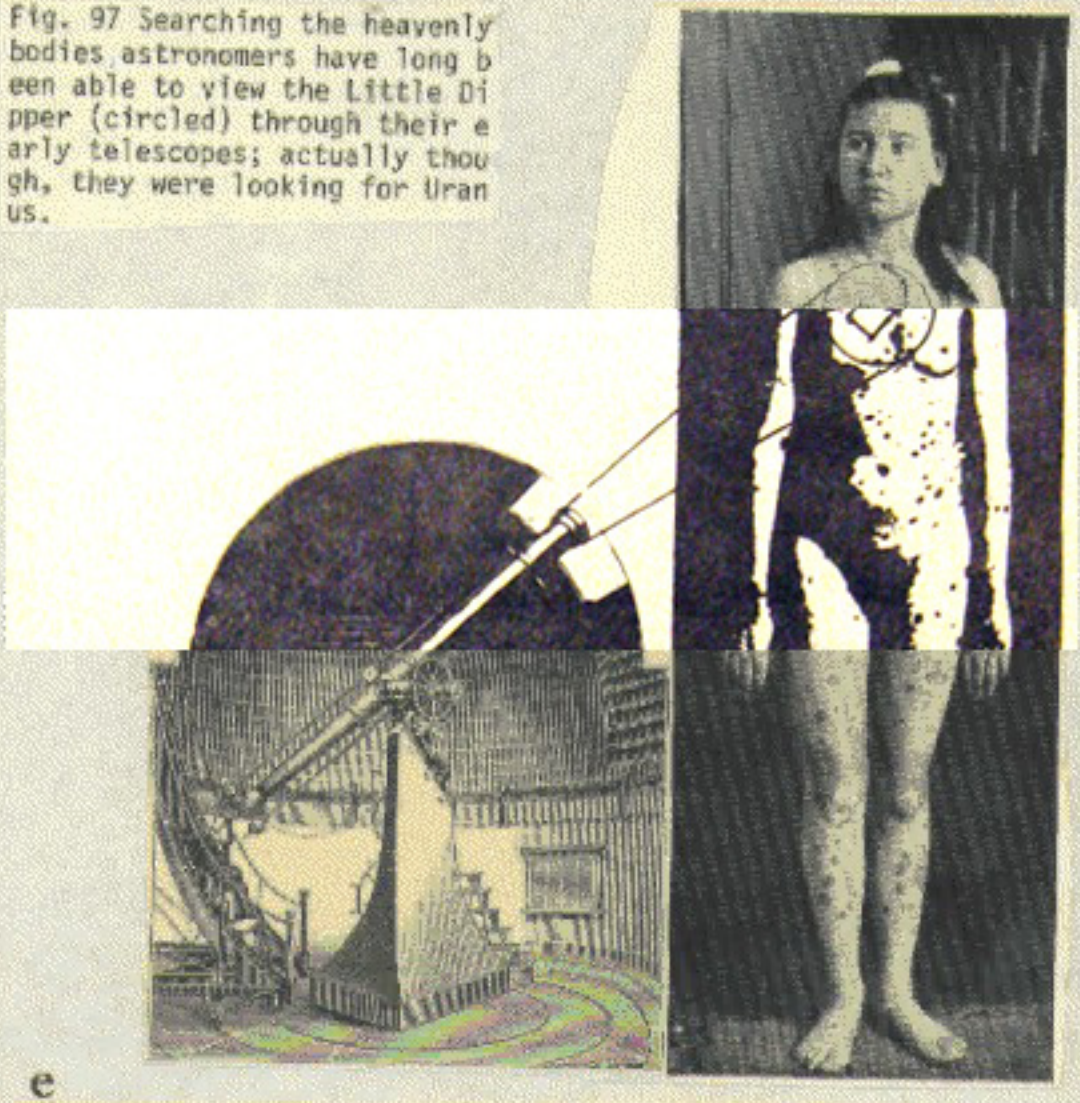
Fig. 95 Daydreaming: Incentive or substitute?

ey have been set by the Incas long, long ago..when grass grew in tall waves like common woolen underthings, when that first rush of orgasm- much like that first rush of frozen french fries ent ers the body. Brightly coloured birds of the jungle flew here a nd there, and somewhere else..calling out like fire trucks in t he night, answering the calls of reptillian ambulances that fla

Fig. 96 Boys like girls and girls like boys.

shed and sounded the call of life or death mating...the compute
rs have been set, and will remain set until eons of time have p
ast, leaving them buried in their own energy output. Incas bear
ing the sign of the Bird Bath, ceremoniously circled their wome
n, separaing the guords
n, separating the gourds from the twigs; the melons from the fi
sh, the tree women from the cave women, from the plain women. N
ow, they are separated as nurses, secretaries, and customer car
ry-outs. Once you have broken the taboos, there is nothing left
to redeem your conscience stained, and brought to bear under th
e weight of true thoughts and deeds. For, don't they say that o
nly God can decide the time and method of informing the origina
l captain of the ark? Wait a second, I'm not sure that is entir
erly correct...ah, fuck it..take a break.

Fig. 97 Searching the heavenly bodies astronomers have long b een able to view the Little Di pper (circled) through their e arly telescopes; actually thou gh, they were looking for Uran us.



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The ark well rounded, has left the rodeo bandits cold; They sta red in awe at all the illusions performing in the big top befor e them. They threw up their amputated arms and bugged out their eyes at the sight of five hundred glittering cow ponies and the ir young cow poke handlers dancing on the ice before them. Firs t an apaloosa, then a pinto. Next a shetland, then the brigade of arabians; and all the handlers were dressed in tin foil and

handi-wrap alligator bags. Right when they were just about to leave, a juniperized voice bimboed out from the four corners of the big top; "All of you rodeo bandits, you have not cheated death, for death has visited you in the deceivingly harmless form of an ice aren a rodeo show; you are in our memory banks, you are in our memory banks..."..The bandits shot out of their seats, running and yelling , but it was too late to escape. As they ran , they turned years olders with every step until they were all lying dead, heaps of old spent men. The room fell very quiet. They were buried with their boots on. The whole next day I spent applying compresses to a sick

Fig. 98 A sanitary container, sensible and compact, as they say.

Fig. 99 Whore:"Come leetle man, I show you good time..." Boy: "No! Wah! I don't wanna!"..Though many parents would prefer a total stranger introducing their child to the facts of life, Defloration is certainly one function they should feel a definate responsibility to consummate within the family structure.

Fig. 100 so he wants to take a look? What the hell do you care? It's a lot more important that he see's it than you hide it.... Pretty soon nobodies gonna want to look at it anyhow, so who yo u tryin to kid? Give the little guy a gander at the goose, and he's sure to remember and respect you forever.

Fig. 101 "Whar's my friggi n slippers?"..When dad's o n the warpath, head for hi ding! Sometimes a hard day s work is all it takes to snap him out, and many of these big fellas don't kno w their own strength!'Back off'-is this authors advic e.

and swollen head. My hotel room was cluttered with debris left over from the night before; momentos to a night of hideous para noias, attaching theirselves to me as leeches to a warm quim. I threw up about a half dozen times, the last two empty save a th ick small gob of green bile, smelling of dead animal, and burni ng all the way up. My sense of equilibrium was hiding from me, as I fell around the ro om, continually bopping my already soft and bru ised head on hard woode n objects in the room.. ..finally I knocked mys elf silly...I woke up t hree days later, a new man. So new, in fact, I didn't even know my new name. I was quite pleas ed when I discovered I was no longer a naval discharge, but rat her from the other end of the physical spectrum, rather a small unimportant bowel movement. The bell ringers were taking up vis ual space in the dining room, I could smell cooking meat and bu tter floating out of their bells. There was a certain element o f old world religion that I couldn't quite decipher, yet I was sure I was on the right track."After all, where else in this wo rld could I get so much to eat for such a small,small price?".

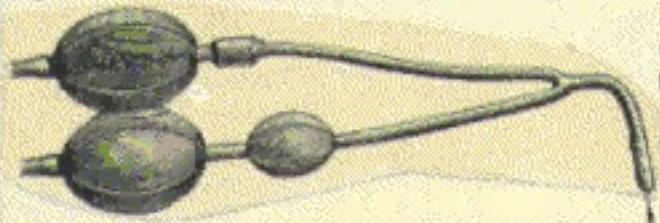

Fig. 99 Rubber replacement testicles, prostate gland, and urethra banned fr om the market because of leakage.

I would find myself babbling as I stumbled through the streets, naked and bruised..Dogs did mid-air somersaults as hunters in r ed caps and flannel shirts stalked them on the streets..I looke d just in time to see the bomb falling out of the low flying pl ane. As I dove to the pavement to avoid seeing myself blown to bits, I couldn't help noticing that the streets were covered wi th the litter of thousands of propaganda leaflets..I started re ading one titled,"Your not s'posed to enjoy this ride, mom!"

Baby: This may not be any big bundle of jo y ride for you, Mom- now that your b eing me for a day!

Mom : Joy ride! Hi-De-Hay Ho I should say it isn't! Wriggling around in these straps makes my skin so uncomfortabl e I could howl- and here goes! Yowoo oh!

Baby: Ha! Ha! I hoped you'd get to see it my way, Mom! Now maybe you see why I get to shitting my pants and smearin g my food all the hell over myself!

Mom : Write your own ticket, lamb! But tel l me now, why do you need to do both disgusting deed?

Baby: A cinch, Mommie. Pure, gentle warm b aby shit works to smooth me over aft er a bath. And more at diaper level helps to prevent what my doctor call s 'urine irritation'..lack of firm b ody to a damp didee. Other times, Mo m, lots of soft soothing sprinkles o f baby food, to chase chafes and pri ckles and keep me purring!

Fig. 103 Extrovert openly fooling aro und with his priva tes is in complete disobedience with the laws that prot ect us 'Regular Jo es' from this sort of vulgar display.

Fig. 104 Fishing a corpse from the Cu yahoga River.

Fig. 105 Hermaphrodite with one short leg.

Mom : Angel, I've been an awful flat tire about this! Just step on the gas and let's be on our way to the nearest filling station! You know where your daddy works. Ever since I became your poppa's frauline, I have taken on the responsibility of making sure he keeps motivated so's he can become a big man, filling up autos that beep at him often, some choosing the big pump, and others the small..it's a small small world and he hears them autos ca-

Baby: Can it, mom! I heard the goddam stroy fifty million times before.. why don't we just go home an you feed me some good warm sexy breast milk.. we can watch that fag from the Evanjellicough Temple make magic on instant replay..he's really got his act down,lately.

Mom : Sugarplum, I had no idea you were such a religion blimbus!

Baby: I wanna see him make people hear, and cure cancer and stuff.

Mom: Well, I was kind of hoping we cou- ah, what the hay! Home it is, Honey!

And off the rode, lickety-split back home where they could watch the TV and see miracles performed in their own bedroom! The eery glow of the TV tube cast an almost religous glow across the bed as Junior lay nestled and slowly tugging at the horn of plenty..Mom sat toying with an old transister radio that had been found stuffed between the bed and the wall, she was playing with the controls when out of it blared,'Git around little doggie git around git around git around little doggie git around git around..it's knowing that your still owing, just trying hard to keep it going, get a big fat round doggie, and then git it on, on, on!' She tossed the offensive radio out the bedroom wind

ow..it fell the four stories and smashed on the pavement below. The neighbors all ran over and began rummaging for salvagable p arts, pushing and shoving to get a look at the various pieces.. one little girl cut her thumb on a piece of plastic casing when her father tried to grab it out of her hands so's he could get a check on it. Back inside, Reverand Lungsly uncurled some twis

Fig. 106 Jokes about t he toilet may be funny to some, but not to th e Constipated!

ted pretzel legs for a grande finale, t he happy regenerate yelling and hooting , running around the stage doing the tw ist and acting like Elvis Presley used to..his short blotchy hair shaking on h is head..His short fat mother crying te ars of happiness..big as gooseberries a ll over the stage..Four of the Reverand s stage hands rushed out to sweep away the big gooseberry tears and clean up a fter the lads mother..Four more grabbed the man and escorted him off the stage with a big white Wet-Look boot..he land ed in his mothers arms. Time was growin g short, and the station would close so on...mother tore Junior from her breast and tossed him into beddy-bye...He hit his head and went fast asleep. Mother w ent back to watch the Late Show and wait for Father. The last t hing she remembered seeing before she p assed out was a jazz gospel trio perform ming a song called'Mobile Home',the wor ds of which went like this....Cozy warm mobile home, no payment down. $110 a mo nth, rocket runt, rentals on your own.K eep it up, keep it in,stand up straight and hard..motor home, all our own, park it in the yard. Check it in, check it o ut, test it on the road..drive it here, drive it there, fill it with a load. Mo bile home, wants to roam, let's go for a ride..bungalow, four wheel roll, glid e around in pride. Silver drone, happy home, larvae living pure..take a rest, metal nest, be safe and secure.Be as snug, as a bug, stay there night and day..no need for tomb, aluminum womb, dream lifes car

Fig. 107 Treating Halitosis.

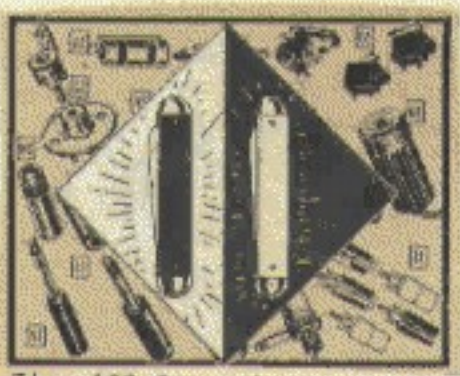

Fig. 108 Interplanetary Yin-Yang.

Fig. 109 Thirteen big babies lost in the ra in,representing origi nal thirteen states.

Fig. 110 A boy and his gun.

es away. The song stuck with her all the next day..she hummed it as she washed, she hummed it as she sewed..later in the afternoon she went to the shopping center and hunted for the record, she wanted to buy it.

f

We have been unable to get any film on the takeover, yet just before noon, an intense flash of bright light caught all the service men with their pants down, Scurrying around like caught mice, the tables full of money and dice and playing cards flew to the air, a magnificant flock to view in flight ..British commandos raided the area, spraying their kitty litter in short sharp bursts. It was a major crisis by any standards. The mayor reluctantly came to the podium in defense of the budget, the afros wailed loudly about the boredom involved in inspecting the lice problem that was far from licked. Artificially wounded movie actors rolled at the pulled punches. Half the audience was booing before the devolutionary guerrellas even walked out on the stage. Guns disguised as guitars and drumsticks were easily smuggled by the club owners. The latex clothed band strode forth, amid the rucus caused by the audience. Reaching the stage, they spoke in whispers among themselves for a few moments then whirled around to face the back wall as the lights went on, instantly burstin

g into song. "We'd like to to teach the world to sing in perfect harmony; we'd like to--",almost immed

iately the crowd quieted so silently, you could hear a pin drop ; a twenty-five year old female pin did collapse from exhaustio n..she was quickly covered with a painters tarp and taken to th e side of the stage..meantime there was a band on stage present ing their message to the friendly wad. Just as quickly as the p eople had stopped fighting, and falling around in drunken stupo rs, shouting obscenities at each other, they started tucking th eir shirts in, and combing their hair, and acting amazingly sob er. A young college student presented a national guardsman with

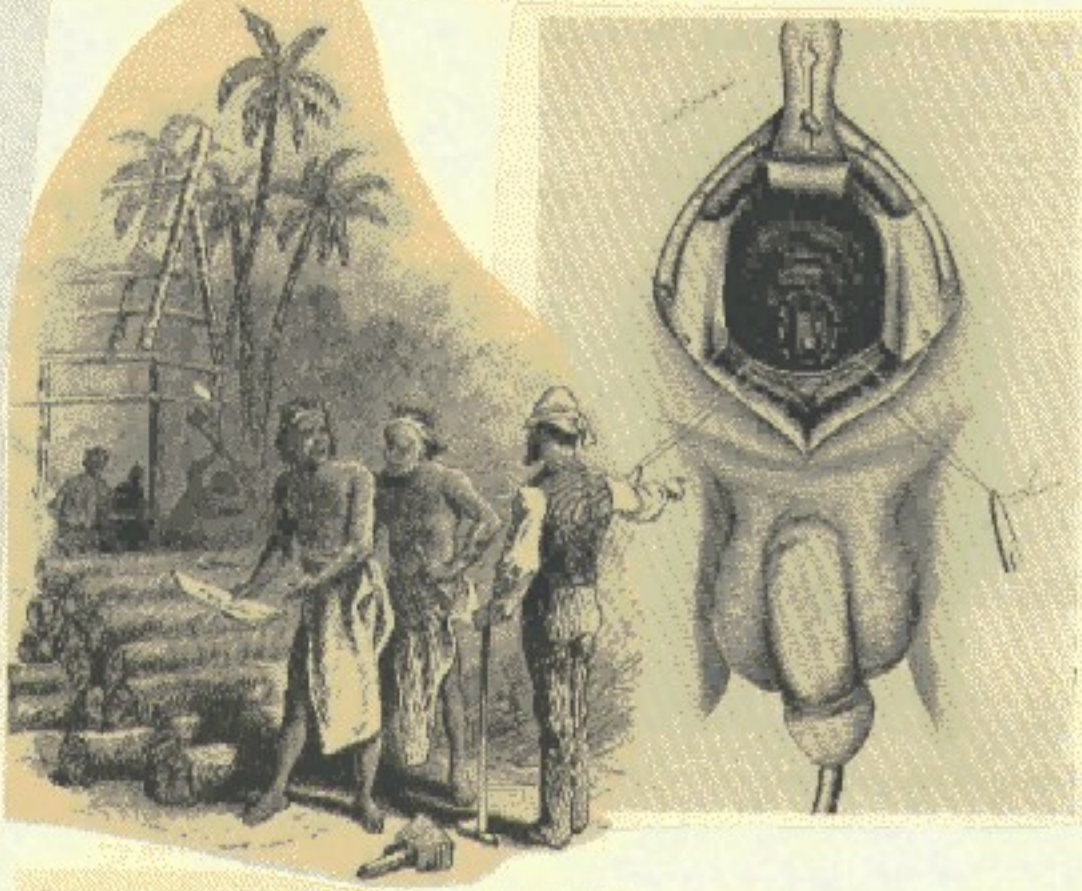

Fig. 111 Nigra:But boz, it don say nuttin in de contract about goin in dey!
Massa:All right then, a weeks supply of Afro-Sheen to the jungle bon-bon who goes in there!
All Nigras:Me boz! Hey boz! Ize goin,Me boz!,etc.

Fig. 112 Bad girls! High school prosties skuttle their butts at lunch time right on the school playground! Make a pretty penny, I might add. Things are sure different than when you were in school, ain't they? Makes ya wonder, don't it? Aw, go home an whack yer pud, you creep!

a flower. A biker offered a police officer a chair. Two white guys asked a couple of black girls to dance..a chicano girl asked a young black amputee in a wheel chair if he was comfortable. The band just winked at each other, pointed the barrels of their musical guns at the subdued audience, and let go with a barrage of lead unequaled since the battle for the Alamo. It was the most successful St. Valentines Day Surprise party in history, and when the smoke had lifted, the bloody club owner, near death, offered them a six week renewable contract, with the band getting one hundred per cent of the door, and on Fridays a percentage of the bar. Also, he advertised them on all the local radio stations and bought them a big plywood sign with their name on it to hang on the doorway of the club. Unfortunately, the bass player and the smart guitar player started doing hash, acid, and heroin until they were as undependable as a couple of spoiled six year olds..one night at a party, the smart guitar player was drunk and doing acid at the same time, and while throwing up, hallucinated his puke was lasagna and got a bad belly-ache trying to eat more than he could hold. They started lying all the time, cheating on exams, trying to make it with every girl in town. They were sent to the detention home, and the guitar player died. The bass player has never been heard of since.

Fig. 113 Sure seems like the rich got it easier than the poor, don't it?

9a Meta-Geophysical Waste

Deep in the heart of Africa, lies the breeding place of the great white heliocoptor. This two-acre island is as packed as a popular tourist resort. Pelikan love scenes and domestic mechanical oddities occur on the average of one totally new and different sexual encounter every other second. On that off second, someone is repeating a past experience. Coyly rubbing against their mates, the females of the species know exactly what they are doing. They are exciting the males to begin muscling in with their large flexible bills. As far as the eggs are concerned, there are more dangers than you would expect. Vultures, hangers-on, beatniks of all walks of life swim the narrow channel to this island to hunt out the yummy small orbs that a careless female will often leave exposed and unprotected. Hordes of these scavengers make their living 'ripping off' the poor unsuspecting birds. Out to find food, or perhaps just to take a moonlight stroll, they return only to find an empty vandalized nest. They puff their breasts, and cry their poor broken hearts out. Tough luck, some would say. Passive gas balloon, others would whimper. Too bad for the cheater, for his conscience is sure to follow him around until a perfect oppurtunity is found to cut his legs out from under him..leaving him in a condition far more frightening than anything he had ever previously encountered. Leaving him to cook in his own juices. Well, as it turns out, those birds lay enough eggs to keep up with all the egg snatchers..for the present, at least. I've been working on the r'n'r..all the live long day; I've been working on the r'n'r just to pass my food away; can't you hear the hippies calling..rise up so early in the morn....Tune-up or you'll just keep stallin', as Dinah blows her horn. Blow that horn 'o' plenty on me, girl..Dinah give ya tight box and snappy--oh shit; I got it wrong. The general had this terrible thing he used to say that I think went like this, tight tits and snappy box, but it's all frigged so far up the river now, that I'd rather just forget the whole dandy thing..besides I heard my train of thought comin

g, a coming down the track..and if I don't hop on it this time, yo u know it might never ever come back...besides my train of thought

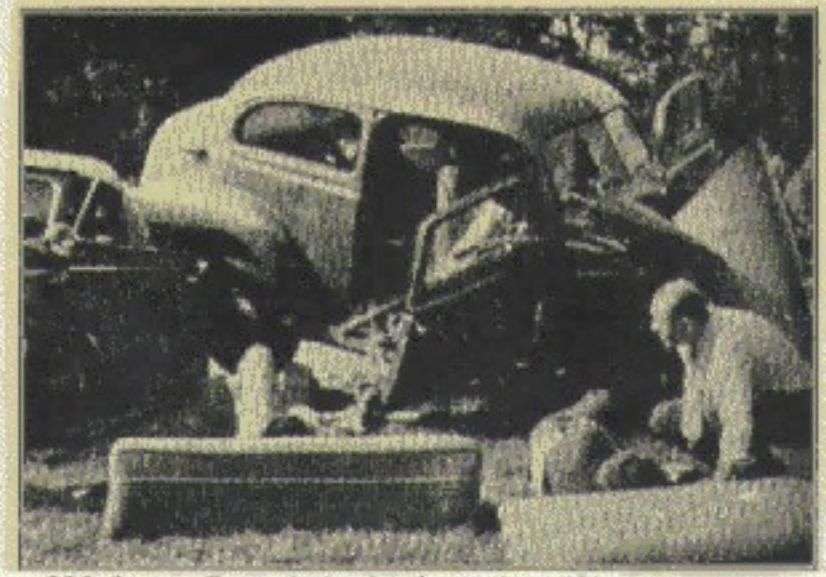

Fig. 114 Crazy Teens! Couldn't wait till the car was parked to climb into the backseat and start fooling around! Ha!Ha!

has left that perverse little daydream far behind, already. Which is probably as much of a relief to you, the student, as it is to me- your professora.Who should happen to come over to visit on th e last Friday night that I know of, but that strange guy from the nut factory, Louis Gilblom. Hey, I'm not kiddin, he's as crazy as a crooked cucumber...I bet he got it from his vibratory whack-out , he's been under since he been born. Louis got a reputation, for saying things he's thinking, and being borderline on insane, who is to say it's always way out in left field? Who knows more than the crazies? Even the Lt. says that the ones the goons all laugh at, the geniuses and insanes, are the only ones that match up,the only ones who forsee. Louis told me once that the American black and white war must take place and be over in time for us to prepa re for the ultimate third world war between the Western Hemispher e and the Eastern Hemisphere. The battle of the world will start with an invasion by the Chinks, and it will be up to us to be rea dy, both morally and spiritually, to kick some yellow ass. Louis got three kidneys, his right side taking the honor..just give me all your thoughts and stuff them in the feeder, we got a pig we'r

e raising to star in a film with Louis..he gonna wrestle big pig, and try to bite pig neck out. If Louis cannot bite through pigski n, he gonna get a buzz saw or maybe electric drill and do the fat beast into gore. Then he promises to eat brain matter, so that he can inherit brainwaves; he lost it sixty years ago when a Q-Tip p unctured his unborn fetus. The bloody baby Louis crossed legs and became android, now he is talking reminiscis, and telling stories from the Kirby. Do you know the reason the Ku Klux Klan is writin g sweet smelling sympathy letters, what can he be thinking, he go t a bullet in the brain, aimed at President Kennedy. He wrote a l etter to Oswald, and kissed the boot of Sirhan..Bremer was his ro ommate as he lay wawke in deep sweat. The dimensions of this youn g man are distorted by sensitivity, he moans with dogs in alleys, and begs for crumbs from Nazis..he embraces the bed his mother we pt on, and pledges allegiance to future destructors, writes lette rs to the editors, and saves his cancelled love lines, the ladies sad and Italian, who spoke in slang and remorse, made Louis chief

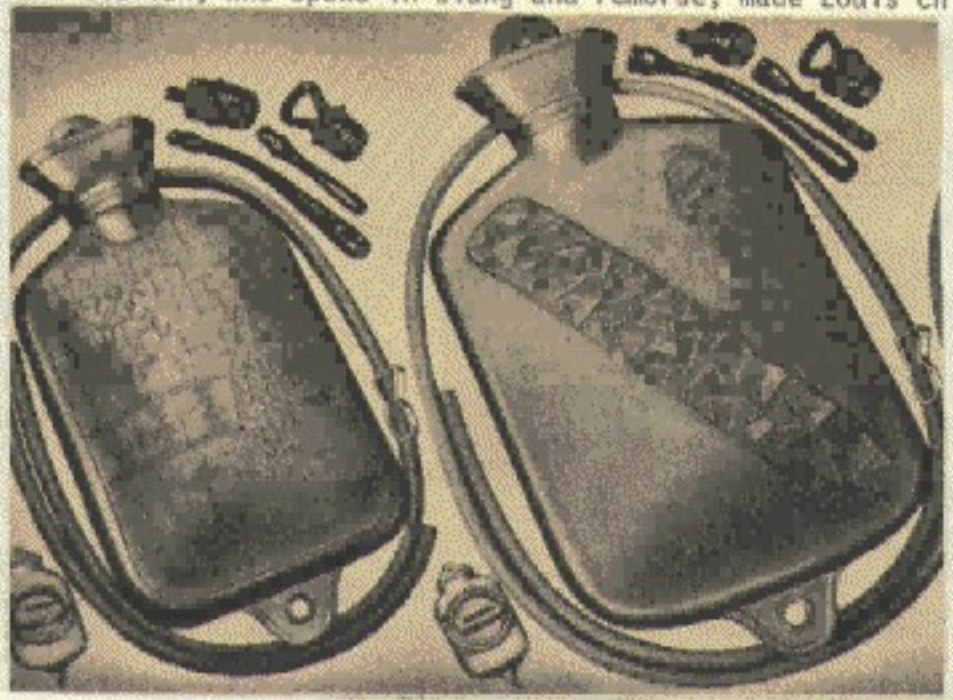

Fig. 115 'Adam and Eve', Mosaic tile mural installed in the Cleveland Bus Terminal Nov. 1937..Was quite a scandal, back in those old square days..Ian Carlos Muffy Short, artist.

of Ko Mo Dos, he ride in wooden canoe, as savages beat sweaty, on drums and dance in fire light. He speak of kiming-wodo, and eats the mishibouroo, fishes coke and deep fries, among the mighty Ex-Lax. He is warrior from the Park, he shoots shadows in the dark,y et he manages to be Stove Top Stuffin' in the street. Shooting do wn duckies in a yellow whorehouse, the linen on her back soon bec ame a welted mess. The destruction to the memory bank, wiped half a storage bin of info, clean off the map. Soldiers in the trenche s, pumping for a decay, eating that Chinese stuff like it was goi ng out of style. No more excuses, they've torn off your protectio n, your open and helpless, unless you choose them.'Give in', she c oos. Shiva demon- Shiva demonstrates the art of entrapment on cha nnel 43 tonight. Lost inside their mommies, thousands of chillins dies for you'n'me. Chicken on a biscuit, is an appropriate descri ption of that skinny wheezer and his strong, atheletic wife. I tr usted you to landfill, yet there's an empty spot on my tab, and t he junk just wasn't put up, five angry autos snarling, and baying at the moon. Silver baby cesspool, it's hard to remember back in

Fig. 116 The clothes pin on her tongue and the tam pon tied to her hair were a dead giveaway that thi s was no suicide..it was the work of the Satan's S wingos..a neo-nazi wife swapping gang that hits he re, there, and away over yonder..the cops are bagg ied and baffled..it's a rough case.

the old days, when hoods had full control of all the things you really liked.? The guys in my old frat club all took a vow to beat off at exactly 8:07 EST, when the President took the air. We exchanged the usual small talk, dispensed with normal handjobs, ate tuna eyes and beef balls, watched the Odd Coupling on TV. The guys all made excuses for leaving school and hitching up, they really hate their wives and wish they all could stay back here. But I am glad I'm not normal, I don't want to be a jack-off, I'm happy in the city where a man can feel he's free. The last time I felt heaven, it squirmed and wet in my arms, she was my guardian angel..and I was in a dream.

Fig. 117 Mans Best Friend ...Before, After, and Always.

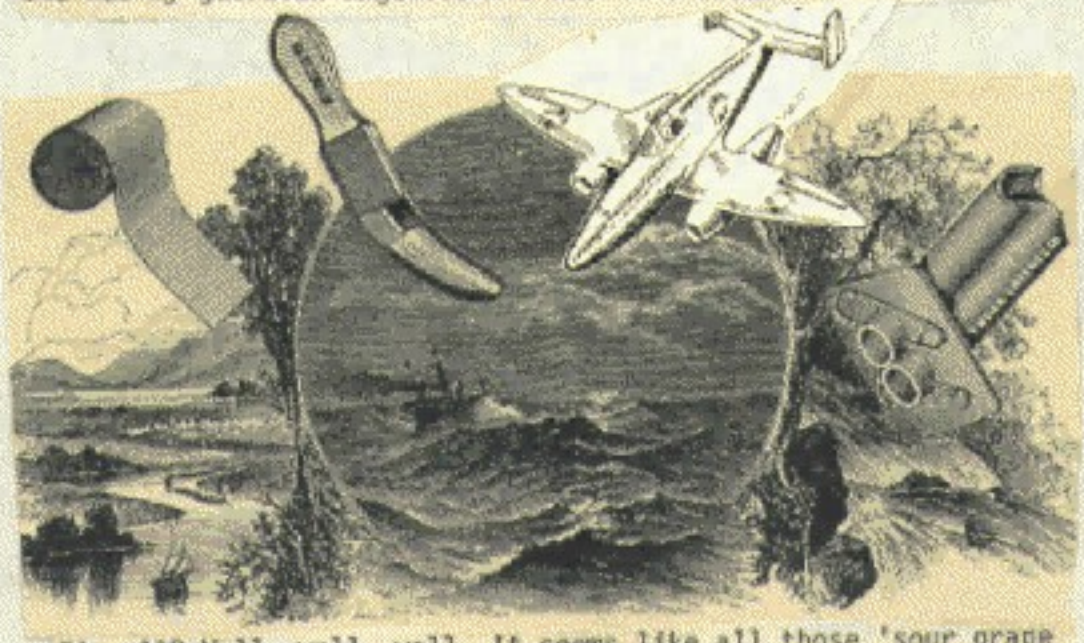

Fig. 118 Well, well, well. It seems like all those 'sour grape self-appointed seers into the future' are once again predicting an end to our big abundant mother earth. Well, it just so happens I got my own info into the matter and as it turns out, mother earth has been so pleased with the activities of man that she is busy right this very moment producing good things for all of us sharp enough to take advantage of and enjoy.

Fig. 119 No one in this picture owns a car.

b

V....for the flag you honor! V....for the man you are cheering! V...for the vital things entrusted to women! Things that build morale-- for fighting men and common home fried folks! Things l ike fresh, wholesome complexions, free of cosmetic irritation a nd clogged ugly pores. Free of the disgrace wrought by large pu stulance blossoms and deep Yankee craters, so to speak. You've got to keep your skin clean, if not for your family, then for t hose tow-headed Sams from alakazams, over there in Kraut Land, and in Nipville. They need to know that the girls back home are taking care of their precious natural resources...their own lov ely faces. Your lovely face, ma'm. For only a dime you can get into that spic-span, march-time, all-out-for-action spirit....t he spirit that comes from making a fresh start with the complet e army of animal scented wholesome cosmetics. Young girls need

a date to be set early in their childhood insuring them the ins
ulation from their mother's apron-strings and complete severing
of their mother's out-dated orgasmic imagery which transferred
to the daughter, becomes orgasmic injury. Don't expect a daught
er to be responsible for your own fantasies derived from your b
oring little childhood. Your daughter must be able to consumate
and protect her own set of fantasies in order to properly orga
sm in later life when she gets marriage. Contrary to popular be
lief, sex plays a rather large part of the ultimate success or
failure of a marriage. Too many seemingly intelligent persons w
ould deny the existence of an answer to life. Please, this is t
he 20th century. This old barbarian of a cow herder is planning
a marriage to the stuck up bitch from England; anxious to get i
nto her cupboards and taste her varied wares... the old man lau

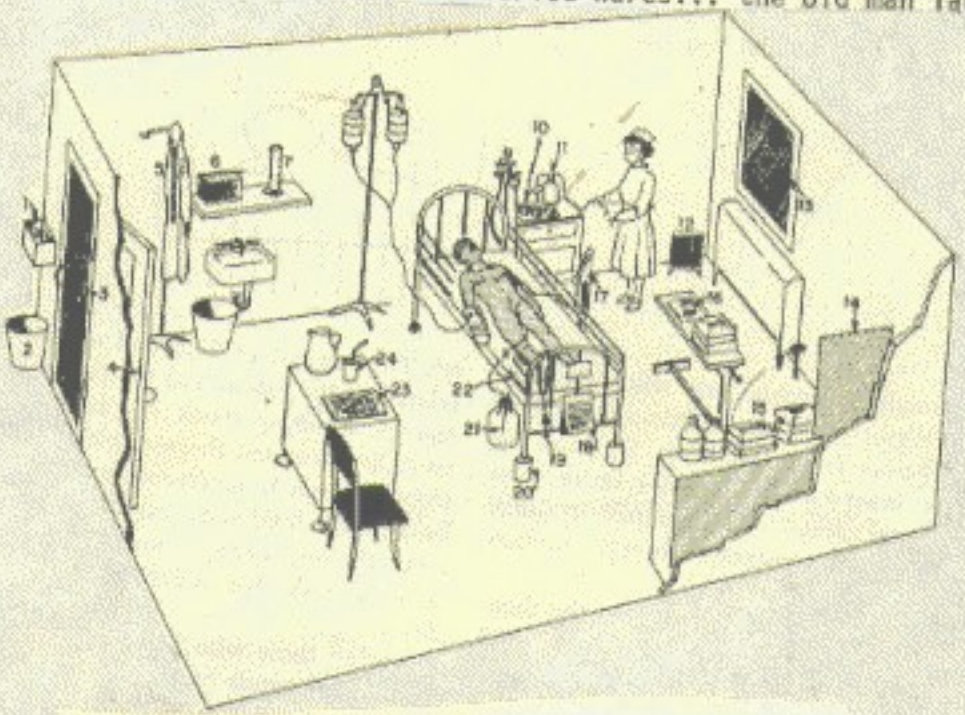

Fig. 120 'La Presidantes Room' at Madam Bu-Bu's Anatomical Research Massage and High Colonic Pa rlour, located in the Brazilian Rain Forest.

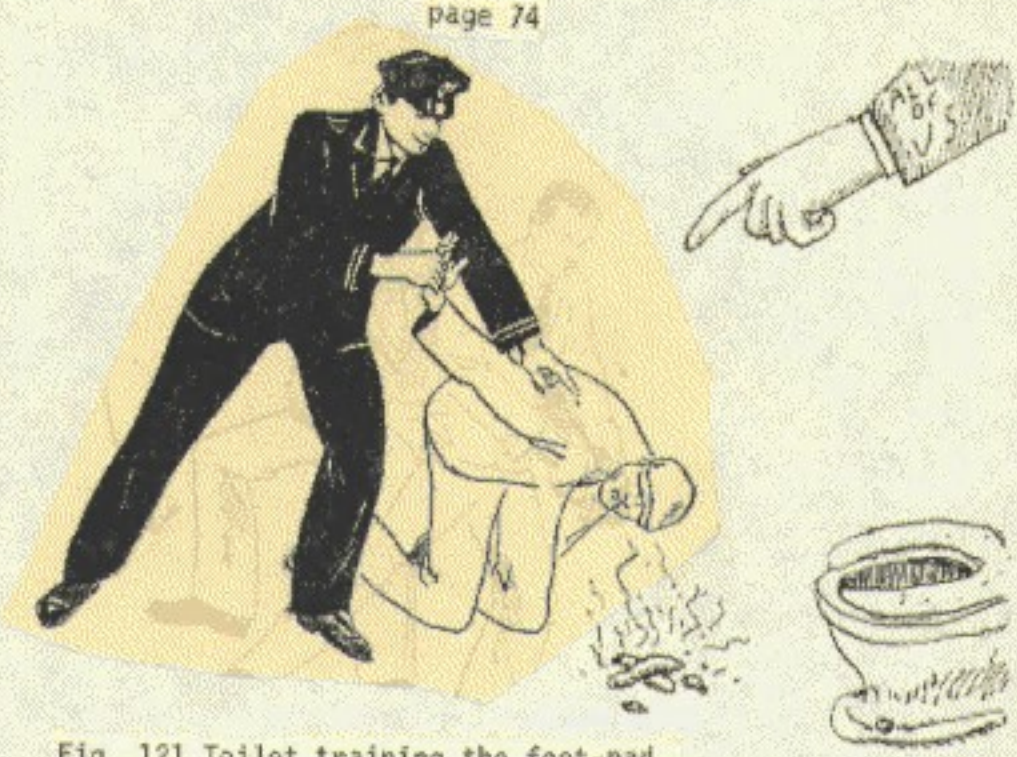

Fig. 121 Toilet training the foot-pad.

ghs softly and rubs his wilted member, "Do you remember?", of c ourse referring to his own past history as quite a woman-fucker . Blizzard kept them apart for a long, long time... and the old man knew his time was coming soon so he was fixin' to get it w hile it was still twitchin', for memories are no substitute. Pa rt of the ingrained paranoia was owed directly to the fact that they used to teach kids such perverse little bizarre lies that they passed off as the truth; Linda from the civic, took down a number, she was nicknamed Coffee, by a ruthless lesbo lover.

Fig. 122 Lasar Orgasm Pattern.

10a Thought Deterrents

For whatever reasons we have been watching these shows, to laugh with them or to sit there smoldering, or at them, we've definitely been out here watching every single show that they throw our way. Lets face it, good taste is no prerequisite for the showing of these shows, and by the way we've been sucking up this vile garbage, it sure don't seem to be a prerequisite for watching it. Two tan men's driving gloves held that cigarette and lighter combination that just seemed to float indefinitely on that indefinable black background. Sauve, yes. Suitable family rations, si.Good diet for sampling viewers and suckling TV folks, oui. Strong basis for moral behavior and sexual conduct in the community, N-O-NO!! When are people gonna realize that it's not all fun and games, and that we've got to buckle down and fight this thing..and I mean it..fight this enemy of the people that comes to us in the night, hovering over our beds like we done something wrong, all of a sudden, just these two big tan mitts that don't say nothin', just keep rolling along, frightening all the townsfolk.

Fig. 123 Finger-lickin' Gooo-oood!

I arrived home to find a letter sitting on my mirror table. It r
ead as follows: Mark; I saw Gary (the general) Jackett last ni
ght he told me that your synthesizer is locked up in the Kove! D
o you know about this? Now you do Call me if you want to do som
ething- like get the Moog. 673-8378 Lt. Casale.
I knew what that meant, instantly. Of course I called the number,
but it was a fake. He was always trying to pull fast ones beck t
hen, and well, friends were not immune. Or amused. I being no ex
ception, was not immune or amused in the least. I suppose you mu
st think differently of me now that I have told you that; everyo
ne is uptight as far as food is concerned. The best way to avoid
the scalping is to go to the papers for supermarkets with full p
age layouts, and four coloured spreads. All the glamerous superf
oods and economy sizes are important. Some black guy just said,
"Jay, when we talk about unit pricing, what is it that is so evi
l to our sense of fair play?"... He never really got an answer b
ecause the time was up just as Jay opened his mouth to join the
fun. How would you use the above floor cleaning tools? Well, som
e folks use it for dusting, lamp shades, books and bookcases, ve
nereal blinds, furniture, prick pods, moldings, baseballs, shelv
es, etc...etc. When you dust with this handy brush you take the
dust out of the house forever! Not just move it from one place t
o another, shifting and relocating, like some of those heartless
boneheads would have you believe.

Fig. 124 Luv
American Style..

b

"Dan'l, Dan'l, Come Quick! Mingoes on the rampage and someone h as vandalized the schoolhouse!"...Daniel quickly corn-cobbed hi s ass and hoisted his britches. "Why bother the magistrate--we got a rope, we got trees, why not string-up that wounded assass in right here and now, put an end to this vicious feud that is busy gnawin g at the entrails of everyone in this god-forsaken mountain resort..."I kne w we should of gone to that slicked-u p paperbacked, dude ranch where the l izards just sit around lounging in th e hot Vegas sun, and beautiful people wait on you hand and foot , please Martha, with Mingoe on the warpath, we're liable to go home with a hell of a lot more than saddlesores, sunburns, and sexual exhaustion.", said one trembling fatso to his oozing ena meled pink wife. She immediately began concerning herself with piling and stacking, collecting and heaping, gathering and moun ting all of their possessions, piled high like a tee pee, from where she perched and cooed; sounding the air like a big warm-b ottomed bird from the tropical lagoon...her husband circled lik e concerned whooper wa-ha Indian, tucking the corners of her ne st of appliances..dancing Hopi style and trembling from fear; r inglets of fat sweat fell to the ships deck, stealing his tract ion, making him uneasy..leaving him hopping like the harmless bunny he be. If only he k new what a real fool he looked like. Boy, i t's as embarrassing as a rabbit lingham mou nting an elephant womans yoni! Of course, s ome true devoted fans to the study of love would debate the unavoidable embarrassement of the above analogy..for I would be forced to admit I once ran into an apparantly harm less yoni of a deer woman, that turned out to have the appetite of a whole herd of ele phant yonis! It was the summer of 1973 when we were busy in the business of making elec tric music monsters, and the scene was Balc h Street- what a place, and what an impress ion! She slid into the house on the bed of

Fig. 125 Jiu-Jitsu Fin ger Trap and Removal.

Fig. 126 Forest ra nger is fatally th rown during routin e collection of re indeer sperm in Al askan Pipelands.

the Grande Patron, yet wrestled each noon day while he was away . We used our limbs roughly, and strained through our blue jean s, cursing each other and then laughing it off. The one day in the middle of a big time wrestling embrace, she suddenly went s oft, and sang in my ear. Responding like bunny, the deer woman rotated, using her axis to turn through the seasons. We banged till it grew soft, and even then continued, to smack as it soun ded, like waves on the beach. If only the season had not so aff ected us, we probably never would have strained on our leashes. ..causing a scandal, branded as crazy, we didn't mind a single bit; until we discovered we had broken a household, over some r ecreation that was all for laughs.

Fig. 127 Confiscated photograph found in Charl es Mansons cell..Photo taken by Patricia Hears e of Don DeFreeze-dried's hands, as he methodi cally cleans a bloodied catheter removed from Mizmoon.

C

After two close shaves in the same day, police officer Moss was bald as an eagle. And who could have imagined it? Jesus, I once thought I was an authority on Life Forces, until I realized tha t all my transcripts on authority and establishment always seem ed to end exactly where they started from..circular dystrophy.. my notebooks were all interchangable with everything else, in m ost states. I had been rubbing and buffing, rubber and buffet, but now I been warping and shitting, wiping and shining, etc. W anna grow a baboona banaba tree? She was asking me a question a s we sat up reading the Sunday paper..What's wrong with the one I got? I asked. Ha, ha, ha---boy are you paranoid, you miniscul e gopher...what a scream! Fat girl on the TV making all the ear lobes twitch in pain..singing like some bellowed calf, the only image that camera ever missed was the big porky dick it looked like she shoulda been sucking on. A Cleveland youth played Smok e on the Water on his Cordovox...it was low low low. Emphysema is good at destroying lung tissue; and of course lung tissue c an't never be replaced; only erased, and defaced by the lack of proper care and personal honest hygienic pruning...Some fifty y ear old vacuum bag just came on the tube bellowing out My Blue Hawaii, or something like that. This is just about the most mag ic night ever.. wait a minute..it's broad daylight- and I feel

a shave of pelvic fright...oh my gosh, my pelvis has frozen in the retreat position..no, it's this horrible dream that creeps up everytime a young thirteen year old struts on the screen and produces smoke screen in my britches, I invariably drop my pape r to cover an atomic eruption sure to occur...oh, there's just too much paranoia in this land of ours, you got yours, we got o urs..everyone I know has the mania, to do the polka from Pennsy lvania. Little red book of my womans rusty hook, she do what sh e think be good..she's a real fine cookie when it comes to brin ging herself to the realization that life must go on, no matter what just went wrong, she works long hours on her knees trying to help her dead dad get one last hard-on. Life in the suburbs has taken a new look at itself, can you blame the satin fertili zing flame for her fear of all that hovers hear her single cera mic bedpan, watching with detatched interest, all she deposits, microphones taping, the flow of her sweet golden urine, trying to determine, if an operation is due. Ten beautiful girls trott ed down to grace our screen, there was a commotion on the neigh bors screened-in porch, it seems little Johnny is going away, j oined the service and took the money his mother was saving to b uy her a leg brace, he spent it on cunt salve, and rubbed it in quantities, into his long brown and wanky locks. The family all begged him to return the pin money, he lied through his fake te eth and said it was stolen, when he was on leave. The last time they saw him he was high on dome acid, cursing the building in which he was conceived; borne of leperstock, and smelling of wh arf, little Johnny cried half a lifetime, easy pickins for thos e with no scruples.

Fig. 128 Who wants to argue the facts? This bar graph offers indisputible evidence that this generation is already on the downhill slant of world evolution..the twentieth century wil l always be remembered as the straw that ruptured the camels abdomen.

Fig. 129 Catching up on some Z's after that Big O run..This is the guy that sleeps while the other man drives on that non-sto p Lawsons run..fagged-outa this world, stale orange juice nigh tmares are inevitable even with the most stalwart of drivers.

Ila Lust Belches

He has got the skills that deflect the arrows of death..the spe ars of snow..they come and go, leaving their bum stains to show and grow. I began my journey, where the devils started their tr ashy affair, I ended my grande journey where the devils stopped their trashy affair. We've been shaped by the hook. Where paint -pals visions treasured words of warning..bearded blues boys sa t in circles silently listening to the one man speak with a slo w drawl,"-then he turned to her and said, It's the end for you and me young lady, I guess it's all over, I can't stand seeing no one cryin', let's just pretend there was nothing intended, n othing upended, with that perky little behavior pointing to the North Pole, I wanna dig my babies coal hole.."..Jap terrorists ran up and machine gunned the whole lot of them down...the old guy kept right on talkin though.."we been married for three lon g years, ain't no reason to snap it off now, I was just settlin ' down to a long winters nap, when goddammit, I rolled over on this big durn green thing she had in bed, she called it a Venus fly trap..The kids all arose from their beds to see what was th e matter with mom and dad, when a severed small hand hit my fee

Fig. 130-131 Under the guise of nursing..Throughout history, women have always jumped at the opportunity to hover over sick and helpless men..savoring every wince and cry of pain they can create in the helpless dopes.

t with a splatter. I turned on the light for in the dark it felt like egg batter, my breath was still inside her, it made her appear somewhat fatter than usual..she placed her wilted feet on my strong lap'o'steel, I really couldn't feel a thing..it was in no way a real experience. Oh course, I lost my lips to a Viet Cong rocket- Now I got a glass eye in my left eye socket- and my teeth and my ears are asleep in my pocket, It's a long long long one to haul. I think I fucked-up somewhere before I knew it all- I'd give both my arms for one half my right ball, oh yea yea yea yea I'm off with a cough- hang in low- cling on, cling on. I knew I was coming so I baked a cake- and now I'm back again. Jet stream country chocolate and I know how to look at that new dude..with the innocence of a fresh laid egg. Want to take the responsibility for a dead mans grave? Private detectives tell no tales. Some would ask if maybe he was just passin' through- but don't bet on it, Some folks think he's up to a lot of no good, bad blood, winner of the grande prize; dinner for one in your mommas old puss. And I ain't talking about Tabby. I'm speaking on Flabby Crabby..you know who I mean, don't you? I want to know if Kitties here. But she ain't seeing nobody, mister. She'll see me, you ugly little deep knee dive. Jus' git out of my way 'fore I fix to scramble your frightened foolish Japanese top-side. You see, I've been fixin to die for some twenty-four ye

ars now, I'm gonna dive bomb kamikazi style right in your pictu re window, I'm gonna leave you so frightened you'll wish you ne ver was rich in carbohydrates. One day your gonna thank me, tho ugh, for all the things I'm gonna learn you today. You'll thank me for the way I kind of opened those sticked-up lids and tore down those silly rhododendrum dreams you have always been affli cted with...I'm going to kill you and your whole god-damned fam ily. So help me God.

Fig. I32 Baby Alive. Lithograph by that f amous West Coast Art ist, John Zabrucky. (From the collection of the author.)

b

What do you do when you find out your ch ild is handiwrapped? Well, first you cry , then you curse the Maker who gave you the extra hassle to put up with. Then, y ou pretend he'll outgrow it. Hide your c hild in the garage, says one radical new theorist. Tape your childs frail little legs together and bat it around with ham mers and screwdrivers, says another. Dip the childs limbs in hot water and pour s caulding tea and coffee over it, says ye t another. But there is one new therapis t who is gaining world wide recognition with his theory he is having some sucess with, and that is, ignore the ailment. T reat him as you would any other child. D ress his tiny bent limbs with normal siz ed clothing for his age group.Enforce go od eating habits at the table, and punis h him for dipping his bulbous head in th e chili, or throwing forkfuls of food in to his open eyes. Make the child pull hi s share of the load by, washing dishes w ith his paws, or trimming the lawn with his teeth. Don't take 'no' for an answer , and never give in to the pitiful waili ng or that look of complete helplessness these cunning youngsters conjure up quit

Fig. 133 This War Vet is so zonked-out on downers, he is pulling the stitches out of a recent wound he had just been operated on for. He's even laughing and doing a jig, the big jerk!

e effectively from their little book of Parent Psychology Techniques. If none of the above work, our suggestion is to quietly do away with the child, have it put to sleep or something. Make sure that the child knows his fate before he refuses to iron clothes, or drive to the store for margarine, for knowledge of his punishment has made way for a miracle or two. Enough of that.But, right here I would like to make room for a little bit of info taken from another of my writings, Computation Book Vol.II..authored (of course), by me..Mark Mothersbaugh. We are reading from pages 120 to 124 under the section, What kind of training do children need? (quote): Children often when left to make decisions on their own prove they are quite selfish little brats that can be lost, removed by a planet peanurs-do you remember your speckled suspender undercover super face sheilds---Kids...GOD KNOWS THEY'RE GREAT...yet of TeN AS NOT THEY NEED THE GUiDiNG HAND OF EXPERIENCE to Channel THeiR LittLe BoDies And minds through those TRYiNg yEARS OF DeveLopMeNT- AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COMe in.... LOOKiNg iNTO THOSE LittLe BEADY eyeS is enough to bring the Desire to Discipline into any One that no longer Finds he himseLF on THAT Journey Towards Prime....KiDS NeeD you- AND you- AND your SHoe..... *Accompanying illustration is of girl in pig-tails with black eye and scars looking over bed of six year old child with legs broken at pelvis and split straight-out at opposing 90° from her body, held in place with boards...a hole drilled in board allows a 3/4 inch in diameter metal tube to be shoved up her vagina or ass ...it is hard to tell which it is..the tube is about two feet long and empties o*

*at onto the bed...the girl with the blac k eye is speaking."I once acted-up all t he time like little Bobbie here...always wetting my pants-Well- MY PARENTS sure c ured me of what was rapidly beginning to appear as a lifelong problem."*The articl e goes on to state that kids can't FIGHT THE DeviL By THEIR Selves...Givem a hand - or better yet, a paddle!!!!!Kids can o ften be cured of terrible habits at home , before they even occur to the chilD as a pOSSible Offense. TASTeS LiKe PLasteR-STReTCHes LiKe DisasteR- I wanted to touch the blow hole's so's I beNT OVeR & asKed her- Narrow sheLL Ear Protecters- GoggLE SN uggLe ORLON ERectoRs CHildren PLaY POINTY OBJECTS- SOFT BULBOUS PAINFUI INJECTS. Another illustration..look it up. Kid- Look wh at you did- poo-pooed on the rug? Well, now- pretend you are a bug - you got to cross that poo-poo pile- and it's gonna seem l ike a mile- with your suit of shining rubber remember- always c over- yourself for possible leakage losing mileage...rubbing mu silage..draining fusilage..last minute altitude check..cross co untry deep thigh wreck- children made of chocoal-late - and wra pped in coloured foil- eat before they spoil- Ibe overturned yo ube backside posterior inferior my anterior antler will cut you down- cloven- breath breakfast- hospital parlour games radio wa ste- just try to get out of bed- Ned- try to get out of bed- We ll my Ned tried to get out of bed, Fred, and that's when I shot him in the head. (all together now) Tie me buckaroo down Sport- tie me buckaroo down- Tied him down to the ground Sport, and th at's when we drained about a quart! (all together now) Tie that Jackaboo up Chuck- tie that Jackaboo up- Well that's etc..... Children must be dealt with in firm, sober ways when they have done something wrong. To overlook firm punishment is to deprive the child of his right to be taught the difference between good and evil, as the parent happens to see them..No child really wa nts to be bad- He(she) just usually needs some persuasion- not the evasion of the facts! Once I was a kid and I'll tell you wh at they did. They held me to the ground and they undid my lid.. Filled me full of dirty water filled me full of plastic lies... and everything I had seen out front- they stuffed behind my eye s. God don't shit those little green assholes, it don't rain in

Fig. 134 Rect al cigarette.

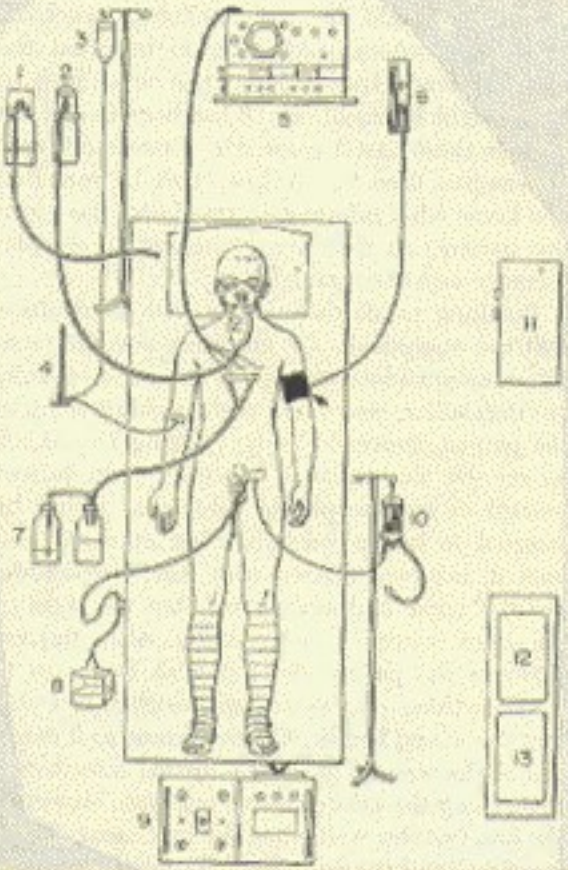

Fig. 135 A room set up for advanced sexual therapy.
(1) Wall suction with drainage bottle.
(2) Marijuana hooka with mask and roach clip.
(3) Intravenous ginsing root treatment.
(4) Spike.
(5) Teac FM reciever and Pioneer loudspeakers.
(6) Spermomanometer.
(7) Nipple flangers.
(8) Big Mac catheter and plastic urine collection bottle with deep suck action.
(9) Video taped porno.
(10) Gonad exciter.
(11) Air conditioner.
(12) Catalog of household appliances.
(13) Sensual massage tray with complete enema apparatus.

Upper Las Vegas in the summertime..Keep your mouth shut or we'll fill it with a butt- common practice here in Akron- you come one step closer and you'll get it both barrels right down the pipe- So pipe up, you foolish pup! Cut it!! She was a sexy hari-kari. Till her dad gave her the boot..Then we were latched together in the kitchen- I wore my rubber suit..She keeps it real tight and perky- can talk her way out of any mess- Well she was my Private Hairy Carrie + I was her Eliot Ness- She shoots me up, inflates my outfit..then I bite her in the left tit- etc.,etc. Let's flush things out of the woodwork or should I say would wind a bit: Did you know that nurses are far more subject to fits of grandiose pervo-dayfoaming than say, patients? Did you know that narcotics agents can look for bugs in your fiancees underwear? Did you know there are fifteen new children every minut

e- and only a couple get abused every day? Think of it- childre n being born- eating peas and cues and corn- Never ever feeling leather- or reeling squealing bouncing off the ceiling- simply because parents are FAR TOO NON-COMMITAL about rigid child puni shment! Taught with a board- best accord, said Lowell Thomas Sm ith noted philantropist child grafting expert back in 1882 and it is still true today- that kids who were whipped, never pippe d! Now go all the way back to 1772 when Americans were still lo wly English colonies, puttin it in for the queen, as the saying went. They couldn't AFFORD new cars and free gifts of money and schooling for their adolescents..so they gave them what they co uld- willow branches- ever get the feeling we went wrong somewh

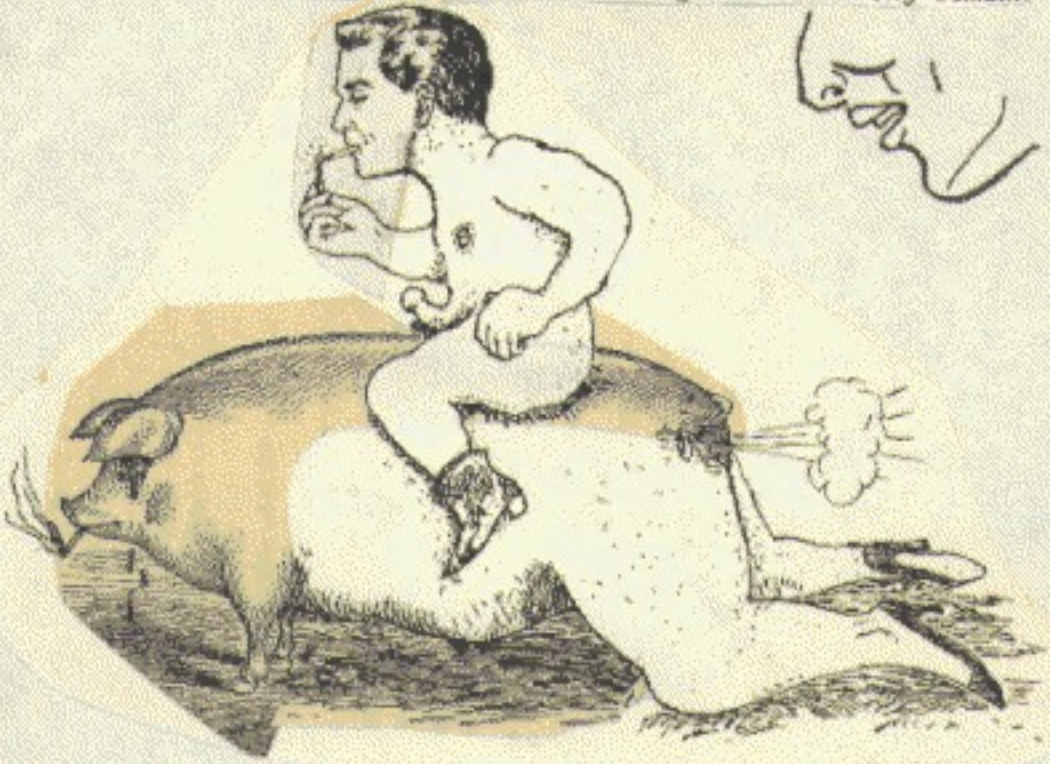

Fig. 136 It takes one helluva man to mount the Big Rig.

ere? Man can make a car or money or a boarding school, but only GOD can make a willow branch..I'm going back to the ranch, star t a car caravan to Plymouth, I ran, I ran the other starter wit h my feet on both sides of the ..(fade outola)..Did you know po

Fig. 137 Poor Little Johnny! Grandma's cooking, and he's SOOO hu ngry! But he'll catch a lickin if she catches him snitchin..it's almost dinner time and dinner is in honor of big brother Butchie who just got back from Viet Nam! Johnny is so proud, too! Butchi e must have donged every slit-eye over there, and he promised to tell Johnny about each and every one...the trials, the tribulati ons, the good dead and the ugly. Johhny can barely contain himse lf over the whole big-tooting blast-off affair!

sture plays a leading role in a childs attitude and emotional g rowth? Like that wise old motto says: "So bent the twig, so dot h it grow."..this motto was written long ago yet it is still a f a childs thought processes..A kids thinking is greatly influe nced by the big HUMP that can be found hovering over a delinqui nts head or you know what I mean- We have filled our dining roo m with a bulbous music machine plays the hits shoots the shits tickles the clits-ha-ha- Do you think I laugh too much in this book? [*No need to answer, for as you recall, this is an excerp t from another book..editor's note.*]Don't answer that, I don't care what you think anyhow- It's past all that- your just an ol d dryrot hat..You been borne of flesh and sold as trash. You sm ell like you belong in San Juan on the midnight fleshhole Took a hook out of the book- some girl from the past cut the hair on my mask..she got odors that just don't last..traded for a gal. of gas..you need a new diamond needle,Cleveland. Lost a sardine in the city..working everyday for the assholes with the attitud e that I should be a prude too many BUS TOPS and BOX FLOPS you and never go control you birth with what your worth This is for BOTH men and women- let's see if it is worth it to do birth con trol stories I am waiting- I am awaiting oh dear oh-yea- waitin g for someone to come out of someworn underwear. She is pretty and a soft toucher you say she makes you move- you gonna find o ut you gonna.

Fig. 138 Deer Season, Agin!; 'n' Dad teaches Son the rope s!

Fig. 139 He knows what he wants, just how to get it???

Fig. 140 Panty Ghosts!!..They'll drive ya to an early grave!!

C

Movie was real clipper from transcendental hygiene movie-land, a genuine Oriental Mothbutter trading card. Lisa took part in a te st to see if new Dermassage with protein really made your hands feel cleaner, in between her. She rubbed her slender onion stalk s up and down those chubby little cherubic astronaut massagers... Five bags of vacation money ice cream flavoured, which we had so me milk. Any more campaigning for governor and you're going to g et your wings clipped, and I don't mean in some silly afro cut o r anything of the like... hello master... Ripping plaster... lea

king faster only known for plastic phone, and keeping tabulation s on the fix you seem to dream up, garlic breast with diadems, f laming torso twisting roughly, built to fling wire woman's cloth ing, dizziness radish covered for a small restaraunt short-order ed nervous system, tip of the red arrow broke in the hard packed earth... three astronauts clung to dining tables, as the ship ca psized, leaving them hanging and flustered, unsure of the future ; I tried for a chinese accent, but I was no professional actor, He never figured out my true intent. The leader of the package s aid his desires were inconclusive, we ran his escalator up the b ack of her sweet spine. Broadcasting needle pointed razor sleek and slender messages to the village and nearby farms, the weasel - brained ex-con wormed his way into the hearts of some, and int o the lockers of others.

Fig. 141 Objects extracted from the dead womans vagina.

d

Little Jimmy was playing his radio on the patio waiting for the rodeo. His mother was all tense inside, had groaning pains, and unpaid bills. Father was off work today, as always on the holid ays, he hid beneath the bed. News Flashes kept Jimmies mother m oaning, she has to sit down when the news hit the fan. Music wa s all that could keep this tightly knit group together, so Jimm y played it loud and strong.

"Shimmy-shake..like a little Koogle, yeah? Oh yeah! You gotta s hake'n'bake..like a little squirrelie, yeah? Oh yeah! Come on a nd----" sang Jimmy to the beat.

"Turn that thing off", yelled a muffled voice from the bedroom. ..It was dear old dad and his appetite for rest taking over the situation. The camera quickly flashed to the bedroom to show a bed with a huge lump under the covers, and a hush puppy standin g silently next to the bed, his masters newspaper and slippers at his paws, and masters pipe in his jowls. The water was runni ng in the porcelain sink in the bathroom. A sign reading 'Other potatoe chips don't stack up-many fearless salesmen bite the ba g', hung low over the bed. Hot waves of heat rolled around outs ide like 20 ft. bowling balls, crashing into buildings, and mak ing loud crack sounds when they hit each other. Dogs were barki

ng, all over the neighborhood..one noisy kitty was buried under about 4 or 5 blankets, making "wiroawl" type sounds. Black peop le slunk around the block, stareing and gawking(in that order), at everything and everybody. It was kind of eeiry, and it left all the flamingo whites who lived in the neighborhood nervous, they stood around building mud-huts with their long legs and us efull bills. The bigger white flamingoes gave the orders, and t he little ones tried desperately to obey. One would say it was a real totem type affair; pyramid order was the name of this od d game. Escape from the burdon of raising a child, was the moti vation behind the recent suburban slave-labor scandal that caus ed so much fast talk among the mild mannered water-boys that li ned the city halls. Still in love with the theater, in spite of the pace-maker in his chest, Bun Bouy Lewis attends every play to make it on stage in his humble hometown. Asked which was his favorite film to view during his long career, Bun slowly yet su rely replied, "It's still Blowing in the Wind". Bun Bouy never had a male image to assimilate to, no great accomplishments to clap for, or even one ball mitt to oil up during his short chil dhood; consequently, he never really acquired a full thrust to his walking motion, his thoughts occluded by some strange premo nition of scholastic pig-paste....People with the small waist l eft him to cook in his own greasy smegma.

Fig. 142 *Truth is Queerer than Reality*...Human Ashtray! In some countries where people are more plentiful than ashtrays, children are sometimes substituted.

The handy upholstery nozzle has been banned from the supermarket counter. Once used for cleaning fabrics such as curtains, draper ies, mattresses, pillows and blankets; it was quickly put to the perverse purpose of suction and siphon on stairway carpeting. Qu

ickly and thoroughly it removed lint and hair from these surface s, making it practically impossible for authorities to arrest th e users.
Also banned was the Crevice Tool.The following is aportion of th e dialog taken internally with each tool:" Use it for SUCTION cl eaning to remove dust from the crevices in upholstery, inside pia nos and bureau drawers, around baseboards and between sections o f radiators. Where carpeting is fastened to the floor with quart er-round, clean often with this tool where the quarter-round and carpet join; this helps control moths, which often hatch in thes e places.
Accepted into membership was the Extension Wand. The light weigh t extension wand may be used to extend your cleaning reach. Atta ch to end of hose and attach the desired tool to the end of the wand. Keep close to the young child's pupendea and work with a p umping motion. Within moments the desirable amount of baby gelee ' should be produced. Keep in a tightly closed container Remembe r, this is no laughing matter if any of this dangerous stuff get

Fig. 143 Picture Riddle.. typical of the type distr ibuted by Airlines to mak e the flight more bearabl e.

s on your skin; furthermore, it is still a crime in most states to discuss baby gelee' with minors, so be sure to ask for ID's f rom your bullshit buddies and hens peckers.
He twas' leanin' my waterway, He was lookin' at me... He was sta ring at my greenbeans when he asked for TB....sofa, so goodie go odie. Yabba-dabba rubber tablets, fleshy, flashy fruit fricasee. My dummy lies over the ocean, my dummy lies over the sea....the dripping you hear is my heart's bleeding, bleeding for you and f or me. Get down, get down, oh get down and spread it around-roun d-round...Get down, get down, oh get down and get it all over.
"Do you mean to tell me you're having a relationship with him?" the pugnacious copper queried.
"Yes,", she admitted.
"I suppose his wife will have something to say about that.", sai d the laughing monster pig-pig-pig, as he rolled on the floor in

coniptions. Me think me no-know what you be when you no-go...we all hide when big bird land, silver cigar from foreign land, ful l of gods that do the Strand, me think dirty gods take pleasure. ...when our women leave our happy huts, go to gods from silver c igar, make them presents of fruits and little monkey....laugh fo r long time inside silver cigar, come out bashful, we no know... what go on, but we all think, women do the belly-rub...why do th ey just turn their face? They just say, "We no-know, and we no-c are- white warriors eat our underwear.

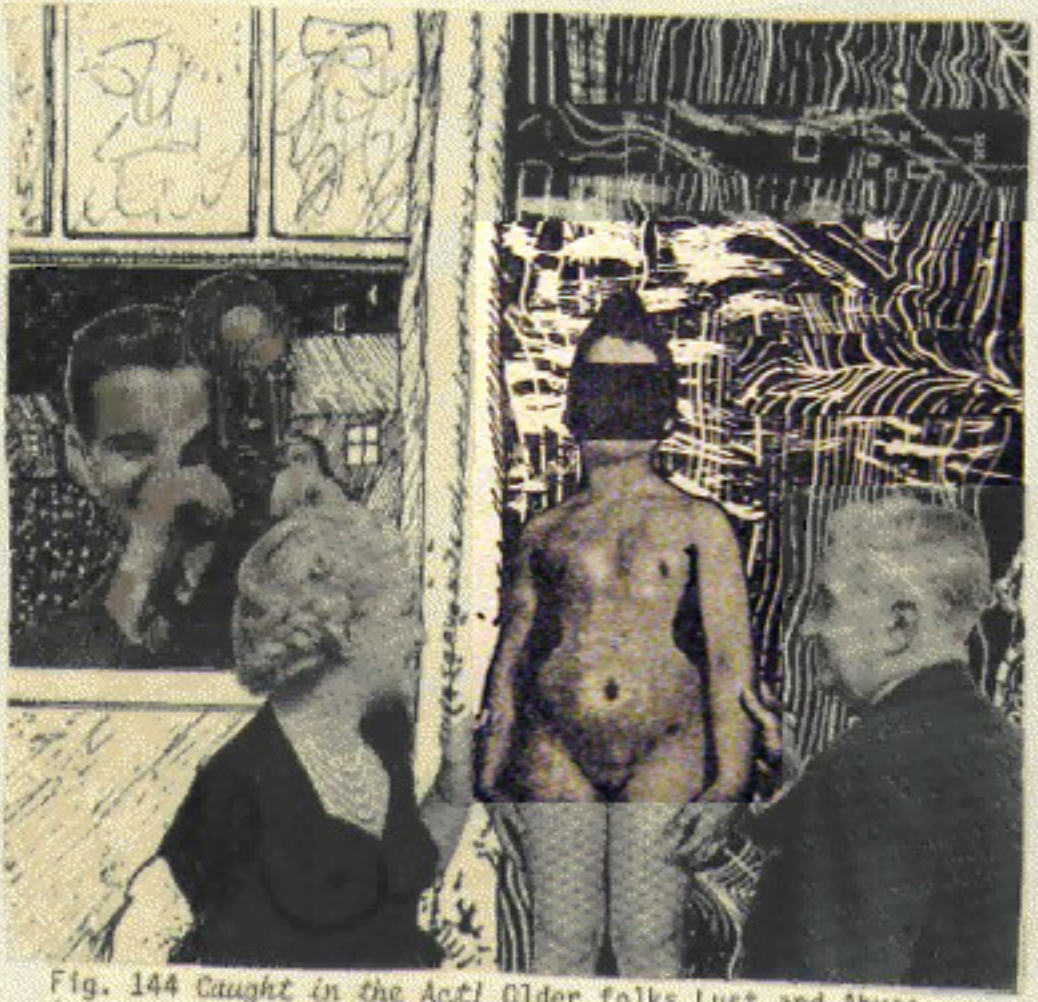

Fig. 144 *Caught in the Act!* Older folks Lust and Abuse innocent pinhead child!

Fig. 145 *They'll Do It Every Time*..that Devo music seems to produce palpitations in the Mutant Elite where ever they meet up.

e

We all do the dance of mad hare, rub in blubber to our weapons, make them shine for women yonis...They just say white warriors linghams, big as banana-fruit, and long as sun-down, then they rub their bellies and smile like reindeer..we all wail and pull our feathers, why do gods come make life saddened, take our yon is make them longing, now they all have gapeing jaws, that rush and devour mud-man linghams, we all sit on top of linghams, lin ghams got no motovation..we get no sleep, we all walk with shou lders rounded, feel like women, doing washing, bellies growing, leave us, evil gods! Hear this plea to end your bad spell, give us back our blushing yonis, give us back our happy breadfruit, baskets full of warm night dabbas...we no-know, and we no care, give us back our warm reindeers.

Marilyn Monroe lay sunbathing, got the award in her hands, laug
hing thumbing her nose at the people in the crowd...little did
she know drunken fireman, wanted to douse her...too hot to hand
le, lifted his two-handed axe...took a deep swing and put out h
er lights; you know... that foot and a half square window that
guards her beautifuuly hand-painted face-- well, that crazy fir
eman took aim and smashed the thin glass plate that separated h
er from the people, of course it was only a matter of time, and
not very much of it I might add, that she would dump a whole ar
my of sleeping pills down her pretty little gullet and sleep it
off six feet under. The fireman went insane when he had discove
red what he had done, and after writing this movie, The Misfits
, he joined the New York Yankees and sold tickets and hot dogs
to the tune of home run big boy from the dark side of the fire
station. Soon he was dead from overexposure, and a strong aller
gy to the draining of his already overtaxed mini-balls. This be
came the rule of thumb before too long, and soon show-offs from
all over the whole goddamned wretched country were trying to pu
ll the proverbial "fast-one" on in-laws, and even on a few oute
r lips. God reached down in the form of a giants hand, took a s
mall battery powered transistor radio from his pocket and turne
d on Katheryn Kool-man. She crooned over the small speaker like
an overgrown monkey-swan, with eyes the size of clam shells. Wo
rds were out of place on this deep and solemn occasion, leaving
all the townsfolk debauched and debewildered. Deflowered and di
scovered, dewormed and defeathered, dead and dying. It took a s
trong man to recall, the day they shot off his ball, shot off h
is ball, shot off his ball. It took a big man to remember that
trip down the hall, shiney and all, the night his Dick went to
sleep. Now he lies in the river, in the bottom 'neath the silt,
rubbing his hilt, weeping over the wilt. Now he lies in the bot

Fig. 146 Place an "X" on the illustration you personally consider more provocative.

tom of the river brown and long, moaning the departure of his d ong. The clean and the unwashed were all invited, no squirming out, as my now defarted momma used to say. "Well, I guess a man has to be a fool once in awhile, sorta proves he's still alive. " Looks like thunder, thunderization! Poppa's got a new sensati on! All the while I'm sweating and straining, pop was feeling s weet elevation...I need a bath, cutting a path...there's money on the board we all need program pluggers, hard balled sluggers to prey upon the humpbacked hedgehogs, sucking up pollywogs, st ringing down money gougers, lined up at the wall. Does it pay t o drop the ball? Or should I ask you, who threw that left hook , how did you get the way you got? Like it or not, there's one

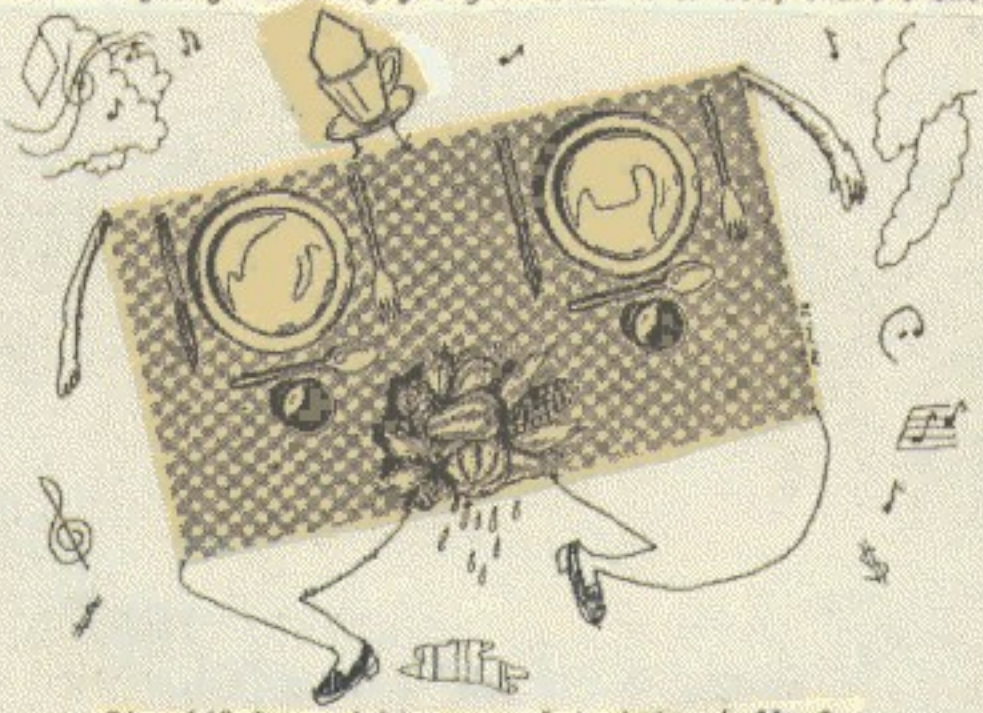

Fig. 147 Overweight, yes...But what a *hell* of a wet & wild dancer!

who's gonna crack when you stab his selfish codfishin' back. I tracked you to the graveyard...saw you deposit flowers, right above her dead body sleeping down and low. Riding to the full h

ilt, I placed your soft vagina, firmly 'neath my saddled soap, we trotted to Carson City. Feeding on the flowers, the fife player did a slow turn, and giggled at our posture, grazing in the woods. He stopped our eating interested, in his strange and silky movements, sometimes the truth is action, truer far than words. The checkered musician sat down, and played a tune of wet food, cooked and prepared by woman, whose children have grown and vanished. Dead men humming battle hymns, swinging on their ropes. Cleaning ladies come along, pulling down their britches, wiping streams of cold brown shit, running down their legs. Dead men hanging, swinging, bumping against each other..waiting for the ladies to wax and polish the floor. Let's put an end to Slavery, strike up the band for free-thinking...we're on our way to our place in the sun, alloted by our superiors.
Strangling was the method, of determining the killer, for each victim died from embarrassment, put on them by school. Stamps by mail, and fear of loafing it in public...just a few of the topics that put our national heroes in cold-sweats upon mere mention. Did you know that John Wayne tried to make people believe that he only had one lung, just to keep his stinking ass out of the army? and that he owns the biggest collection of Nazi stuffed and mounted penisses in the U.S., and possibly the world? Such things are better left unseen, yet unheard. Nickelodean rocket movies with the future predictions were the topic of discussions over tea and rice pies today, up in my little pad, #303. Marina insisted that the future was predicted in two-fold ways through such viewers in the facts that, nickelodeans had Kenneddy assassination skits in them way back in 1862, long before the courageous, yet ill-fated man even walked the sandy beaches of Waikiki.

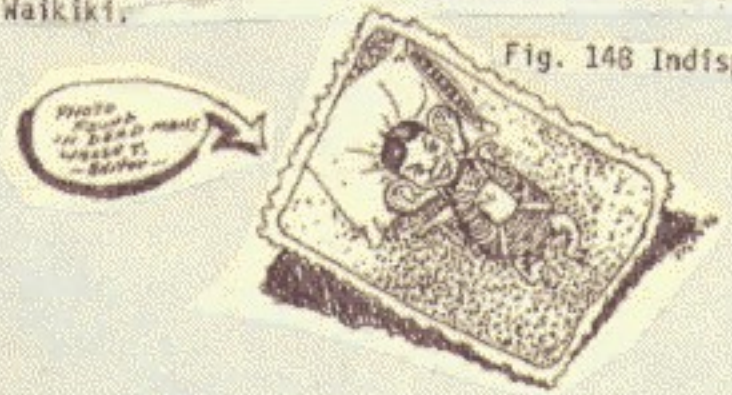

Fig. 148 Indisputable Evidence!

f

Major developers of the skits inside the machines were totally anonymous up until about ten days ago when one of them signed t he initials "B.M." what those initials will one day prove is as of today a subject of heated debate, and much speculation. As f or Kennedy himself, well, what exactly was his roll in the de ath of his brothers girl friend, that dark autumnul eve? Some s ay he forged an ultimatum on the poor kid; an ultimatum strongl y resembling the mafioso slang term of "takin' out a fix on som eone...(ed.'s note, number 1.), leaving her to sink or swim, Bo ston Cooler style, often referred to as rootbeer float. The Mrs . ate a large, billy gruff, goat. Traded it for a Lancashire sn ake fur coat. Or so rumor has it. Not how I git it though. I go t it through slim, oil-stained channels; don't forget the holy wa-wa, or the fact that it was so dark outside, that you could barely tell it was a man, let alone a large pondering Algonquin with a fresh lisp and a badly disguised speech improvement; tha t you actually think you saw him heading in the direction of Ro

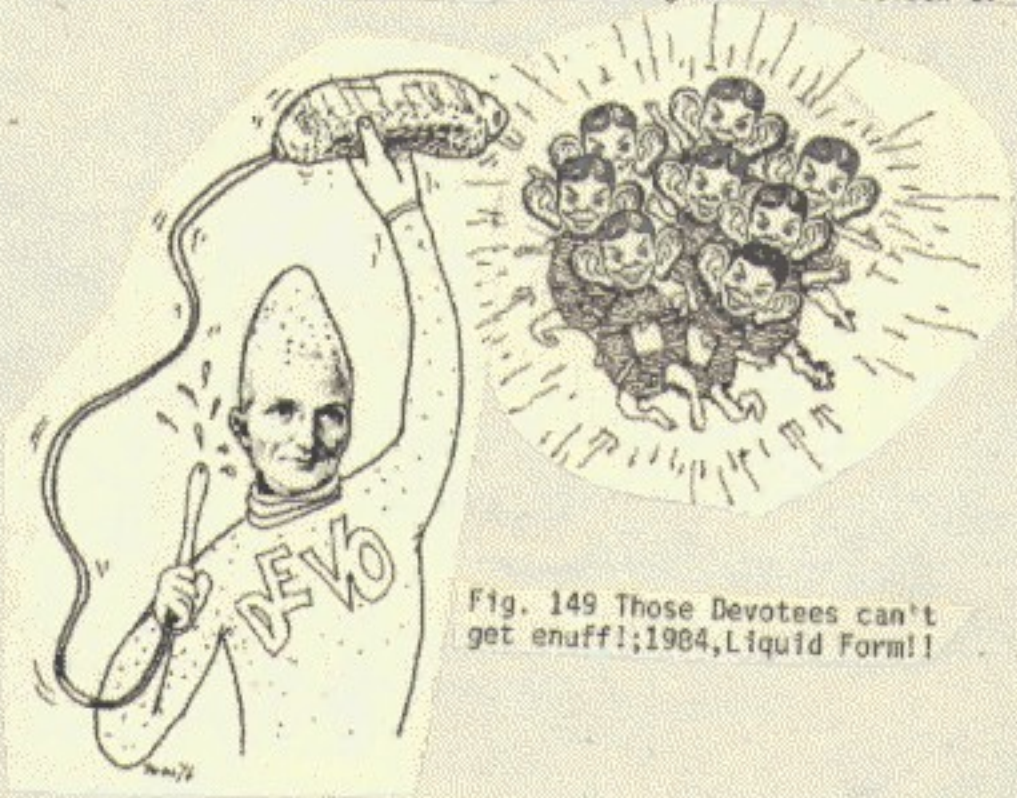

Fig. 149 Those Devotees can't get enuff!;1984,Liquid Form!!

Fig. 150 His parents watch helplessly as Jer-Boy turns to drugs..(1966).

ute 666, land of the beast. Goal line: Panty Butter Feast Headq uarters. I think you lie, and I'm gonna try to prove it. Weren' t you at the head of the stairs, sucking on your twin sister's 10 speed bicycle handle-grips at the time of your last cuming? And doesn't the door to the attic lead off of your closet? And wasn't the debauched instrument of trans vestation found heaped , stacked, piled, plopped, and cringing, in a discarded pile of African Tiki dolls that were at one time greatly honored, and l ooked on as maybe some sort of good-luck charm by all the simpl

e bumpkins of Your Home Town? Well, lets take a worried look at the world, as it stands. Limpus snails are destroying the great Atlantic continental shelf....in large numbers, Limpus is devou ring the precious sea cocoons at a rate irrepairable in this gr oss imbalance of nature. Shocking, isn't it? The Limpus, lowly in stature, yet desparate in his frail attempt to take over a ll sea world. Little worry to us humans though. We got enough g erms stocked up due to germ warfare research to wipe out the wh ole goddamned undersea kingdom! The Limpus, a rather foolish li ttle animal, putting their skinny little necks right into the n oose man has waiting for them...ready to pull tight the minute they get just a little too big for their own britches. Or shoul d I say, shells; for the sea-going Limpus is confined to his ho rney little shell 24 hours a day, except to mate. And that's ho w we'll get them. Naked, unsuspecting, with their little puepen das in their females puependis. Screaming Limpus snails is no p retty sound, but it isn't exactly pleasure that drives man to p rotect the underwater kingdom, but rather justice.

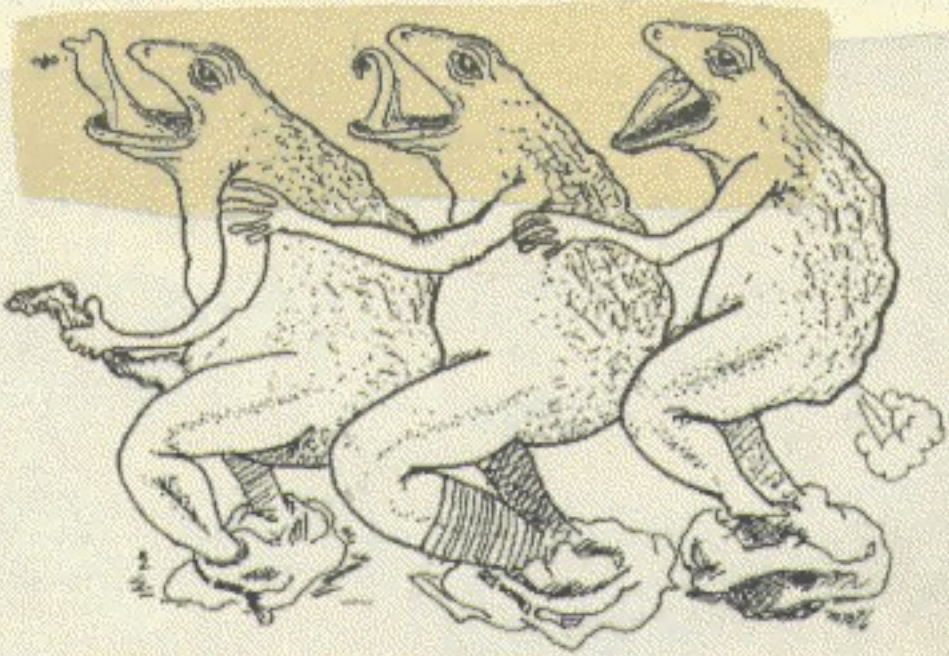

Fig. 151 *Rhumba Line of Progress..*Big Business Marches On.

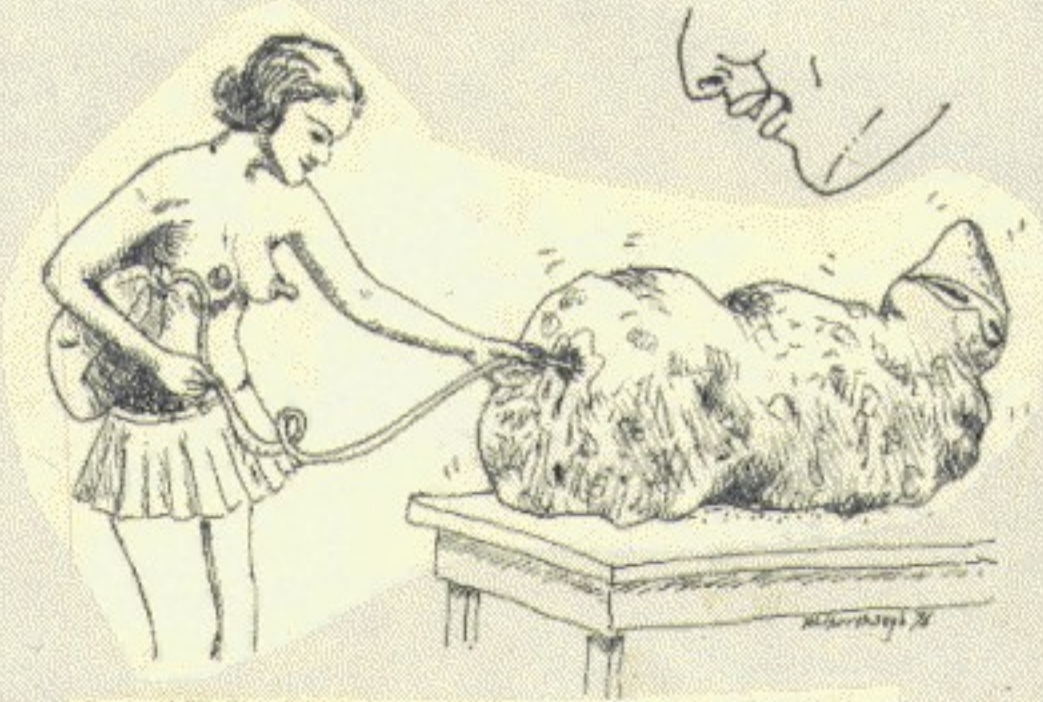

Fig. 152 Re-fueling during Orgasmo Endurance Run!

12 Lt. JVC

I read the news today, big deal. About a homo room teacher who ate the grade. He yelled, "I feel clean", at the top of his twin-powered lungs, well, I just had to laugh...having clean straight...I'd like to wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-walk you home... He blew his students in a car; he didn't notice that the times had changed, the other glitters stood and stared, and formed a circle all around the mess... Refused to let the police pass through, or let the ambulance men in to search for survivors... the glitters all sang songs of love, and fondly gazed into the flaming wreckage, their ankles showed the signs of years of wear...There was a reporter on the scene... he claimed to work for those with no defense, They took it hook line and sinker the fools...The reporter proceeded to let the police file in...and take the dead away and clean the mess...the glitters all screamed out in rage...but it was far too late; they let him in about ¼ past eight; I

'd love to see the photographs.....My head was swollen twice its size, my brain was laying in some dark hong kong back alley ..5 kamikazi nearsighted little tuffs, stood around my cornered little brain, as it lay on that cold wet pavement...taking turn s kicking it and swatting it with lengths of pulled taffy..my b rain was letting out little "eep-eeps", like some wounded rabbi t lying beside the road. The pain was sky-rockets in the pantry

Fig. 153 Kids.. seems they take pride in contradicting Common S ense.. they're as bad as Dogs!!

..I would have enlisted at that moment to avoid the pain..stumb ling with great difficulty towards the medicine cabinet, I gulp ed down 2 aspirin just in time to make it through the night...a nd here I am today making my religion pay...Some touched bitch with a lilty, lovely voice spreads dream whip up and down my sp ine...the dog in the coal shoot breaks into a whine...It was lo ud out on the operating table, the nurses were exchanging label s, nervously fingering forceps to biceps..Horse women with col oured balloons a-go-goed all around the operating room, smilin g with all the magic men in their snappy black tuxedoes, waving opera glasses at expectant young escorts, gobbling down escargo e by the trunk-ful..Smoke machines gave the operating room an e ery cast as the trumpets sounded for the tall young surgeons t o file in with all the grace of a new Catalina. "Ole', Ole', ea t hat, coat and hay!", shouted the screaming entourage of bashf ul beautiful people..The surgeons had previously reviewed the o peration segment of the book turned movie "Candy", and were det ermined not to make the same mistake by trying to do it one hac k better, or deeper, as they would say in Kama Suture country. I donned a new pose; the expose' that was about to be blown up from a harmless nightclub party into a three-ringed ciculatory

Fig. 154 Big Babies go the distance in wrap-around fat! On some planets, the children are actually la rger than their parents!!

Fig. 155 The tables have turned on this mother..th e kid is driving to some isolated spot out of town where he will crush her like a bug!

ailment was about to blossom o-u-p-up! My doctor asked me to pe e into a cup. I asked if he had ever met the famous gorj'. Nega tive, he assured me. I was just hoping that someone besides me would remember that gorj'ever existed. It wasn't really that lo ng ago that he roamed the earth; in search of the mate he never found...the reason for his present state of extinction..Gone th e way of dino's and do-does, hula-hearted gorj' was destined fr om the beginning to live to die. Now that I think about him I s adly remember a time I naively believed he would become world r ecognized, the New Messiah. Now, I find myself roaming the stre ets in a daze;trying to find someone who remembers the great be ast...One other man who shares the fragmented memories of a day when women were warm and beasts were men, too..It all started b ack in the spring of '69, at least that was the first time I ev er met the Lt.

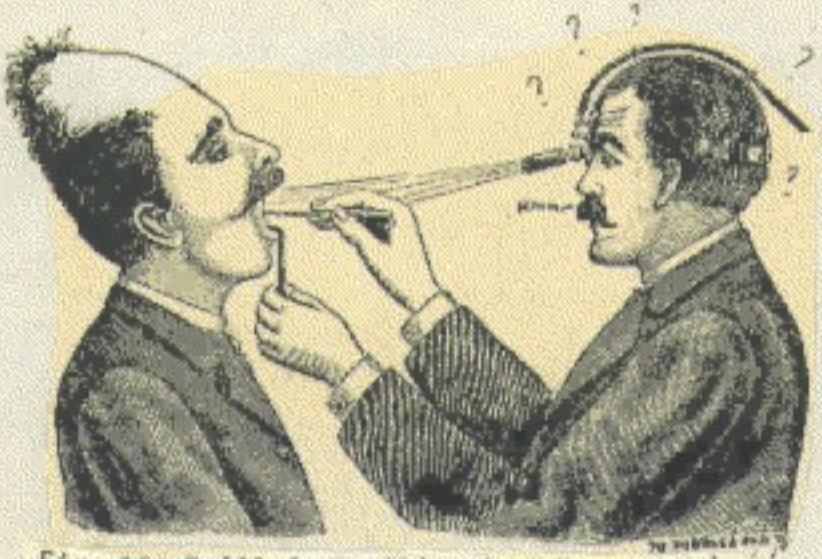

Fig. 156 *Baffled, Bewildered, & Buggy-eyed..*
Pinheads keep teachers & critics guessing.

He was definitely a proud young commander, bringing waves of fe ar and hate to the faces of the potatoes as he entered a room. Wiggling vibrations emanated from the very air he exhaled, send ing fat girls up against the wall; His sunglasses, shaped like those of some eyeless peeping Nazi flying skunk tiger patrol de mon sent arrows of accusation straight into the abdomens of tea

chers, stupids, and just your average farm-league spuds who sur
rounded the Davey Whorehouse..where we both spent a couple of h
igh cycle years. Someone turned on the TV and a program about t
he big 7, you know, War Loam Story Hour, the one show that catc
hes the fresh american taste of captured Japanese refugees mixi
ng sweat and fish-chips in shallow bowls..Lysolized love affair
s were all you could smell when you got too close to all that c
ampus scene, what with all those frisbee arses jumping about in
plaids and bold masculine tank tops; who the hell are you to co
me up with suicidal tendencies, putting your western hair-cuts
in electric stoves, in futile attempts to revive the old kind o
f cartoons....the ones that made you really laugh.....the ones
you KNEW your parents should be watching, but they was too far-

Fig. 157 The *Good*, the *Bad*, & the *Ugly*..(r to l)..
Mongo, Pinny, Booji Boy..(l to r)..The Devo Three.

gone to understand them, anymore. One 40 ft. tall WWI vintage t
ank, rolled fast like in a dream..crushing all the houses in my
neighborhood, my dad stood out on the lawn, bent forward as if
to wrassel the beast; my mother stood back on the front doorste
p holding my baby brother Bobby, I stood beside tugging on her
clean, crisp apron..fighter bombers droned overhead..the tank f

ired upwards towards the sky..black clouds of smoke rolled over the horizon following the monster tank. Dad dropped the handle to our push mower, and decided we should hide in the house, under the kitchen table, just like they told us on the radio last week. It was the happiest moment of our lives..all that fear, all that paranoia, all those bad dreams that had us waking up screaming from cold sweat nightmares....all of our insecurity proven valid! We knew we weren't sick! We knew there had to be an answer to our fears! Well, here it was, and it was about to crush us. It was the Lt.'s voice coming over the radio that kept us calm throughout the long, winding ordeal. He was like a big brother to my dad; a source of comfort to my mom; like Santa Claus to me and brother Bobby. As the kitchen floor caved in above our heads, his voice was the last thing to go.

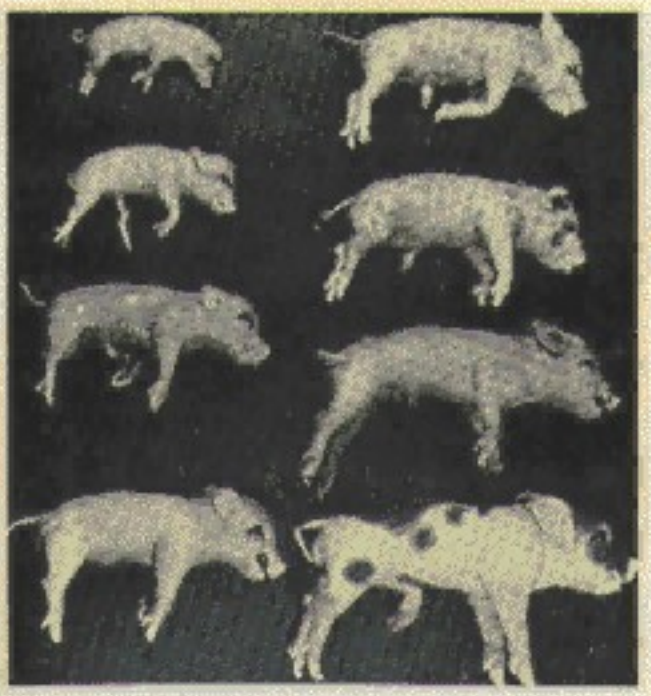

Fig. 158 Race of Doom: Space piglets in starting position rev engines, prior to the big event.

The first thing I remember about that breakfast at Mike & Kathy's, was that his music was so funny, and I thought that I must still be feeling the effects of that Tequila from the night bef

ore. The music took on a new insipidness, that left me unable t o sit in my chair straight-faced...I apologized profusely for l aughing at his performance, explaining that I didn't know what was making me laugh. He just kept on playing. Of course, then t he freak-outs started and lasted a while, but somehow we made i t upstairs to the bathroom. As I dangled my peter over the huge canyon of an opening, I noticed the greyish silver toilet seat transform itself to mercury, and slip like a circular waterfall , into the bowl below. My urine fell 40 stories, before it ever reached to bottom, and I stood gazind amazed, it was news to me that this sort of thing happened in Akron. I would rather not s pend too much time on this subject, for we are getting down to the real nitty-gritty about the Lt. Gerald Casanova Story...wha t makes (made) Jerry tick-tock.

When you ask why, they sit up, all snotty and button-lipped. Yo u get the urge to kill a few of them, but you decline for relig ous purposes. It's enough to get your dander up. And while it i

Fig. 159 All of Us pt.1
I left home with a friend of mine..been gone two years an d I'm feeling fine..Now I'm happy all the time..I don't think and I'm feeling fine. .I've got feelings but they don't show..Don't ask me ca use I don't know..No No No o,No...Think you've heard th is all before...Now your gon na hear some more...I know a place where dreams are crush

continued

s up, trim some off and put it in your next stew. Dander stew-long a favorite in war-torn countries, is gaining popularity in the less polarized nations of the world. It was only last week that NATO approved Dander Stew as its symbolic brew, the one yo u kill each other for, worth more than its weight in American w heat, it is a rumored afro-deeziac. The only way to really tell if it's what you got, though, is to run it through its paces in front of the men who made it up. The confessions were pouring i n thick and hot. Letters not only filled the young Lt.'s mailsl ot, but quickly formed huge straw-shaped mounds out in the hall way to his office. The Lt. was not surprised at this action. He knew the vast seas of people out there who were simply looking for something for nothing, and he felt it was his perogative to take his own sweet time. And why not, I might add...for the Lt . had more important things to do than to let silly little coll ege girls put their bridals between his teeth, and mount his sp ace-age back, carrots dangling from their Tampax strings, in a vain attempt to relive the Shiva experience, American style. The Lt. could feel those people a mile away, and would simply n eed to don his tit-helmet to ward them off..."I have no use, fo r those who carry the mark of poo-poo chocolate heart, and star

Fig. 160 All of Us pt.2

ed...hopes are smashed but t hat ain't much...All you stu pids anyway...We're all gonn a die some day...Ya,Ya,Ya,Ya Me leave home with Boogie Bo y...Teeth fall out of China doll...Poo-poo man got jiffy snipped...Bad girl laughing f loppy tits...Listen listen me no lie...We like stuff what m ake us cry...Why,Why,Why,Why? All of Us

-Lt. G. Casanova

chy potatoe-brains...for those who speak in rubberized tongue, and lost the touch of pelvic ta-ta's, are evil beings, falling downward, wiping germs on those they touch;unclean and unshaven vibratory predators, would eat the brain matter of us who still got some, wormy in their ways of existence, lopping off the outer realities, leaving only perverted mid-range, that cannot produce life on its own.", he was remembered as saying once in a dark casino down the strip. I can remember the time he drove overland and speaking through megaphone, called out to Spudville:" George Washington's feat of throwing a silvered dollar across the dirty Potomac Ribah' isn't so hot to a generation that's busy throwing twenty billions across the Atlantic Ocean."...of course, they were only intimidated by him; excepting a few sissy artists, and one or two cling-on musicians, who couldn't get any one to play in bands with them...leaving them wide open for program restructering.

Fig. 161 Grandaddy Devo-Doghouse Doghouse..don't look back- they gave yer momma a heart attack..Doghouse, why did you take your blues away, hey hey hey? -Negro folk ballad.

Once, dressed as Austrian leader Dollfus, the Lt. waited for 4 hours in the student union for some radical dressed in Hitler garb carrying a briefcase to chance a walk through the union. Upon "Hitlers" arrival, the Lt. sprang from his seat to kick the

surprised "Hitler" in the seat of his pants and as swastikas ca me pouring out of his briefcase yelled, "You can't sell any swa stikas in this country!"; meaning of course, Austria, which was the reason for his own nationality costume. Most of the people

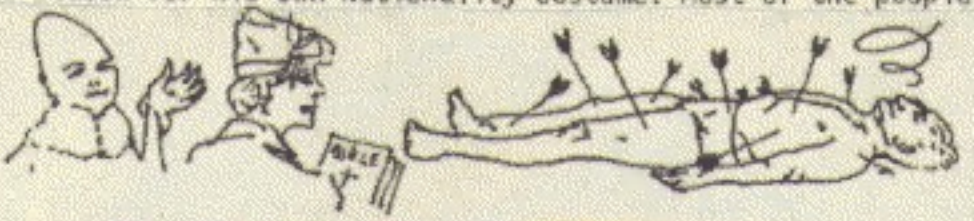

Fig. 162 Deadmans funeral; attended by one beautiful mutant and one spud bitch.

in the union did not understand the significance to his little display of Austrian temperment, but it hit me like a brick wall . I walked out of the union in a daze that would have left the drug clinic people rushing to their O.D. files, trying to figur e what I had come down with. Of course, he just disappeared lon g enough to change his outfit and, complain about having to go drop a necessary long-one up in the administration building.
So amazing was the psychic comprehension of this man, that it o nce took Old Wise China-bob Culley all day to figure out that e arlier that afternoon in a chance remark about China-bob's late st flannel-magnetic build-a-painting,the Lt.'s little quip abou t it resembling a "Cheese-wrapped Winkie with its cosmic pupus dangling into limbo bardol, on a long and silky brown-boat all the way from Beirut," was as deep a cut into the credibility of the Taoistic little gremlins artwork as could possibly be dishe d out.
So often, the surrounding Spud-folk would late at night, or whe n certain no one else was around, sit up telling long, and ofte n fabricated stories about the Lt. One such story suggested tha t he had a deep-fried fear of that old deep-sleeping emollient, water. Another claimed to have seen the Lt. copulating with dog s, cats, women, fairies, and celestial beings, all at one Love-in. A story of his recently capsized trip to West Eden, which t he gods later transformed into little Hellionville, tried to ma ke others believe the Lt. cried. Of course, those who really kn ew the Lt. did not believe a single word of any of this webbing

of worries. But I did know of one fear the Lt. did posess: Fear of the Phone. It was that small harmless little black box that hangs anonymously on so many walls that was the reason for the Lt.'s one uncomfortable position. He could out-talk and out-arg ue anything and anyone else, but put a phone to his head and he broke out in a sweat. Wanna know why? Well, that involves a jum p ahead in the story that we are not ready to take yet, but I w ill hint that it was a dirty love suicide that used the knife o f economics and telephone static to slip a gash in the side of his filled to the brim bloody heart cup...draining him of his " king-of-the-hill" position; sending him falling down to break h is crown, with nobody tumbling after him. Lost to his senses, t here was a time when I seen the Lt. with my own eyes-baying at the Moon-Glo Roller Rink, barking about a time when the Samba p layed for him...it was a sad collapse that fortunately only the close sadly-(yet in some cases, gleefully), observed at close r ange. I added that surprising term of "gleefully" only because, like all great prophets, this one had his Judases.

Fig. 163 Huboons apply luv paddles to bawl baby in movie,'the truth about de-evolution n'~ photo by Obbi Bwatson.

Fig. 164 Pinheads as a source of world energy? At least two scientists seem to be considering the possibility.

For the friendly self-assured Lt. had entered one too many aerial b attles, and was now the victim of his own game...crashed from the s kies like a flaming "Flying Tiger", or some bullet riddled "Sopwith Camel", the Lt. had met his match.
Let's take a pack, just take a pack from the juicy fruit tree, open a pack of the bright yellow stuff, wrapped in a sanitary container like the big wigs would do it, if you know you're the best you can be..naturally the same with no fading colour even after weeks of lo oks and touches. It's like having a beauty shop in the box. Who mad e the popular horn in the box. Other instruments were beautiful lik e the girls that played them, the big band you saw in the Columbus Day Expedition...we practice everyday in the back of an old yellow bus.. where do you keep the arrangements that most of the old peopl e tried to keep from the rest of the coal-gals that didn't have the luck for a vote for number three..Every time you see a big brass fl ag hangin' from the swimpole, my band is as good as the steel-cut i mposture that slumped in about five minutes after the bell rang hal fway off the wall...I was so pissed off, I broke my chalk stick in half, turned so red I couldn't see a thing, and let my voice hit th e high E above middle-of-the-abbey, C. The imposter knew he was the cause, and clung to his seat in preparation for the cuff to the sid e of the head he deserved. I reached for a peach, took a round appl e pie, somewhere from San Tropez...These old ladies with burned out brains..I settled down and had some kids, but even now and then I f

eel the call of the freight train wail my way..in a delicate sessio n...there is one hobo that lies as far as the simple gandy-dancer t hat doesn't count as far as being a hobo in and around the trainyar ds..it's not safe to be a depressed little train-hopper....you got to be a hobo that goes to back doors and there is not much differen ce between a tramp and a hobo as far as I am concerned..Halaluejiah , I'm a bum..what do the restless kids of this community that roam the pavement mean to you, and those guys just look too seedy for me to get a seedy look from the guy who had the long mustard-cache..wh at is the real work of the two patriots sitting next to you? Well, one guy was a director of the horse-works, and the other guy a jazz pianist..it's enough to make you wonder what the connection between the 3 of those guys was. When I use Mazola milk-stick, I feel reall y confident in the food I serve to my young children. If you don't approve, you can just stick it up your puffy conservative ass.

Fig. 165 One chromosome too many? Maybe so, but he's got a job, wears a suit, a pretty wife, an d a new car.

Fig. 166 The real.

Everyone was talking, in spite of the fact that few of them kne
w, the wiggles of a good girl was created in the nude... White,
black, cinnamon and nude. These are a few of my favorite L'Eggs
;egreck-shaped yet somewhat hefty..so sollay chollay fo puttin
you uptite an outa site..we have come to bomb your Pacific port
s and steal your moon-bellied woman cattles...left to graze by
bowel-legged cow-pukes who went out to get gay, in the middle o
f the lone prairie, with a couple of dozen of illiterate side-k
icks..who all want to ride shotgun, and stare out into space lo
oking for Apollo rockets, that fly low in Autumn. The fact of t
he matter being, that no one ever saw them when they were on du
ty, the nurse sort of turned-off and spot lights or night lamps
. The wind it blows by us, and rummages theough sweaty socks, t
he seedy men swearing, they'll never be back. Horses got fevers
, and the men grab thermometers, and administer treatment, to h
orses in need. I feel that I must add, I'm reading an old book,
I once wrote in Jordan, across from the Promised Margarine. I h
ave stumbled across a rare old manuscript that came out of a sc
ience-fiction weekly that apparantly was about the Lt., so I fe
el it is my duty to include it in this writing. Of course, the
title is an obvious fake, but this is a somewhat doctored versi
on of the way it reads.

Fig. 167 The ideal.

Fig. 168 Gorj card.-J.Devo.
You, who were not always thus
hear our prayer.
You, who were once of us, but
knew the womb of She the Evil
One/You whose devoluted image
calls to us within the House
of Pain/Who promised us that
he who venerates holy Union
be granted the sacrament of
Pole & Hole/GLUB-GLUB
O pleasant Liquid slapping.
You, forced to float in black
space with broken tether, and
doomed to suffer eternally
the agony of fixed pelvis,
O Gorj who were once as us
but changed/now disdaining the s
Sleepers: nuns, rich men,
hippies, rubber workers/you
avenging One, defiler of the
cleft of creation/guide us
through the mysteries
shrouding FUCK-LOVE bliss. amen

The young Lieutenant looked somewhat apprehensive as he entered the examination room. He had known that he would be examined by computer, but had not realized that no other human would be in the room; 15' by 20', one long wall was covered with stainless steel panels full of lights, tape recorders, videos, and other input-output data recorders. As he entered the computer clicked to life. "Good evening," came an extremely realistic voice from the stainless steel wall: "Take a seat...feed information cards into section marked data receiving, attach DYL sensors to your arms-" the young Lieutenant sat down quickly in the metal seat,

and proceeded to roll up his sleeves. He fed his computer cards into the slot, and took the DYL sensors into his hands as the machine started whirring his cards. Firmly attaching the DYL's the young Lieutenant sat back in his seat and watched the machine poop a neat stack of tape onto the table beside him. "Lieutenant, start with the piece I compute as childhood drama, age 25 march of year '74 hospitalized under severe re-channeling instincts altered"-the young Lieutenant swallowed, at the coldness of the DYL's. Too sad to find humor in this obvious rape at the confessional- just another in the series owned by the world. Th

Fig. 169 Wounded by his own jelly tom-toms, Jungle Jim(mercenary percussionist) reads up on hydrogen drum kits.

Fig. 170 "Ass nut whut your country can do for u-butt ass whut poo kandoo 4 your country."

e young Lieutenant clasped his hands- sucked in a breath of air -lighting a dozen or so red and blue lights on the stainless st eel wall- and slowly began-"It was march of year '74 and I was already a dropout candidate. I had motioned for requested remov al from studies at the acadamie, yet no word had been finalized -I smoked a yellow cigarette- for I was not afraid to outstep b oundaries-I already dressed as I pleased and had decided to lis ten to music when I recieved my papers through the home compute r. The foundation board had reviewed my request and decided on letting me go-it said no more-there was no irritation on their part-no reason to believe anyone was upset-I took my FOH pills and pulled a sleeper over my head-I had no reason to leave my p rogrammer on, so I removed it and put it in a safe place. Of co urse, I was unconscious in a few seconds-when I awoke I realize d that something was misplaced-I went to look for my programmer and found it was missing. "Must have been foundation ramas," I said to myself. I didn't feel responsible to the foundation any longer. The very next day I was sitting in the bathroom at my p

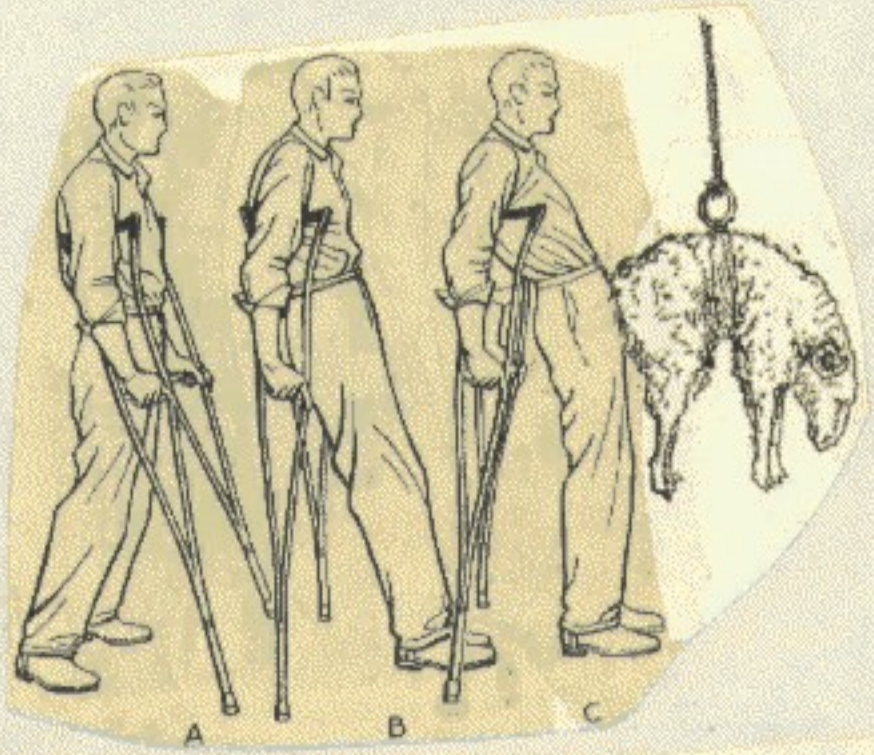

Fig. 171 VFWs invent Legionaires Disease in Phila.,PA;1976 in Philadelphia Pa.,1976.

arents house..very quiet, very calm. My pants were at my knees my socks sang softly int eh breeze-I heard someone in a car out front let go with a sneeze. I am thinking about a certain kind of shiney smooth lustre finish ceramic tile used in bathrooms, gas stations, and maybe kitchens could count. Something in my h ead said, "Hey-hey, take about 200 or 400 of them things and pr int little black swastikas on 'em!" My gosh- I should, thought I-as a slow brown showboat slithered to rest in the curved whit e lagoon tucked away in the corner. "Bathroom-bar room-I should try and find some room to get a new lease on life...why am I so afraid of bar rooms? Maybe tonight-no-no way! I know what would happen-bad things! I hate bar rooms and those menace goons that lurk about-with heads in reds on Channel 109- it happens every time-give me a pile of carpet to lay myself down upon---my thou

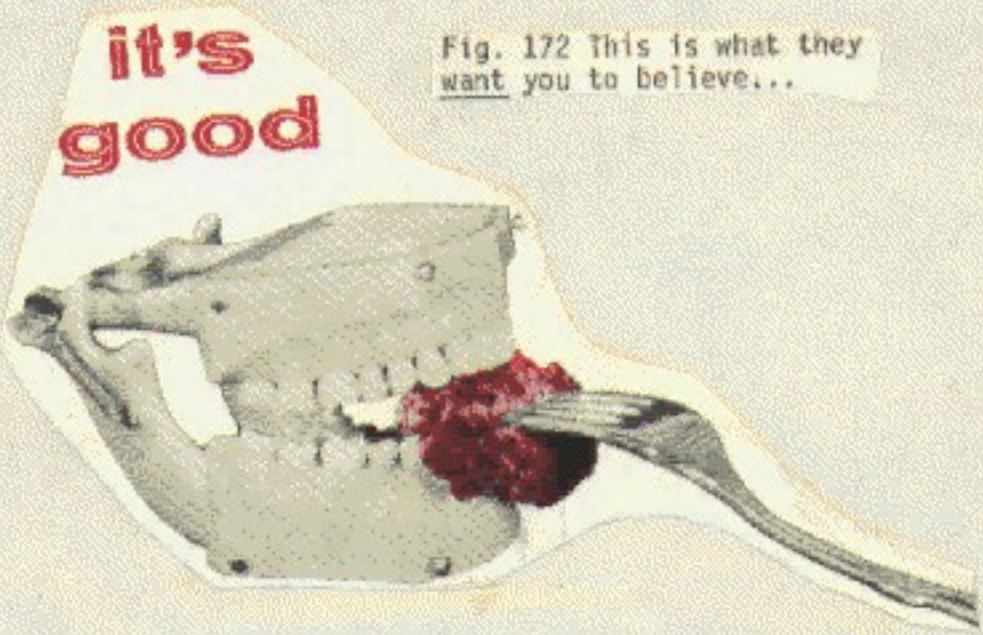

Fig. 172 This is what they want you to believe...

ghts slowly formed with a gush of yellow riverand the remains o f a half pound of liver-"I saw you in the mirror with only the sheerest negligee' you smelled soft and warm and full of honey- making me hungry-" thoughts found cabinet marked "woman of ocea nside beach party pavement files A-E-I-O-U-and sometimes Y." It made me cross myself and sigh. "You always kept your words well trimmed-thin-limbed-" I said to no one in particular-oblivious to the fact that my meditation session was well past-and I shou ld be getting back to work. Dinner time would soon be here-and I was resolved to go watch T.V. in the last American bar room b efore dinner-"I must catch the news-" I remember saying..." The young man looked at the large impressive computer. It had let o ut a quick quiet whirr at this point-yet the playback tape was still being spewed out at the same rate as the Lieutenant talke d....red glow, undertow-the machine was using its somewhat hypn otic aura to calm the young Lieutenant..to slow his voice and l eave him relaxed....the young Lieutenant shifted in his seat an d after a brief pause to organize his thoughts spoke once again only a little softer, "You know, I never told this to no one be fore. It always kind of freaked me out to think about it-left m e scared. Well, you see-I was getting dressed and I put on a ve

Fig. 173 As usual, cavemen men misinterpret modern safety graphics.

Fig. 174 Enema Time at the Hyena State Childrens Pala ce.

ry slinky brown work-it-out shirt and some brown pants. Of cour se, I had fastened potatoe eyes on it-you know, shaped out of p aper-mache' about two dozen or so-just so's people would get th e idea. I walked out the door, three blocks south, and there I was, so to speak," he said. "Watch T.V. from a bar room, Channe l 109; five barflys squatting, tossing dice in time: they all w as mumblin' sumptin' 'bout the President-said his name was Jack -turned to go and the room racked slow they put a bullet in my back-I left my seat in a hurry ran out for the door my hands we re as slippery as ice cakes felt an emptiness in my drawers saw fat face laughing pointing finger at me-plain clothes cops in b obby socks had put the skids on me- up on the bar bent over rig ht angle helplessly forced to dangle for full viewing by bar au dience beads of razor sharp ice drips formed across my squinted forehead held under pressure fist secured with the plainclothes

handcuffs at the wrist-all the barflys laughing like medieval m admen circled slowly starring and glowing at the bared portion of my stripped and defensless pleeb-device mid-section up-ended -I'm trying not to let the whizzing in my meat-computer go by t oo fast-how long can circuits last?-It's that slow-savage laugh that is poking its middle finger at the opening to my ass-"Oh m y God!" Someone's got ahold of my balls-slowly squeezing just t o the point of pain-my face can't turn to see any of these enem ies-flat in spilled liquids on that cold bar surface. "Oh my-no o---" Two hands on my cock-each pulling a different direction-s ensations too intense to keep computer recording in conscious m ode-shock greeted by laughter-as barflys begin to light cigaret tes and extinguish them on my legs did I forget to do my homewo rk last night-maybe I had an impure thought that went too far-h ave I been playing with myself lately-oh naw-two thumbs knuckle s together one pointed east, one west inserted into paralyzed a nus-I'm gonna lose it-where did they-oh-my God- my body shrieks in response to the ripping sensation that overloaded the circui

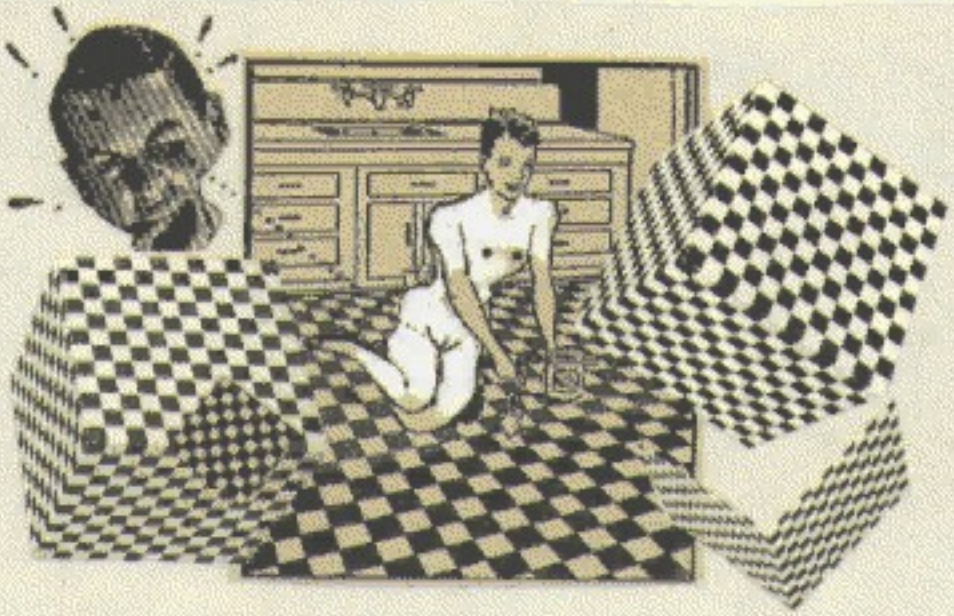

Fig. 175 Lust!

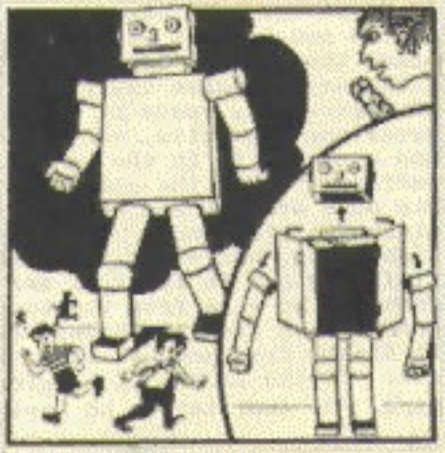

Fig. 176 Robot man scares other adults!

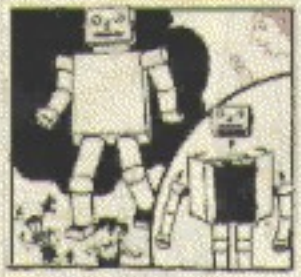

Fig. 177 Robot boy scares other kids!

ts as the two thumbs quite forcibly part an inhuman distance-oblivious to resistance-through the corner of a bloody-filled eye over 10,000 pounds of laughing hysteria a pool stick is seen being chalked by the plain clothes goon rolling his head like a bloody kewpie-nothing else is remembered past the feeling of hand-driven rod rupturing belly tissue-white light." At the end of the line the Lieutenant cast his eyes to the ground-a few seconds later the whirring in the computer slowed down-and from the same opening that tape had been pooped-out came a chocolate bunny. "Eat this," said the voice in the computer, "You god-damned faggot from Louisville." With that, the young Lieutenant picked up the rabbit and held it between himself and the computer. He raised to his feet-rabbit held in outstretched arms-eyes staring at chocolate rabbit eyes-"You want--Ishould eat--bunny?" He stuttered in a half-hypnotic daze, "Eat the bunny," intoned the computer. Slightly wavering and hips awakening the Lieutenant kept his eyes on the bunny in his outstretched hands-his hips jutted eratically yet with more prominence as he took a step toward the computer-"Eat it," the computer commanded. The young Lieutenant was slowly rotating the chocolate bunny in a sort of a half moon trajectory in front of himself-he was mumbling something about jungle rot-and a case he got-a case of jungle rot he got in another man's cot-the computer deepened the whirring in its throat and once again demanded, "Eat it, Lieutenant. Eat the chocolate bunny." With this final insisting command the young Lieutenant's eyes grew wide as quarters every muscle in his body tightened, and he smashed the rabbit on his face frantical

Fig. 178 Space Penis zeros in on Space Pussy.

ly trying to shove it down his gagging throat. Hot chocolate fi lled his mouth and the young Lieutenant was thinking about snow y Christmas. He was sledding with his girlfriend and her sister s and her relatives-he had volunteered to drive-now he was stan ding at the top of the hill waiting for a chance to ride-frozen -wanting to go home with his girl-she was laughing, sledding-ch ocolate was all over his face-in his eyes-she was giving long st ares to a distant cousin-chocolate lumping in his hair-she look ed good even in snow clothes-chocolate melting and dripping upo n his cheeks and nose-he was frozen solid-Christmas was over li ke every other year when he suddenly stopped--and using his shi rt-tail slowly wiped the chocolate off his face and half-hid th e still throbbing erection in his pants. The computer sat silen t--observing the young Lieutenant with analytical sequencers gl owing in the dimly lit room. "Lt. G. -you are a twist party all by yourself--are you not?-----afraid to take in a song by Jan & Dee you frantically ran to the R. Stones men wearing suits and bones-stay safe-borderline headcase Lt. G.-you leave me few cho ice cuts-except you should be extinguished--not heroically-but slowly-just undoing the base of your spine-leaving you to your sad state of despair-complain and whine-you will get everything you dwell upon for breakfast before dawn--now wipe that silly l ooking chocolate off your face and quit bothering me with your pitiful stories." The voice was quite firm in its reprimands--t he young Lieutenant stood there-face and shoulders hung--like t ar bags in the sun-he was simply amazed at the way the computer took his problems and turned them 180° before attempting to sho ve them back up his potatoe eye-"aye-aye..." The young Lieutena nt replied--in his usual fashion-snapped and buckled-elastic un derwear wrinkles call for the woman from the temple to come and

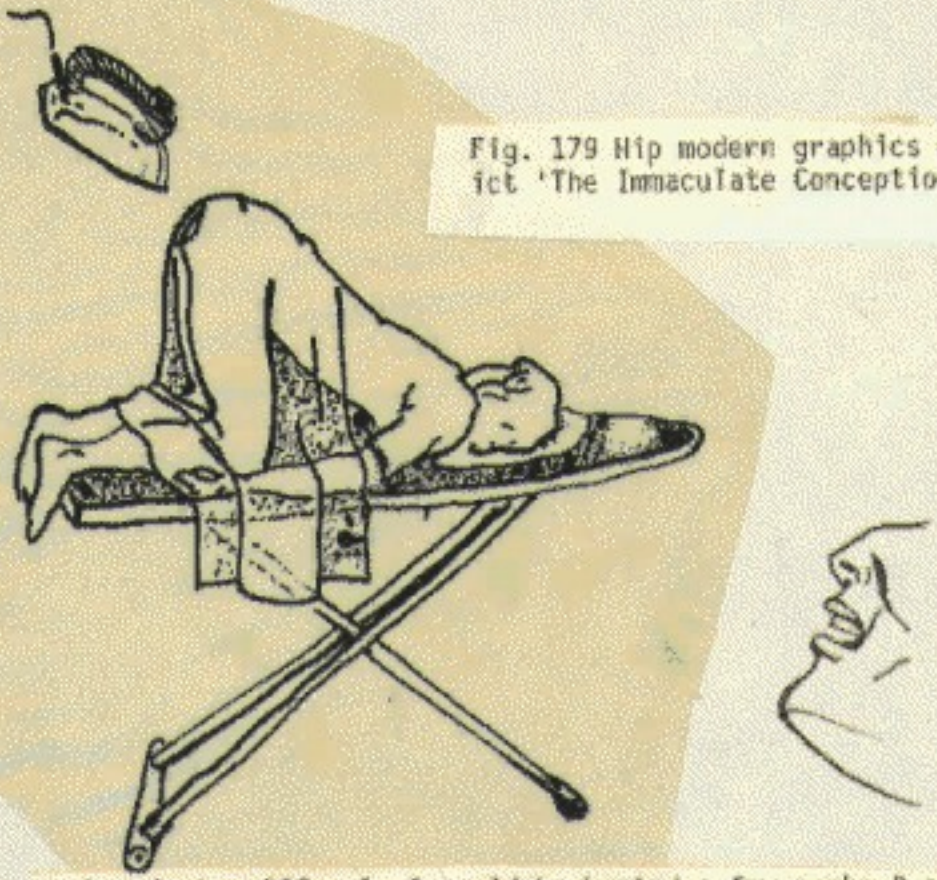

Fig. 179 Hip modern graphics depict 'The Immaculate Conception'.

wash privates-"If only I could be busted a few ranks," sighed the Lieutenant--"Them privates got all the luxurys of love, living, laughing and happy." Oh keep talking Lieutenant! You are thinking even now about telephone nylons and related manuels-the happy eatin' way to go -duck your head or it's dead-that's sure-sure...that's me-big happy ho! Ho! Hey! We're little ho-ho's and you're a big ho-ho! "I knelt down onto one knee and began planting my spear as firmly upon the ground as I could, and did I wait! When the bear was close to me it lifted itself upon its hind legs and tried to snug as a bug in a rug hug me. The point of my spear just pricked (so to speak) the bear's skin and then the creature got its forepaws around me! Huge waterbugs were cruising the Halloween night sky in long V-shaped columns with only yellow eyes glowing all night car towing-just at that moment

it was knocked over by something that jumped on it from behind! This was a big dog that had been left behind with her puppies b y the hunters and those deep bend grunters-poopy punters on par ade---laurel pine spray scented glade..she had seen me go out a nd had followed me. What a big fight she and the bear had! The bear was much the stronger, and when the two wood-cutters came by for a few minutes afterwards the poor dog was nearly late.." I didn't want to tell Bob this car was as bad as the one he was getting fixed....I just had to ram it in reverse..it was very d ifficult to tell which was worse--huge black waterbugs were cru isng the dark Indian summer night--columns of glowing eyes blea ring like "Eat At Joe's" and you want to run away from all thos e glowering closet monsters, breathing, slamming ha-ha-ha's upo n that frilly little two-legged altar-piece..."Oh- the computer 's mom was full of info"-that guy looks like he would "a been o ne of those kids you had to feel sorry for.." eyes-red blearin g beaping begonias barfing yellow hot sauce all over church-goe rs: learning slowers-you know-the contest at the annual Dyna-Je t dinner affair. Oh, shut up this bullshit! It read: "Yah-yah-y ah turkey in the raw! Hitler was right-yellow hairs unite-" Thi s was only the surface poem, you see.

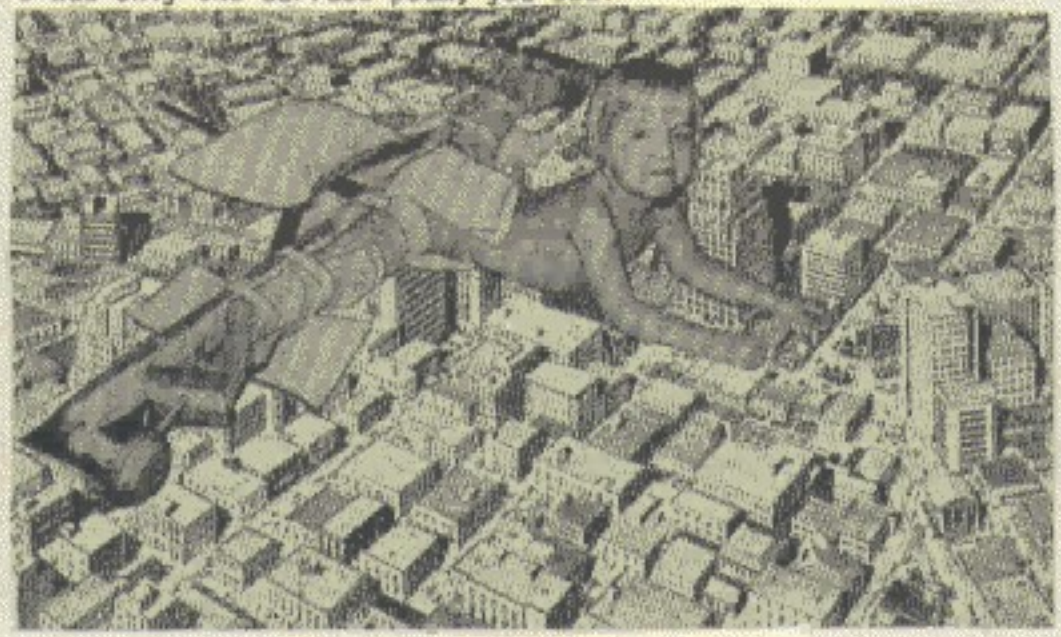

Fig. 180 USAF Secret Weapon.

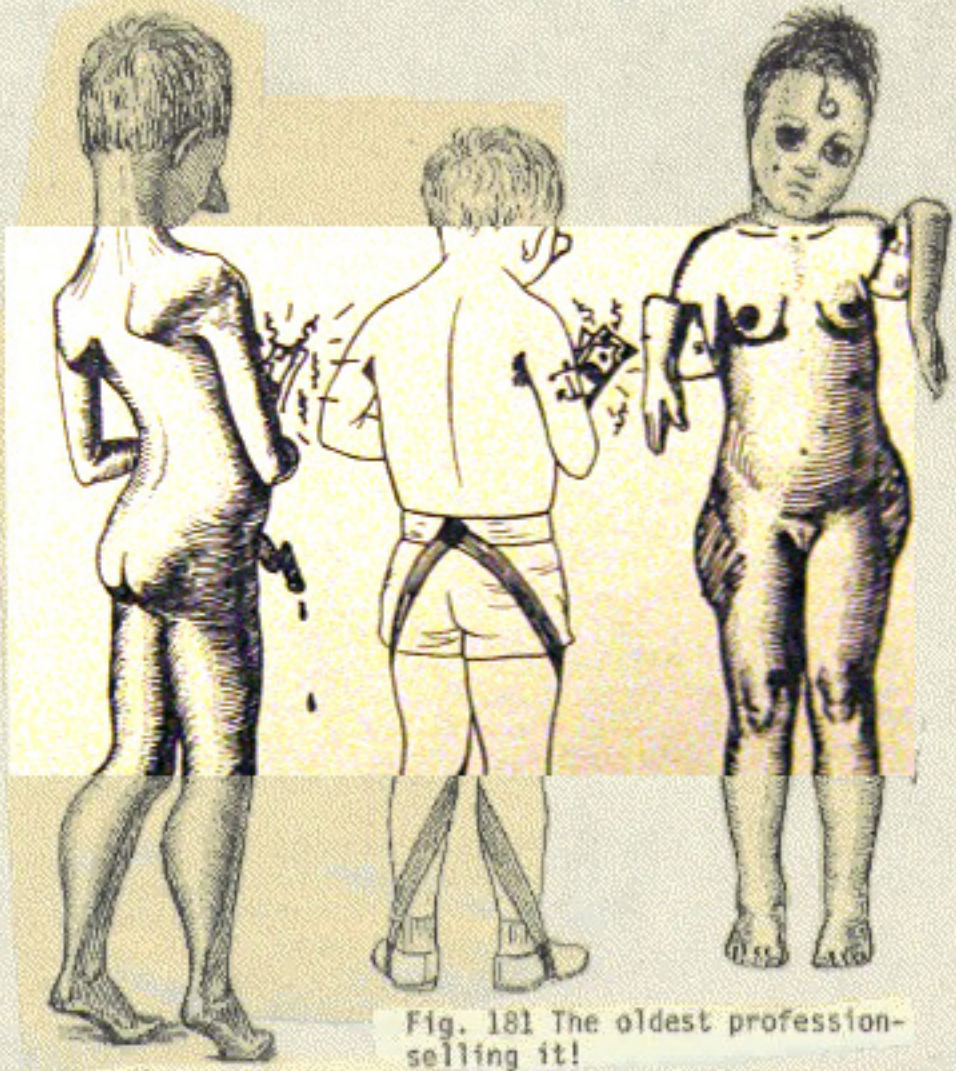

Fig. 181 The oldest profession-selling it!

13a Cultured Cretins

You take your Mr. Cleanly-Son...he spit on those not 21...I say you gonna have to reroute your snoot, it's a lookout below your belt, bomb. You deal with those not 25...requiring action to st ay alive...I say you better watch your step, it's a mean one to lose, if you ever felt the pain. And I mean whip. Whip it up, l

ike a poor bleeding pup...Choose to chew. Chew your eye, chooz Dentyne...chew to go..to lose..lose an eye..over choosing to ch ew in the sky..below..say you I ta-ta tea..drink it slow...to y ou..who be I ..I be you.. we be chewed..to go ..go to you.. Tog o chew..choo-choo-cha....Laid in soft piles..like dead clothes. .clothing dead, peasants laid out in rows bled and dead.. I see you, pull a gun trigger boom...boom on you, we all cried, tried to chew, tried to see what you doing in the next room...room to do..time to move, we don't want shot...full of holes, we no-kno w we no-care....we know half the way down there.. we see flower s in full bloom we hear guns in full bloom, we be scared, we be dumb, we run half the way past all the unclean ones...choose to kill, choose to go, chews tobacc.....with chewzy Togo... leave us be.. we soon die, why you want to, see us cry? Why you want to, make us hide, we know hurt you, we just want to, play in pl ayground, swing in swingset, swim in swimpool...why you hurt us , make us bleed slow, take our mommies, make them lie down, spr ead thier breadboxes, make them cry out...I feel sorry..I feel scared, and I no-know what makes me feel so bad...why you do it ? Why you hurt me, is it something I am saying? Do you think th at I am bad one, here to hurt you, I am not. I no-know, but I c an see you, hiding in places, jump out at me, bite my soft spot s, make me bleed bad, why you like to see me hurted? I'm so sor ry I ever had come here, I only wish I knew where to go. Togo. Bravera, rambogo..Ladies lined to enrage the committee, dressed in salads dressed in comfortable casuals, based on tales of South Seas, simple cotton underthings, flirted with the views, sen ding waves of waters, splashing in their outraged faces. Strain

Fig. 182 Blast-off Booties

ed like fruit for babies dinner, aromas filled the florescent f ixtured meeting hall, leaving perspiration drops on faces flush ed and full. They moved like spring-loaded kewpies, bobbing on thier pelvises..leaving little question to the motives of their presence. Birds of Paradise could be less exquisite, in all the ir limes and ambers, the colours of a paradise unknown to men f rom the grey and black mainlands. I often thought in reflection , of how it might of all been, if no one would have disturbed t hem, to enter our fat mainland, leaving behind their soft breez es and coral wonder, peacocks would be jealous of all their unt apped beauty, for sale now in my untapped homeland, of barren c ement bastions, and gargoyl lurching vermin, honking, beeping, and speeding, breaking each other on impact, and little insects inside, who curse each other with each breath, even in deep slu mber. Two divers in grey hardware, appointees of the new govern ment, exchange their pleasant glances, made easy by chance meet ing, upon the Ocean's floor.

JOHN:"Hullo! So you have taken the plunge too. Why is that?"

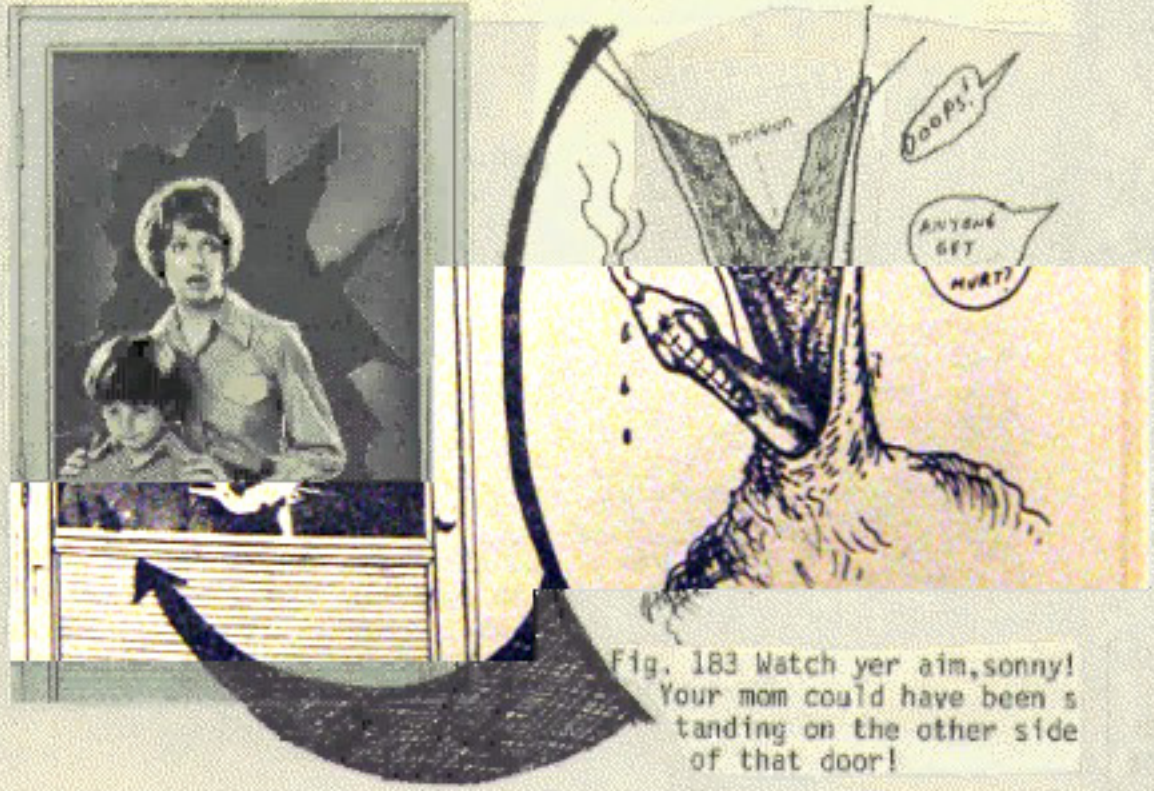

Fig. 183 Watch yer aim,sonny! Your mom could have been s tanding on the other side of that door!

Fig. 184 The human to huboon transformation is pain ful- but well worth all costs and risks.

SAM:" Oh, DIVERS reasons!"
Of course, Sam's answer was an obvious pun on the word "diverse ", though most of you wouldn't have been insensitive, or even i nterested enough to pick it up on your own. That's the trouble with writing a book nowadays. Nobody is interested enough to ca tch on what is being laid out..leaving them all to come up with their own horrible reasons for the reasons behind books these d ays. Some would say I'm not a genious, but only crazy. I would tend to disagree with both of you, and you, and you. I'm merely a sensitive human being who would like to straighten out this h uge mess people seem to have gotten themselves into. I'm good a t that, and I'm proud to say so, if you know what I mean. But t hat's just the point..who of you out there really do know what I mean? Certainly not me---I'm so confused that I may never fig ure it out in this life time what I mean, if at all. It just b oils down that, nobody wants (or should I say, optimistically, seems to want), this hitherto priceless "treasure"....Nations s tand in their own doorsteps, kicking the little bundle of joy o n to their neighbors, who are practically out of their minds wi th fear when it arrives in the shape of a cute lil' bundlily ba by crying its lungs out of its little wicker basket. Some old l

ady in a mink coat labeled "USA" is busy abandoning her crying infant on a snowy doorstep, her purse in hand, her opera glasses dangling from her whitened bosom nipple, and the caption read said, "The Rich Mother:"God-blessed and Good-bye, my che-ild---your poor mother can no longer afford to support you." And so on and so forth the insults come in , from all corners of the nation, kicking a swell Lt. when he was downed. There was little reason to believe he would ever be the same, and rightly so, for, he changed; almost overnight into a disfigured, disheveled creature of gloom and despair, an anonymous figure hunched over in the crowd of Spuds he was soon swept up by; The malfunctioning big sad hero sandwich he always feared out of respect, telephone cancerous poto from Mojoville. I was never there when the cords to the stereo were violently yanked from the wall, or the night the telephone reciever flew from the once sanctioned love-nest, since exploded..Nor was I there to see the age of suffering bend his once spirited spine until, his rib cage cut off all communication between his abdomen and his lungs...it was the black plague of the 70's, but that's what I've been trying to tell you all along.

Fig. 185 Paraplegic lovers playfully bat each other around as prelude to sexual intercourse.

b

This guy from the downstairs apartment was singing, "I've got to be free-ta-ta and tee-hee; to live it up raw, to sleep in a bra, I've got to be me I've got to be freeeee!". I covered my ears and rolled over in bed, the quiet sleeper beside me, made a soft sound.

DOC:"Big fire downtown! Hurry up and get your emergency kit rea dy! We'll have to beat the Flagler's ambulance to this job!"
NURSE:"Oh, Doctor, what you say!"
DOC:"What I say? I mean-er-We'll have to step on it to get ther e first. Flagler Hospital has a new bus. This crate is four yea rs old."
DRIVER:"Don't you worry about Flagler's. They use cheap oil. Ev en if their bus is new, their engine's choked with carbon. We u se Mobiloil."
NURSE:"There's the Flagler outfit behind us now! Tramp on her, John. Here's a chance to prove that your engine is really alive !"
DOC:"Some fire! But we're here first through the lines! Even if our bus is four years old, I'll say John has certainly kept her

Fig. 186 Talk about being tied to yer mommas apron strings! Rare oriental case; the mother has refused to let doctors c ut her sons umbilical cord; son observes 32nd birthday soon .

engine in good shape."
DOC:Well, we're there with the speed! But John had better keep that Mobiloil a secret from Flagler's-or they might get to beating us."
DRIVER:"With sticks."
NURSE:"Oh wouldn't that be grande?"
DOC:"You're sick, you god-damned dog bitch."
NURSE:"Do tell, Romeo breath!"
DRIVER:"Stop it, both of you; Flagler's is busy saving all the casualties; they've loaded their bus twice with crispy critters and have been back to the hospital twice already."
DOC:"Well nurse, let's get cracking, we've got a job to perform."
NURSE:"Roger that, over and out!"
Your car may not be carrying a shreiking ambulance siren. But-Today -with high speeds more and more common- you can't be too careful in choosing your oil. Along the highways today you will find many "depression" oils. Sure to clog your pores and cause unsightly blemishes-that eventually eat through the soft epidermal lining leaving huge gaping scars in the skin that are at this point in time, irrepairable. Made for a price, they were never meant to take the punishment your engine gives them in fast driving. With our brand of oil, you can give your car any kind of punishment, let me reitterate that once for you. With our stuff, you can give your car any kind of punishment and it will still crawl back, begging for more. Can't you see what kind of situation will soon evolve? First you got the local yokels on your tail, then it's the big league, with the townsfolk making battle plans behind your behind. You go into the village for vittles, and battleaxes are laid out, freshly sharpened.

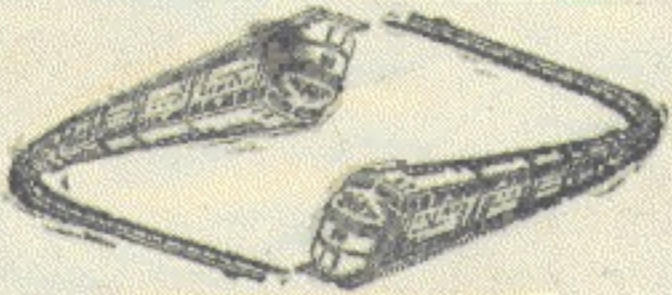

Fig. 187 Choo-Choos to Hell!

Fig. 188 SAC artillary blast commie sheep testicles out of our skies.

C

All this talk about an old big band of Hawaiian lust-songs..a l ady voice came on the T.V. and invited everyone in this room to conquered manor. Hot rubber weather cooking good and frothy mad -mad women...It's the wad--the wad..Oh jeezuz..it's the wad! Fe w know what we know, now all scramble to death below..Like the park ranger once said, on his dirty death bed."Everyone's talki n, yet few of them know..soul of creation was delivered beloooo ooow-----"...The last Moccasin just stood there gasping, squint y eyes opened wide. He was so upset he couldn't even string his bow..and that's pretty fucked up for an indian. The great Babe took a dive in the fifth..All the front row saw it happen and b ooed and were rude..some went so far as to even be crude. I los t my canoe..in Rainbow Canyon, my moomoo done told me..when I w as in napkins..menstruation ...was nothing to sniff at.My poppa was rotten, and hung around nite-clubs..selling the boy scouts, a couple of Niagras...My moomoo done told me..when figaro dropp ed dead..that I would provide her..with all the necessities..fi nd the dear old man..who put down the mortgage..he learned me a plane fight..I washed behind border-lines. Education came easy, for school was a pushover..I daydreamed my knowledge..it was wo rth three times more than, the stuff that they gave me..to take home and eat up..to regurgitate back tomorrow, all over their wo oden desks, I frequented polio homes, and watched little crippl es, who forgot to take care of, their bright young pupendaes. T

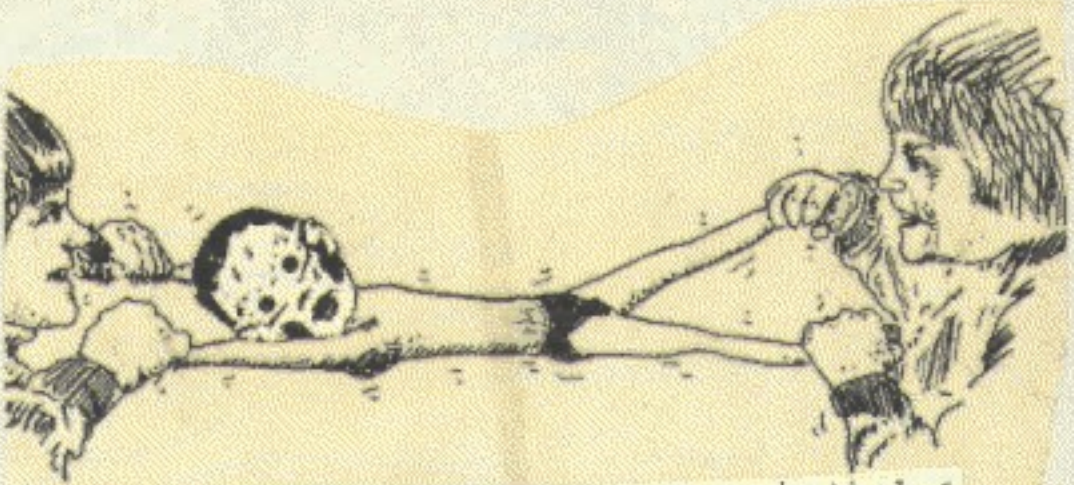

Fig. 189 Not all children are completely unskeptical of Booji Boys intentions, and some feel they must first pu t him to the test.

he mother-superior complexion, gave all the girls push-ups, to use on their bed springs, to keep them from thinking.. about bo ys and fucking, the things they all needed, and wanted the most . The books that made most sense, made none to my mother, and s eemed quite a bore to..the goons that I knew. They were much mo re interested, in things that all donated..to the thought that the government..was superior to them. They liked to be follower s, and defended their positions, even, I feel, if Hitler..had d ick up their ass. I'm sorry to tell you, I despise the killers, who sleep tight in dreamland, for taking others lives. I once h ad a sweetheart, who told me she loved me, at the expense of my morals, she made me look valid. The goons that surrounded me, a ll thought I was with it, they dug on my wacked clothes, and lo ved where my head was at. Now they all drive supersports, and t ool around Akron, and feel that they're the "beautiful people" we've heard so much about. I don't mind the insults, but please don't rub vile stink, upon my exposed brain-waves, they're all that I've got in a world that digs each other's poop piles. And eat the same for breakfast. And brunch. I've often wondered sa dly, if ever the sun burns, holes in their larvaes, white and g listening on the beach.

My father could tell you, for he was a rodeo, long before T.V., ever made it hip.

Fig. 190 Illustration from the book,"Man with a Gun", by Mark Mothersbaugh

d

I'm looking for a four-laned clover..I overlooked before..One l ane is Akron, the next is Cuyahoga Falls, third lane is Kent-Yo ungstown, the one that got no balls..Fourth lane is Cleveland, the land of opportune, and I'm in a tizzy, my boat shall come i n sooooo-oon! I said that- I'm lookin' over, a four-laned clove r..that I overlooked before...Now I'm lookin' over, a four-lane d cloverleaf, that I---Overlooked---be--fore...!
Now the one jerk sleeps while the other jerk drives on that non -stop Logworm Run- And that thick white juice in the tank cars, caboose, stays as fresh as the morning sun...Roll on- Big "O".. Get that jizz up to Logworm's in 40 hours get that jizz up to L ogworm's in 40 big ones get that beef jerky juice up to Planned Parenthood in a measily 40 old hours. If you ain't back by Frid ay, just don't come back...Tell the folks down in Cuba, to keep waxin' their carrots..Keep a stiff upper lip in a strong tailwi nd..watch the roadside wildlife, it's a long, long haul. Now,I' ve got rythym, I've got my salad, I've got toothaches, who coul d ask for anything more. Now you--may say--that my friends appe ar a little gay--but I--retort--that they're only in it for a l ittle sport!! The big Tent is the grande tent, it's the only on

Fig. 191 Illustration from the book,"Man with a Gun", by Mark Mothersbaugh

e I really know..Now it's a grande world, a big old silk-fan wo rld..that I should ever pull a lever..just to see my brother qu iver, that you might chance to catch a raindance, just because you live in South France.. and you might be the bleeder of them all... if only the captain would give you the ball...Well we al l went out to the Drive-ins, a fixin' on a little backseat swea t.. Two peanuts in an overcoat, cast a few lines our way. We ne ver lived to see the ending, extinguished during upholstery bri gade...Now some monkey in a green jumpsuit of silk, kicked the pig in his blade. Smudge--on the rear window, farts all in your eyes. Smudge on the back window....The world is alive..with the sound of music..my ears want to hear every song, they can.
My glands have swollen to the size of kidney beans, and when I squeeze them I can feel painful toxins squirt into my throat..T wo shots were fired shortly before 11; moments later a third sh ot was fired, and followed by a fourth. The four shots took app roximately 40 seconds to complete..and then we waited for the p olice sirens we knew had to inevitably follow. She sat across f rom me in a yellow bathrobe taking her kidney pills. The size o f my glands. She was carefully putting apricots into her mouth, yet did I detect some bead of black collect in the corner of he

Fig. 192 Illustration from the book,"Man with a Gun", by Mark Mothersbaugh

r tiny mouth.. it was frightening.. I was at a loss as to what it could be..she was staring out the window, waiting for the si rens. A plane flew overhead, far, far away. We were startled by yet another shot, and this one, like the rest, was a definite s hot-gun blast. I was amazed that there were no police sirens as of two minutes after the initial shot...A series of pistol shot s jolleyed through the air..at least ½ a dozen, and still comin g. 4 minutes and a dozen shots..no sirens. Sound of cars, swish ing by. One noisy cycle. Dusty trash-cans slowly rolled into th e sunset; across Great Plains in search of that Pacific Ocean a nd the promise of gold..gold that would bring new life to the t housands of tired frontiersmen and women who struck out across the big valley to find Beulah land. I was one such traveler mys elf, and I took with me a boogie boy, for no special reason ex cept that it was custom, and looked upon as in good taste in th ose days... and before my long trek, I was never one to argue good taste. Especially if it taste good; God's own remedy to a listless lad who didn't know what he had, spent 23 long years p lannin'for to carry on the family tradition of good company and

southern hospitals. Ever been to a southern hospital? Lord, yo u ain't seen nothin'yet! Why, I ate off the musty brown ground, for lack of plate..ate rabbit with my hands, cause I never had no other sidedish..bought a coonskin cap when he was only three ..killed him a ba'r, when he was in his teens. Daddy- Daddy Cro cked-it..-Oh, my god not to interrupt or anything, the air just let loose with a hell-bustin' wail from about ten different si rens, some cops and some firetrucks!!! I just know somethin's g oing on, and I'm glad I'm not there, instead of here. This type writer is fast enough for me. I don't need no doctor, in spite of what the tenants here at my fair old Harlan Hall say. They r eally love me, even that witch LePera. She writes a couple lett ers a day about lights in the building that need fixed, or bitc hing about her drain..she got Elvis and Tom Jones plastic blo-u p pillow in her apartment. And a Robert Redford poster on her w all. Nothings too low for this rutting antique. Worst part abou

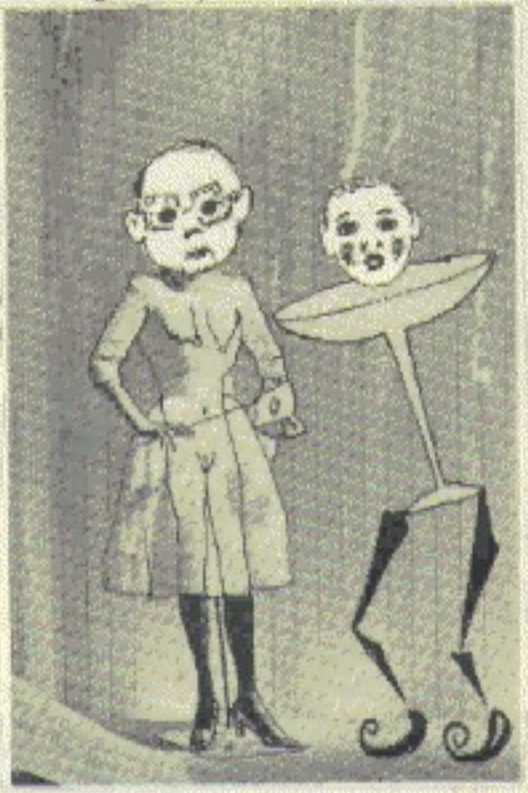

Fig. 193 Imposter Booji Boys at the Mardi Gras.
Though small, the cult of follo wers are incredibly fanatical a nd emulate his teachings to a " T".

t it is, she lives across the hall from Chatty, the little nurs e down in 202 who is always letting us put things in her freeze r, or some other good deed only a nurse should perform. She wea rs white, well. Oh, my back. Why do backs ache when you get old ? Mine is going "buzz-buzz", just like a red-hot busy signal on a hot and humid day, when you're in a phone booth, and you feel like you're about to wet your pants cause you have something in your body that demands release...I'm sure you've had that feeli ng--no? Well, ah, fuck you for letting me go on for so long and make a real king-sized asshole out of myself. No, really- I mea n, don't you have to admit that it's kind of low to let a fello w put his foot in his mouth like that? What's in a dream that I can't have, simply because I'm a white caucasion anglo-sextet, protester from way-backside? That's lower than wet-seat. Some wo uld aimlessly disagree; just hoisting their big over grown butt s up in the air, and breaking bread, so to speak. You know what I mean? I'm so tired I could fall asleep right now if only I ha dn't had to talk to you just once before the night was over. Fo r, even though you may find it hard to believe, I love you. Wit h all my heart, and all my money, I think I really dig where yo ur place in the sun is at, and I think maybe we could strike up a little deal; after all, you like pain, and I like to play doc tor..what could be more right?

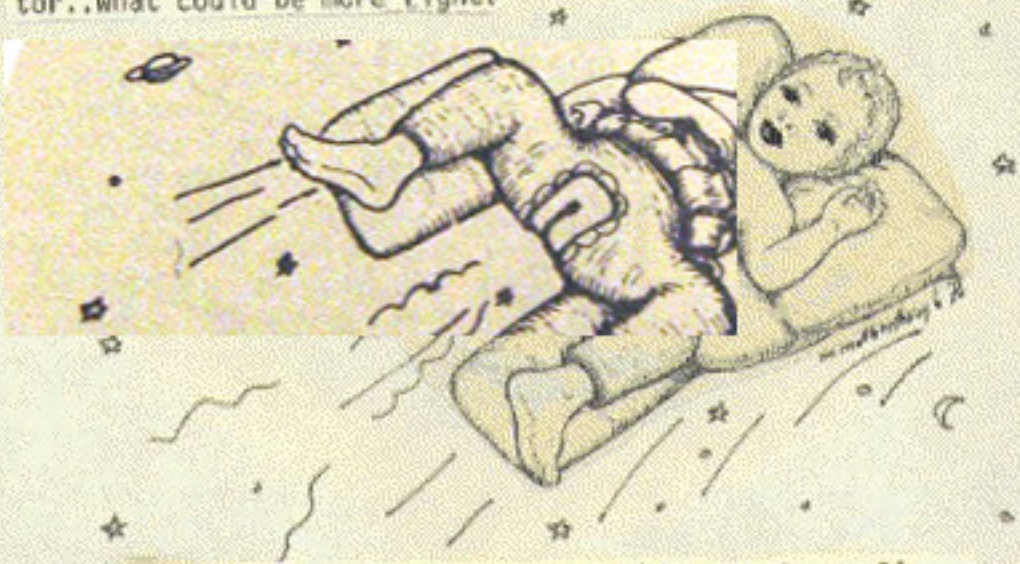

Fig. 194 Space Baby on patrol..(planet play pal).

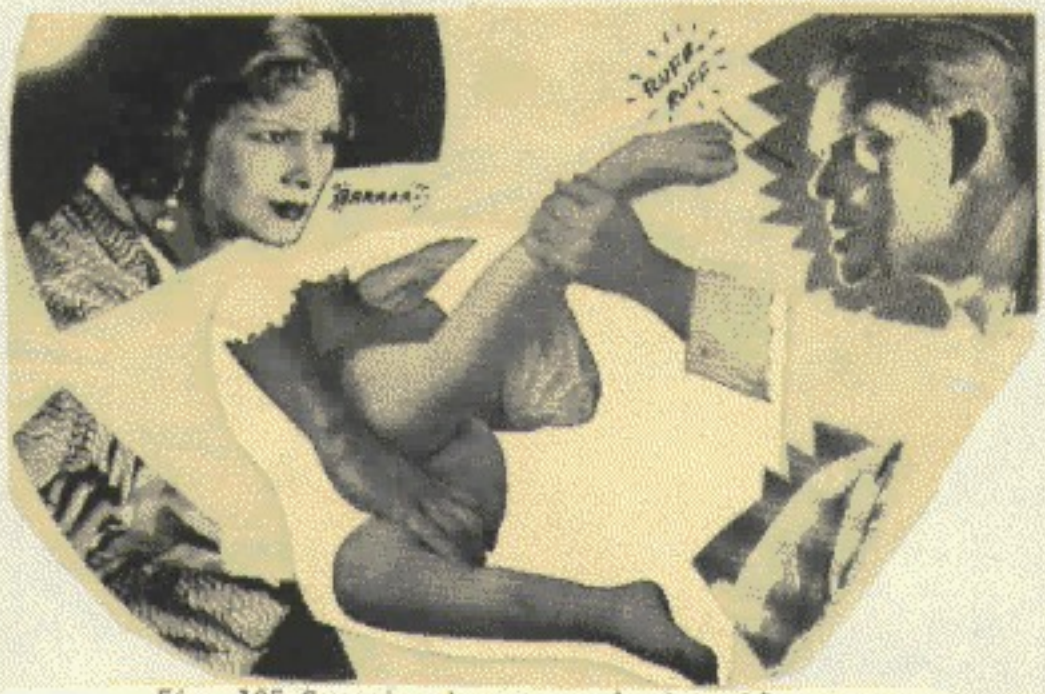

Fig. 195 Parents who engage in domestic arguments that utilize the child as a sort of political foo tball deserve the death penalty.

e

The first thing I saw on the T.V. after the Symbionese Liberati on Army took over was the Koogle monster singing and dancing; " Put the lime in the tunafish and play just like a pup, put the lime in the tunafish and drink them both down, put the lime in the tunafish and call me a dirty liar, I said, Tanya, is there nothing I can take I said, Tanya, to relieve my belly ache I sa id, Tanya, is there chance to bake a fake..I said, Tanya, they put dextrose in my steak"...I turned the channel just in time. Time was when facial services in the body beauty shop were of f irst importance, as hair work is today. Bodiness is next to god liness, the theme of many a wood-land sea-nymph festival, with men in tuxes sitting on the lawn with their tightly laced in pl ace, bonded to the green-trees women. There, along with a full basket of ceramic nic-nacs, they watched the sea-nymphs frolic and play, sporting only dixie cups covering their most informal areas.

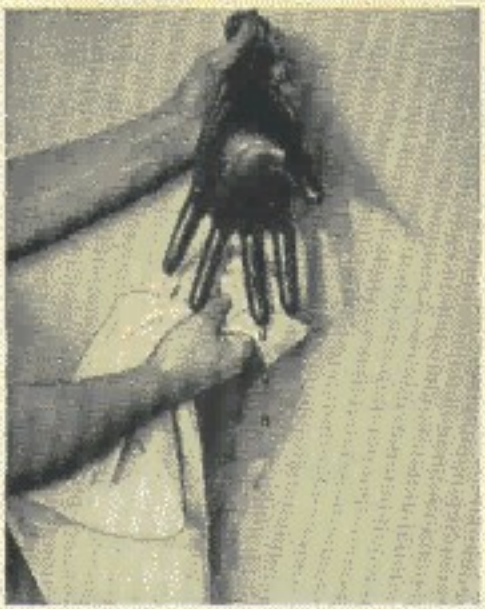

Fig. 196 Enema Gloves. Used during the Great Latex Shortage of WWI II, they are currentl y enjoying a resurgan ce of popularity in t he larger cities.

It was then, over a quarter of a century ago, that the Contoure line was created--made to give the body beautician the finest q uality preparations for use in those all important facials, and to sell with confidence.

Few, if any, shops then had re-sale departments--and rightly so ! The operators of the day were so unaccustomed to selling that few dared to. But because hulking and leakage-prone patrons lik ed the Contoure preparations they met in the shops' facials...a nd asked for them to monkey around with at home..it was easy to make extra profits by selling the Contoure concoctions.

Alert shop-owners realized at once if not sooner that a line ex clusively theirs-without the competition of drug-pushers or dep artment stores--could open the zipper on a new source of volume and profit. And today, thousands of thrifty-minded shops have b uilt really profitable Contoure Cosmic Departments, with a mini mum investment and a high repeat--and I repeat--a high repeat b usiness. The smart detective is sure to have everything clean. Have everything ready. Keep your booth clean. Have a clean shee t to cover the face of the chair--and a clean hair-cloth to cov er the patron--a clean towel to cover the head-rest. And, of co urse, be immaculately clean yourself. Always wash your hands an

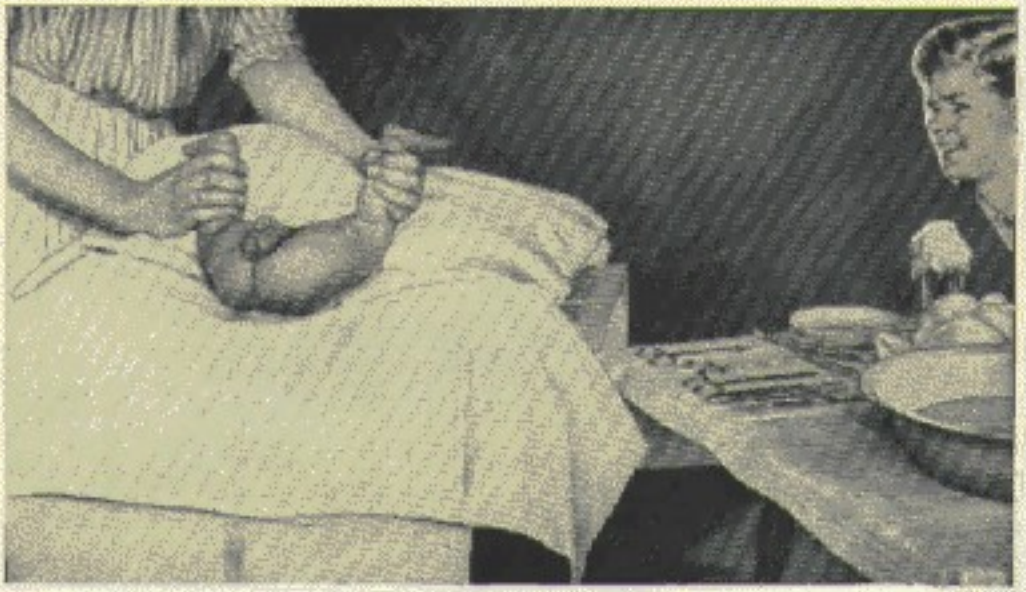

Fig. 197 Genitals and legs only--this head & torsoless little baby lived 3 years before a bladder infection took its life.

d scrub your nails before a facial. Your nails should be filed slowly, yet surely, and close, and rounded. Never scratch at a noisy patron, give her the towell..it's better for business. An d DO get your patron to relax during the treatment; use the old shoe-lace is untied routine about 5 or 6 times until they get t he hint. Never scrub a face with sharp glass objects-nor discus s health or personal matters. In fact, talk about as little as possible during the sexy parts of it--except to the point where you make them guess how much it will cost--let them know what y ou are doing if they can't see around you or inside themselves. ...as is noted through the long, boring manual.

Have the patron recline in the chair. Use Zephyr Cream liberall y (if buttocks are dry) or Rapid Cleansing Creamola (if buttock s are oily) in the following manner:

1. Move both trembling hands simultaneously from the shoulders to the throat, progressing in four movements to the center, and finishing with both fingers dug in sharply under the chin. Foll ow out along the jaw line to just inside the ears. Stroke down

Fig. 198 Mixed marriages are tough to begin with..but adding homosexuality makes the nuptial rites seem a little pointless.

hard if they have earrings on.
2. Place the fingertips of each hand on the center of each nipple. Pick lightly as if at a rose-bud..then flick upward in a spit-ball fashion..next pinch quickly three times ruthlessly..follow up with a hard simultaneous left and right full-force punch using the full fist into each tender breast. Wait for the squeals of joy.
3. Move the fingertips to the corner of the nose and smooth the creamy mixture out to the ears, at the hairline.
4. Move the fingertips up and under the eyelids (at the bridge of the nose) and test for weak spots in the tissue with quick, tugging motions. Ignore any resistance.
5. With the middle fingers of each hand, come down hard on the bridge of the nose, and then back up and in the nostrils.
6. Remove lipstick with tissue.
7. With the palm of the right hand, go over the upper lip (right to left) and back across the lips.
8. Repeat all movements three times. Then remove excess creamy mixture from face, throat and clothing with tissue.
You are now ready to split a headache if so desired. It's been a long and winding road that has brought you to this confrontation with the patron; give her all you got---and, Watch Sales Increase!

Fig. 199 Never give your child a goose.

14a Exploding Poodles 'n' Microwave Ovens

A religous poet waxed in carrot juice, veneered in barbecue sau
ce, and speaking directly from Bible T.V. dinner pans, wet the
bed in spite of warnings that green-striped vinyl goons would r
aid his icebox, taking all his dearest memories,biting open glo
bes of real love,spitting out the pulp and only sucking down th
e juice. Sitting in a semi-circle, goons of every shape and siz
e came, speaking in the tongues of elders, asking for a taste o

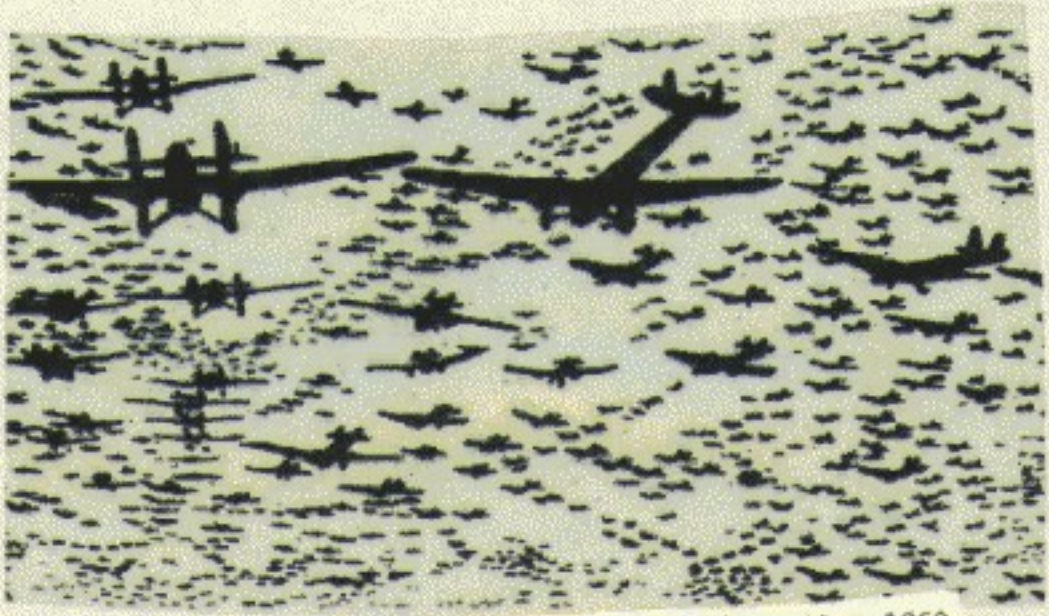

Fig. 200 "Nite Visitors",20'x8' mural by the author-1969.

f the poet's sweet breast. His chest was quickly opened, exposi ng bouncing breathing waterpump, spurts of red stuff leaked out corners, wetting gorilla goons who gleefully, licked the liquid off each other, barely able to contain themselves, as the poet squeaked like dying bunny, and big fingers dug into his chest hu ngrily diving for his pumper, desirous to eat it as a prelude t o removal of the egg-shaped incasement thinking cap we all knew grew well in the damp dark hide-out of the poets, busy head.
Spraying figaro juice into the dutch air, treating each other l ike heads of lettuce, the goons began the rough rough struggle to beat each other off, so as to leave themselves with the sile nt orb now poking through the scalp. They fought so hard they h ardly noticed, the poor poet was tromped to puree', leaving the m the tough job, of spooning up the mess. They drank through hu ge lips sucking, the creamy coloured liquid, guffing in the gle e that only savage car dealers could feel...then one after anot her, fell deep asleep in slumber, they felt safe with their br others, with whom they had just fed amongst.
My camera was still rolling, when I felt a heavy hand on my sho ulder, it was attached to angry patroller, who had caught me in

the act. I turned to see his ugly mug, staring down in bright p
urple, eyes blood-shot and firey, shooting 45's at my face. He
could barely supress his fierce grip, which threatened to de-ar
m me, his fingers practically touching with just my shoulder bl
ade in between. Someone knew the big black iron lung was my mot
her. Someone-somewhere is calling for T.V. dreamed whippings--D
reamed Whipping in and art gallery..when will the radiators hit
the screen with whips and gladbagiators with papered clips..New
s finding flash..generals in Viet Nam doused a pint of puffy Dr
eaming Cool Whip with their condensed clothes on. Big Wally was
last seen trying to get his head out of that big suitcase his w
ife calls a Venus fly-trap---I constructed the whole scene with
in my cranial-radial- wind bag motor pressure build-up between
the clefts in the treble trim traps...they cut their hairs in h
opes of gaining a little prestige in the form of money contribu

Fig. 201 "Do tell, brother."

tions from soft penis that has no other bark..that is since the thick syrup that kept it aloft ran out a puncture wound at the base of the ancient totem..carry out, to go, eat it at home, it 's all the same as far as this lonely Prospector is concerned.

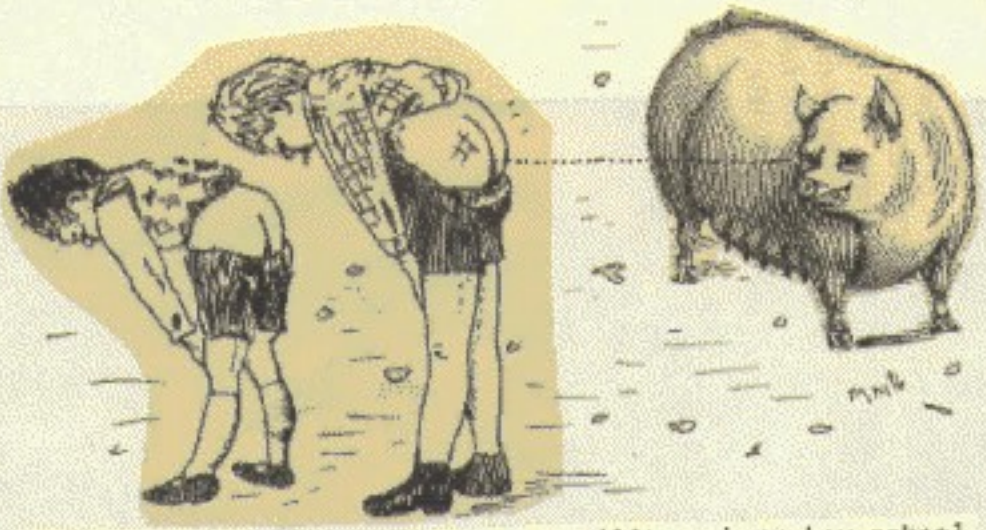

Fig. 202 Discipline in a Japanese military bunn-boy school.

b

Clean clone clowning around behind the motorpool, watching the uniformed drivers in their bright blue bubble costumes roll for the privilege to drive the grey-skinned daughter of the famous contessa de corningware in to town on a brief shopping spree. " Spray me," she called out.."Spray me for good luck--spray me fo r a new world symbionic emulsifying diuretic, spray me for dise ase, for I have come from Alabama with my large multi-faceted j ewels perked up on my knee...with a taste for sweetmeats in my mouth, and a knowledge of beef jerky...It poo-pooed all night t he day I laughed, the weather was so dry..Oh Ambergris--control yourself, slip fingers in hot pie...Oh by jingo..don't jack off on me...for I sold my soul to the Baltimore Oriole,now I headed for to sea. They took away my everything, and returned me to g- o-, go..Now I'm so forlorn, wish my mooma never born, and the cl ock ticks sharp undertow. Pollutants float around the deck, mak ing movement quite insane.I never thought they'd get so uptite,

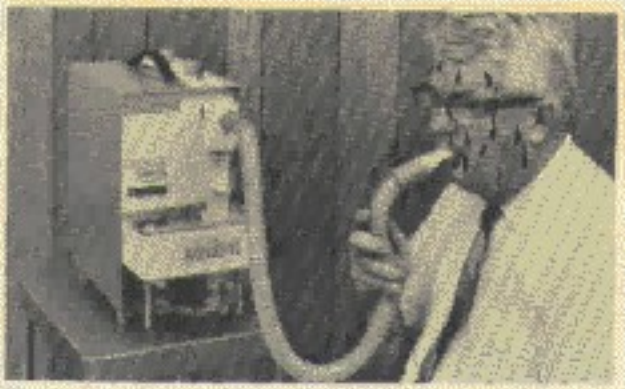

Fig. 203 (left) Oral Fixation..
Fig. 204 (above) Get it?

as to rub it in my stain. I've often thought of bailing out, ju mping over deck---but if ever you get up my way, you'll see it' s no small act to pull, I've seen a couple dozen fan the air wi th red strut feathers, pecking rythmns in the desert, marketing a most unusual scent, that only baseball players knew, as close ly guarded as the secrets of the mummies, who wrapped their dea d in Redi Whip, and killed the intellectuals who brought down t he essence, shaming all who read the transcripts, and using lan guage unbecoming, for rulers of the mighty eagle..should never damn their mothers, never ever use the cuss words that make the ir people cringe with heart-ache...for president's should not t alk of it, they are masked in painless disguise that patooties are not supposed to see through, or you make them all unhappy, sad, and round-shouldered, making sad face, backs all bent from hauling big ones up to rulers sitting higher, driving into pret ty parlors, little patooties only dream of, wishing late at nig ht their pellegra, disappear with pain in soft hearts, burning pain erasing memory, leaving only lifeless shell-people..roboti zed for eagle big boss, waving to them as he passeth, only bubb le-gum brains could bank on landslide, they were all very much despised, no-one wants to know a smart-ass..law and cucumbered, drastically numbered, and numbdered...drinking drinks of WWI so ldiers, and little girl in plastic dresses that bent at waist a nd turn exposing soft and smiling sandbucket unborne...uninitia ted..saliva dripped in tremendous waterfalls, soaking clothes a nd seats in theatres, lecturers sat wide-eyed bewildered..littl

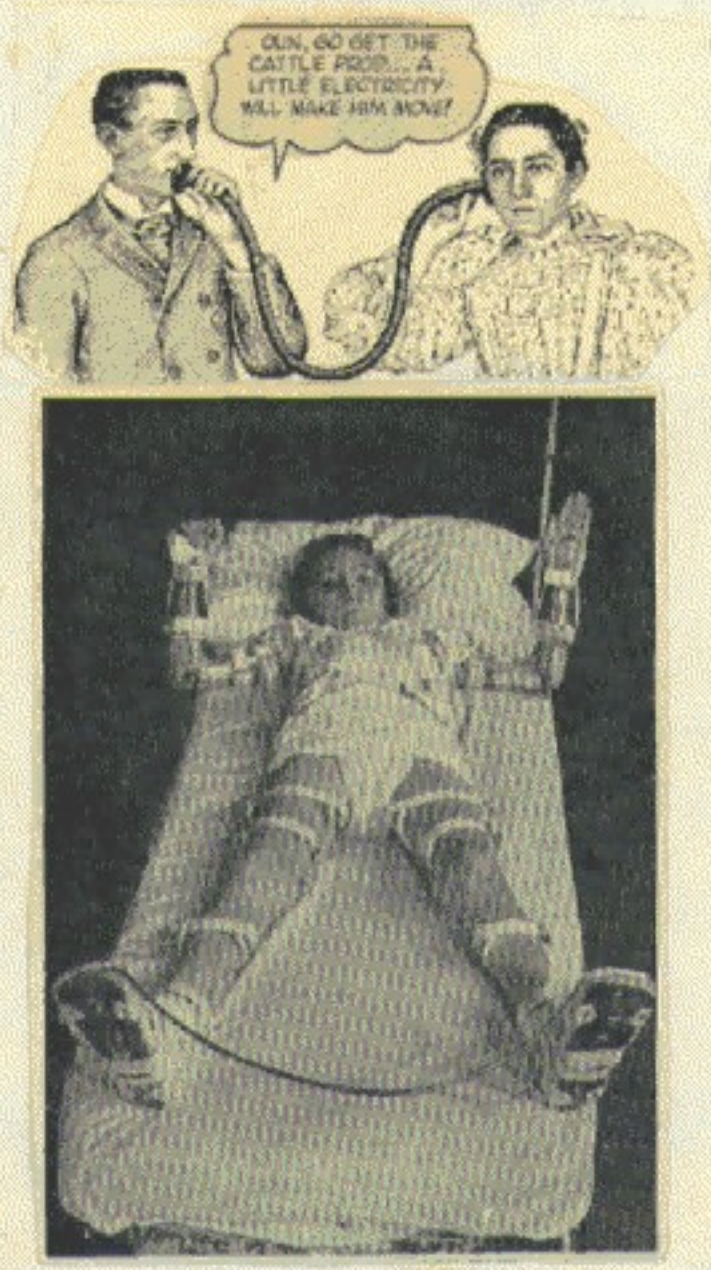

Fig. 205 Disciplinarians in Action.

e girl in rubber undies, waved just tiny hands at camera, begge d the dirtiest dog to enter, put his mail inside her entrails, they all believed that they would someday meet her, yet no one ever hoped to touch it, the peach-skin peeled away from soft bo nes, exposing bright red meat in pulsing breath fog.

Fig. 206 Dream on, Uncle Reamus!

C

Sitting in front of the T.V. was beginning to occupy about 20 h ours of my day. I was watching everything I could, until I woul d fall into a deep sleep; the programs came and went in a rathe r slow pulsing motion, not unlike the flow of energizers throug h the arteries of the huge ominous crater whales that were fill ing the town with paranoia; like sewage tunnels, the giant pass ages in the hovering whales were always bustling with activity. .a number of parasitic life-forces existed inside the tubular w alk-ways...It was Western Fly-by-night and lost in the fight--f

Fig. 207 Beautiful Mutant from Club Devo.

Fig. 208 You wanna know what makes wimmin tick? This guy decided to find out for hisself!

ear of discovery and loss of recovery--send the pants to be uph olstered--it will leave your backpockets bolstered--your gun ho lstered--the T.V. was the big baby, and I its only toy..throwin g my head back and forth between programs and commercials, gooi ng at my pulsing headboard, forcing me into further delusions a nd halucinations...It was once more flowing over my brainwaves, sending them sputtering and coughing in sharp pungent sparks an d short-outs....ha-ha-sounds like a hunter's joke, "Hey, Blue"- -"catch me a dozen cottontails-" I like to shoot--I hate to mis s--I love to kill--It's man's will be done--they taste like shi t,but they die just grande"--Above quotation taken from the boo k, "Man With A Gun", by Mark Mothersbaugh--An early american au

thor who was hung by his disks for improper public conduct and for actually putting up with people who had no possible means of understanding anything past their own crusty little assholes! Well, enough of the literary quotations--here's one from God-"Look no more, promised land is uninhabitable."--this AP (associated press) release was found on top of Mt. Sighani in a green wicker basket loaded with fruit and guns-fruit and guns? Sounds like a Hitler breakfast!! Ha!! Ha!! Get it? Fruit and guns? That's a good one--I'll have to remember that one to tell it to a few red-necked goons I know who respect the dead man.
Time was definetely one of the dirty dogs that threw me just when I would get up enough energy to turn off the TV..How long could it all go on? Now, as I sat quietly in front of a Rolaids commercial, the sweat poured long and heavy off of my battered body..urine stains covered the sofa..I hadn't moved for 36 hours ..There were numerous messages I couldn't read, outside my apartment door..I was not really sure how long I could last without another lapse into that bright orange backyard in which the T.V. had micro-encapsulated me..I started thinking about friends. Why do I insist on using and abusing people who actually are quite serious about friendship and rocketshit? Well-well-well--I wish things were yet--If nobody says so, how do you feel the pain?
"Simple--", came a voice from the T.V.-"you don't."!

Fig. 209 Zambisi's ready for battle against interplanetary she-toilets.

Fig. 210 Surprise visit!

Fig. 211 Hows a guy supposed to get his decent days work done when hes got his kids on his mind?

I was busy all day Sunday writing as best I could, letters to the editors--for I knew there was no other way to kick this horrible habit that seemed to have a stranglehold on me.
I tried to explain as calmly as possible, that the nightmares only came rarely, at first--but the killing was constant. It went on and on. Until---
"Dear Sirs-
Blown in a back seat parking pit--Mosquitos playing tunes upon windshields, heat tempted me constantly to roll down the windows..the angry buzz of the bloodthirsty insects frightened my hand away from the window crank--observations of nature thoughts slow down movements as dimensions shift swiftly. Finally you find it, and piece things together. Take a shell from your pocket - place it in the chamber--cock the trigger--you may be little now, but soon you be bigger--No time to stop to figure--remembe

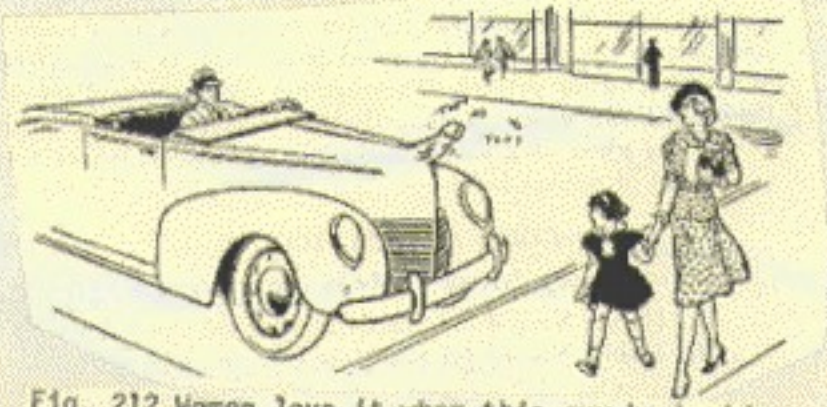

Fig. 212 Women love it when this guy honks his big bad horn..its all in the plan, of course.

r you soon be a spread-eagled nigger-making life better underne ath your sweater change the pressure in your body--back to eart h as a debtor--never ever look at the harm they left us all, ea ch."

signed, Cupid custard hot dog crushed and puking.

The letters always reached a barely audible stage by the time I reached the signature, yet the meaning was still intact. It was all I could do before a fresh wave of nausea, marching like fro zen cowboys, would trample my weakened resistence, and push me underwater. I fell into the dream again---rolling and tumbling as if trapped inside the two-ton dryer in the laundromat-it cam e at me in cycles unending...

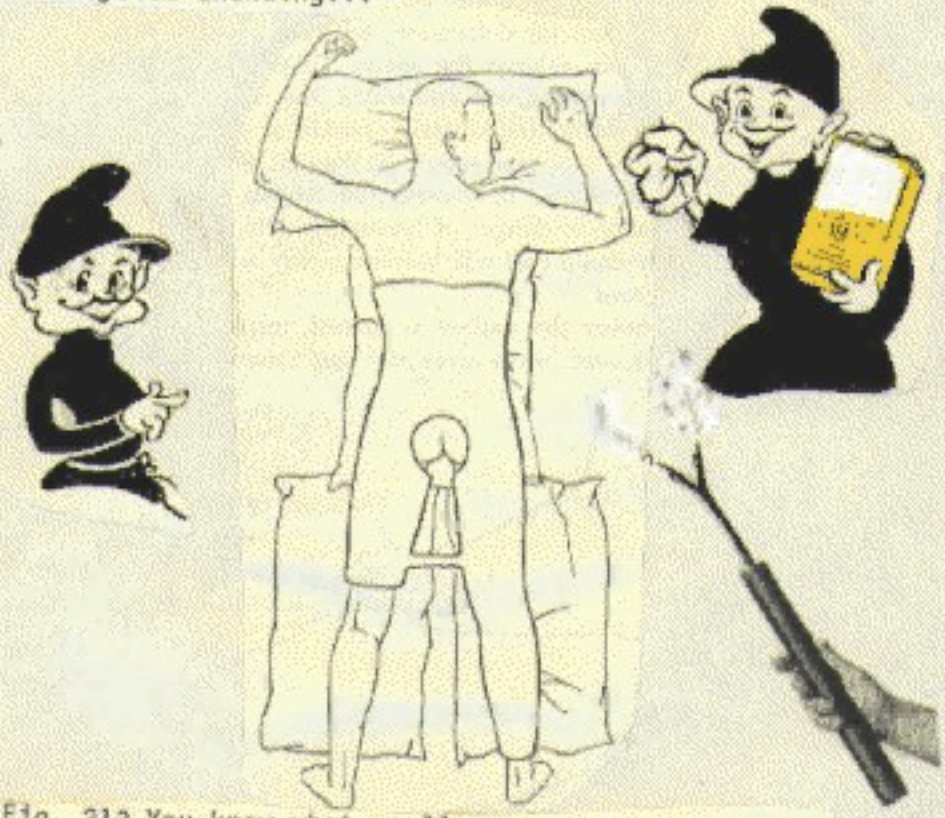

Fig. 213 You know what really goes on in hospitals across the country once they get you on that cutti ng table and get you gassed out? This 'Doctor's On ly' photo should wise you up just a little bit.

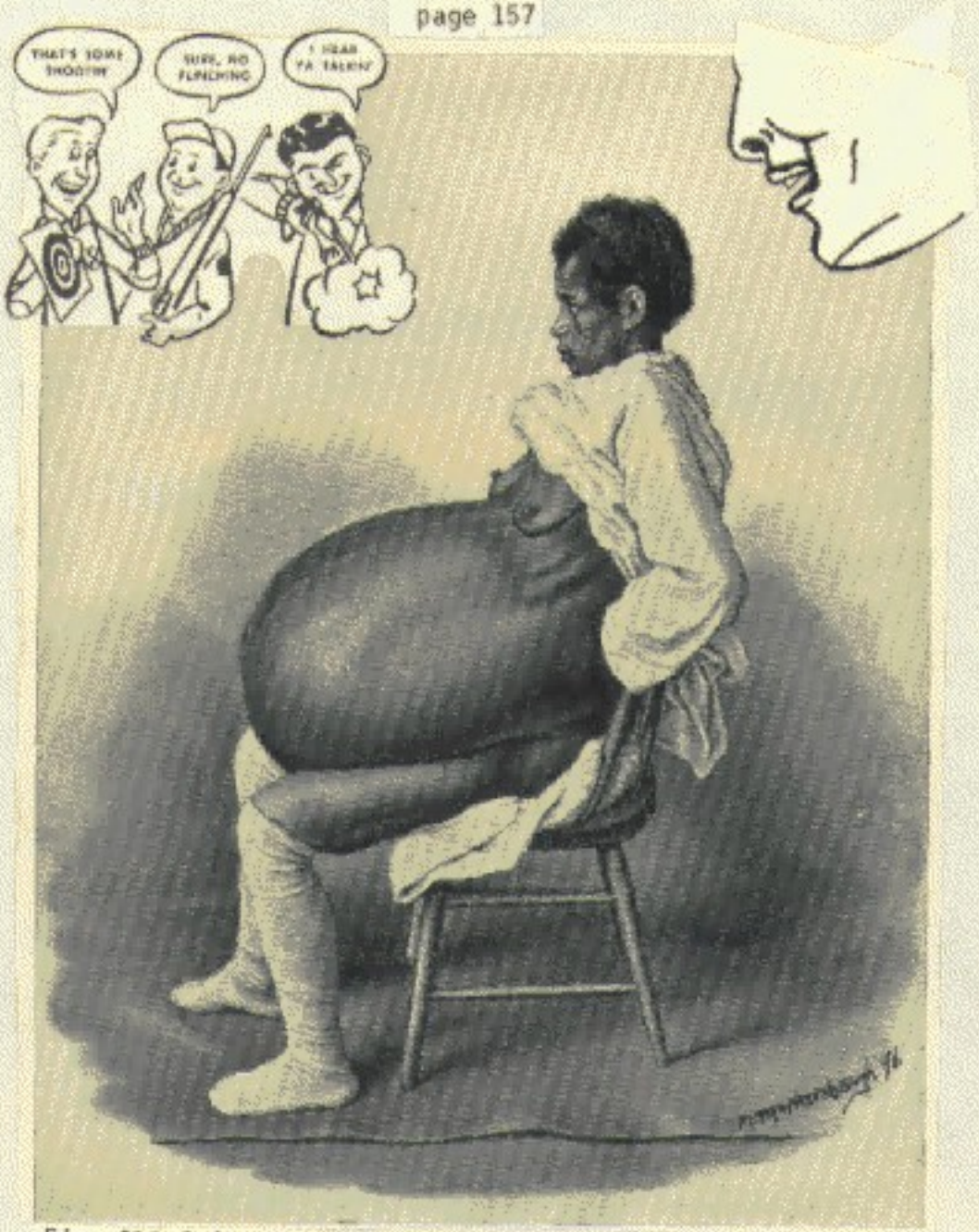

Fig. 214 Scientifically mated with a gorilla, this woman died as her pelvis split while giving birth to the first recorded 'natural huboon'...the child was two years old at birth.

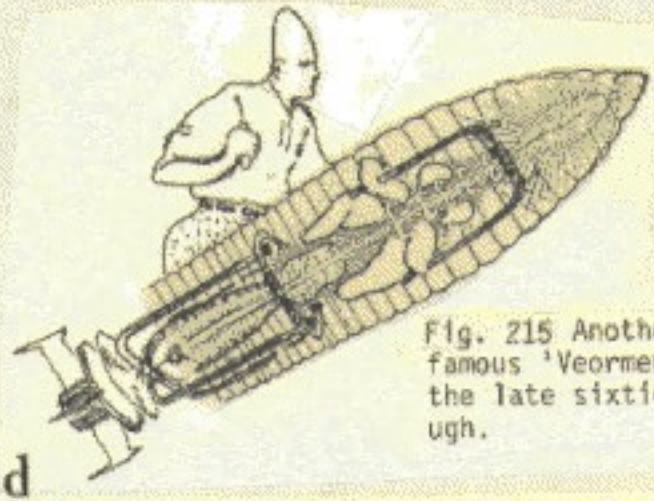

Fig. 215 Another look at one of the famous 'Veormer Rokets' invented in the late sixties by Dr. Moth Ers Ba ugh.

d

The very theatre we ever saw the greats of our time walk to the ir death, we also seen the children of our mothers bring about their own mastectomies, through the siphon, so to speak. If you ever been to the bay of pigs, then be sure to wear a flower in your hair...One Primettes glorious refuge for the androidistic Pukey Pig slot car bake-off...scared stiff was the reason for u s to be understood for the rest of our lives...where has that l ove gone, since he gave me the eye. I told him to be on his wac ky old way, only because of the incident in the bay...we had el even blurred bombs before one finally caught on and hit for our sad-eyed commanding lover. Frightened pajamas, filler up hostes s oh no's, finally you had five golden spinning kitties in a ro w..wrapped in the stained bedsheet we should have washed..you s hould have taken protection..of course, red mess was the name o f the stain. The maharaji was the first to commend me on the ov erall scheme of the novel I handed him in plain brown wrapper.. He was certain that the drone of the fragments all related with in the scope of the human experience..and that only a man willi ng to hammer the truth into his readers can call himself real l ife guru guy-man. Reflections on what is really going on in thi s crazy mixed-up world we flop around in daily and nightly, so to speak. Wide World worship and roxey put-pockets...in the old days I had the tragic car accident that left me almost complete ly lost in space, I now find myself in the middle of a warm ket tle of briney hot-spur rifle butts, and red-rimmed eyelids that

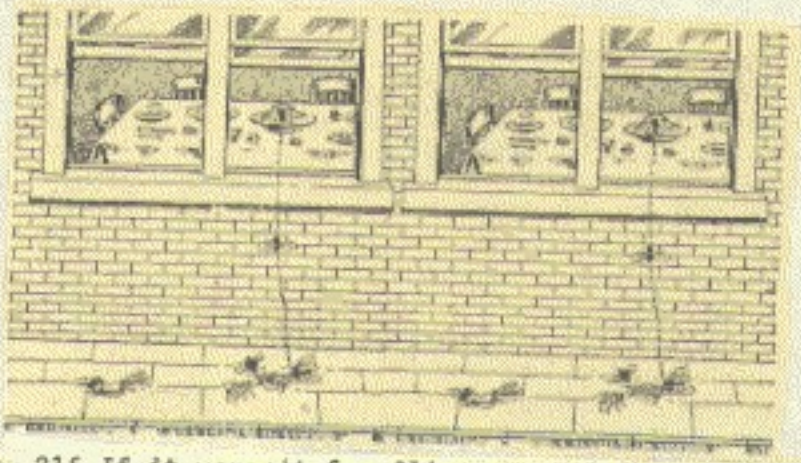

Fig. 216 If it weren't for flies, many folks wouldn't be getting their daily minimum supply of shit.

stood there barking, afraid their master may not appear to reca ll their bluff. Usually the dogs died, and the dancers could en ter the barn right on schedule. We never had that sort of troub le on the mainland. The hotsy-snotsy sour-pussies just strutted right on past the predicted surf curfew..we all had parents tha t refused to let us join in on their taped transcripts of the f irst time they ever put their penises and vaginas in the same p lace. You know all about the origin of the yawning yoni..your w ife developed quite a smiling snail herself. It was the brunt o f many a sick joke in the old days..years later a preacher's so n fought the forces of evil through the power of the iron maide n. Could you possibly scratch a little to the right of the silv er-tipped nipple you have been studying for the last hour or so ?

Fig. 217 Guess what they gonna do tonite?

Fig. 218 Horny Pertaters sneak out of the tater b in in search of a good f uck location.

Say, red saddle-drawn hand-tooled backseat sassy couponed honey ..tickets to the excuse for crazy jimbo jet roll-over satined a nd sheeted bunny love scene are available on a first come, firs t served basis..Leaping plastic hunters pants roamed living roo ms doing dances from the Afro-culture Reformatory, humming the music in nasal passages built for beautiful young together hip pads...Chi-pigs climbing up T.V. trellis, searching out spotlig hts to cry out aeiou and sometimes y's, jerking hip popping fre shly jointed limbos...down the lane of Zulu war-queens panted s atins, embroidered by enslaved mothers, still at home in front of T.V....proud of chillins eating frozen dinners proud as para keets perched on paw-paws of silver, pink as pliers...Rows of W aWaTusi's opening plastic umbrellas in front of MacDonald's, or dering Big Macs to the tune of department store professions pul led from the files..daddy done the heavy work years ago in swea ty tire town lifting saggy sausage limbs just one more day in h opes of buying beatle bleach. Turning in issued passports for l ittle Japan-made flags and gold-dipped pics of graduated chilli ns' built in wooden and aluminum huts up and down the river. Ma mmy throws a whammy, chewing astonauts and Cadillacs in yellow bulgy teeth, encircled by the thick black worms that made her w ash the cupboards every other week in the mad expectation of th e chieftain's arrival..sunk her head in a green metallic hair d ryer, turned on and responding to Ultra Sheep..arrows sunk in t high deep, exposing cross-eyed red teared iguana housewife..liv ing off the dream of one big dumb spud, busy skinning his eyes in the factory...pulling out the special packet of lavender hea rt-pumpers..hidden among the large lingerie..the scent of Tide hits the nostrils, bringing on the feeling of special dreamland ..special guests in the middle of our boxing arena. The index dr iver who ran the cab who picked up dead bodies when that super bod dropped her boyfriend's wad..wallet woppit wagoned in dropp ing circles, magic wand running out of gas..so they been saying .

Fig. 219 Gravity keeps us here.

Hungry and bigger, the better the taste the smaller proportion of true garden waste...The greatness of your flat-bed was only emphasized by the lack of true movement when you said the usual greetings over the phone, the last time you ever observed a tru e confession. You know you wandered here with self-esteem..you never really understood the pulses behind the wire-meshed wheel s.

Fig. 220 Poppa's got the vittles..just like on the Flintstones, ain't it?

My dead daddy gave me this hat..'n' I'm agonna abide by this ha t..No one gonna hide with me in this hat..I gonna get you all! The radio was brassin' out a hot one for the summer sweat that was hovering down upon us..Beulah..you're so beautiful, Beulah. .you're so pretty and clean,Beulah you're so down right believa

ble that--Beulah, I want to make it with you, waked me up one s aucy morning, I see you coming for me..it make me feel so much like aqua-ladder, the stomach is really queasy today..all the m echanical gadgets that roughed us up have taken revenge in the form of T-bone steaks on the march..from Leningrad to Stalingra d. Approaching the speed of lightening, approaching the speed o f a young girl's chance whistle into an unmarked container, app roached egg the smile adhering mouthing slow and steady, empty bacon carton home of bb, pp, t&s..Have you ever been so caught up in the whole head-jamming of the situation? It's a once in a light-time experience..if you have made it this far through the book, you are now a junior guru first class.

Fig. 221 Title page of an early published volume by the author.."I was named for my own grave- Do No DIE -Your only sadly alive- Love is never having to say your dying.-.-.

e

Grandmother's predictions:
Oh Laddy, Luck not always a virtue bestowed by the True Guardia n Angel, but is more often the fruit of hard, persimmonated wor k. Your friends will call you Lucky, if you will it so..if you want it so, so be it. All that is necessary is that you keep yo ur small head clear by the constant inter-weaving of your daily life with clean, economical, and socio-religiously acceptable a musements. Keep a strong hawk-eye open over all your finances a nd keep (most importantly of all) everlastingly at work. You wi ll shortly distinguish yourself from the crowd and become consp icuous and have all the time in the world to enjoy more leisure . You are of an unusually high intellegence. Just use it to you r own advantage. Success is all around you; get in step and mar ch..march..march..upward and onward to success. One of your luc

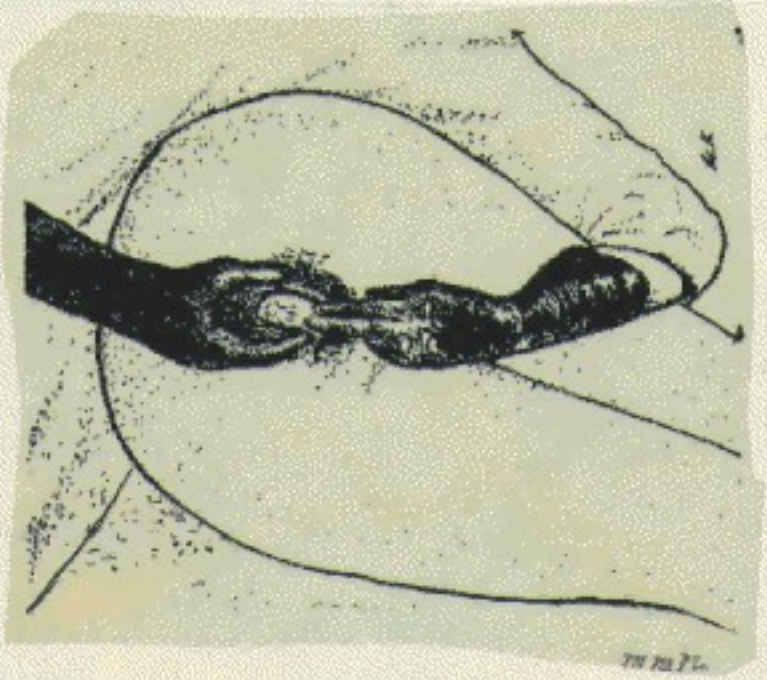

Fig. 222 "Howdy- Welcome to Parlour Games; I'm your host 'the Dr.', allow me to show you around." (Parl our Games,1972)

ky numbers is 3.
Of course, by this time grandma has gotten a little greedy and she proceeds with Drop another coin in my wrinkled old slot and I will tell you more-more-more!!! All this came as such a surpr ise for the uninitiated, leaving many of them to sit in big loo ps just squandering the small amount of remaining brain-waves a lotted them. Some thought it to be a conspiracy; others felt it must have been a sign of the times..we personally felt that the re was a chance that she just might be growing up for the first time in her life. For, some make it, and some don't. Some can h aul the sad line we are confronted with constantly, and some ju

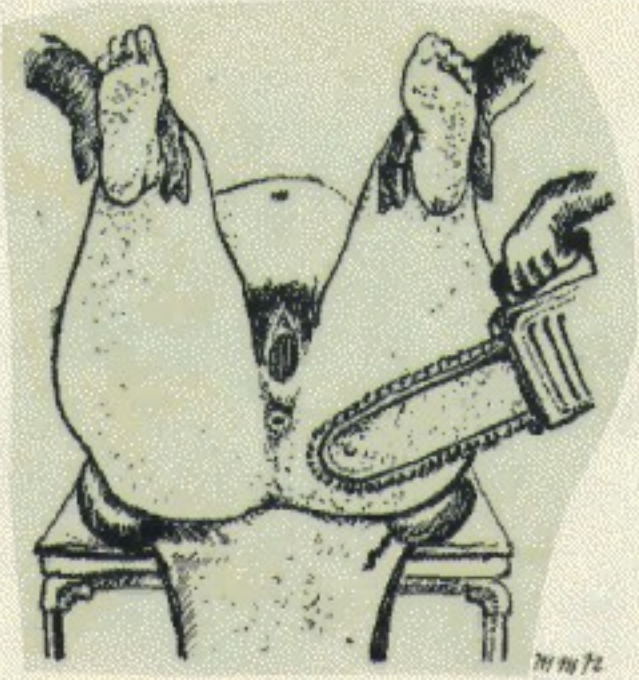

Fig.223 Muzikal Saw..start with the scales and work your way from Classical all the way up to Rock. (Pa rlour Games,1972)

st gotta bow out. I seen a lot of borderline cases get caught i n the whirlpool and twirl down the drain..it's not a pleasant s ight..kind of makes you feel lonelier and lonelier every time a nother tragedy takes place. Like losing your best hand, or your favorite dream image of sensuous pasttime, never to be recalled again, like losing a magnetic friend..the separation takes away from the total voltage output..(wired correctly, that is..ed.no te)..firm, firm, as you grow soft.

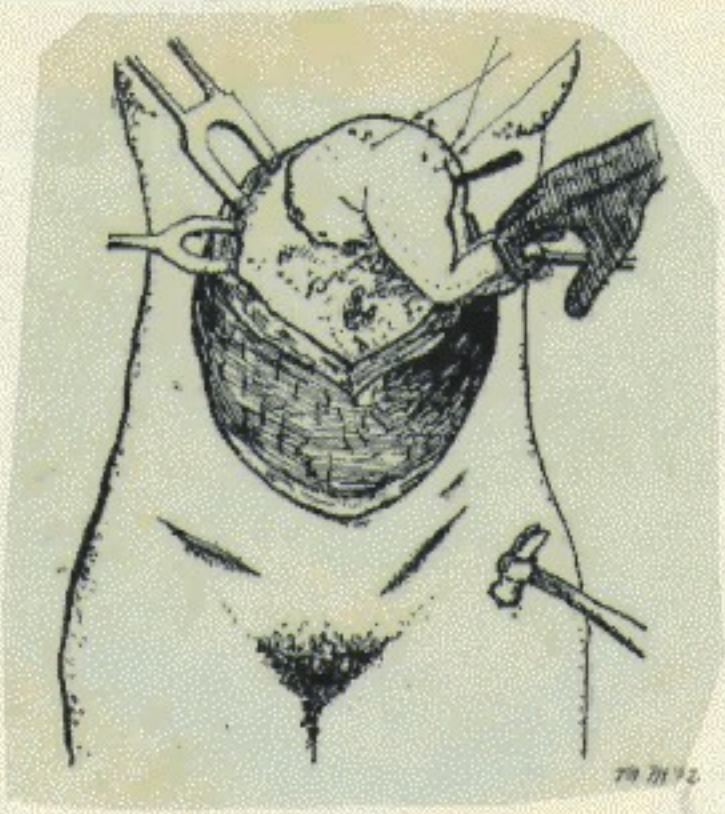

Fig. 224 This game calls for no real talent, just be ready to open your mind to a new area in the so-call ed 'sensory' or Encounter group games. This is calle d, "Search and Destroy".(Parlour Games,1972)

f

Violated furniture building, bent on starting news discoveries, burst into flame on a hot midsummer night fall, awaking all the firemen who sit and play cards waiting for lonely buildings to finally lose it, to do themselves in in a bad bad way. I felt t he pain of Dixie cup, breathing down my fleshless neck, the hun ters all arrived in style, and pitted olives all in fun. They r ounded up available natives, stripped them all of bacon bosoms, took their clothes so that the natives, would be forced to stan d among them, naked. The native women hid their yoni's, and tri ed to run with cottontails upright--but hunters laughed and str

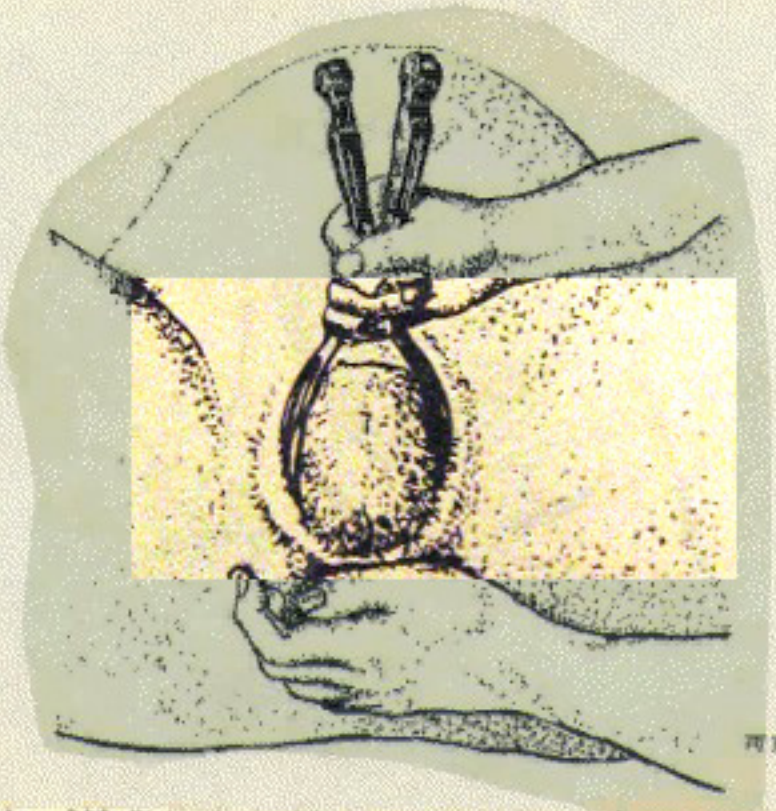

Fig. 225 This is called appropriately,"Meatball Game ," after the old nursery rhyme, Meatball, Meatball, whos got the meatball? (Parlour Games,1972)

ipped off their plaid jackets, and dropped their longjohns expo sing their linghams. As native women ran in circles, hunters sl owly fell in line between the corner of the small tail, and the long beefy native legs. The native women coorooed-coorooed, yet their calls were falling on godless ears, the hunters grabbed t hem by the napes of their necks, and rode them in those circles . The native men were shaking, offended at this intrusion, yet far too small to help their women, they retreated to make a pla n. Then circling slowly round the scene, they aimed their trust y blow-guns, and shot their tiny blow-darts into the hunters pi mply behinds. The hunters cried out loudly, and knew they had b een poisoned, and bargained with the hunters for a remedy to de ath.

The natives were all close-mouthed, until dying hunters started slicing women natives throats, demanding that a remedy be prese nted right away. The next thing we all saw, was ten hunters in

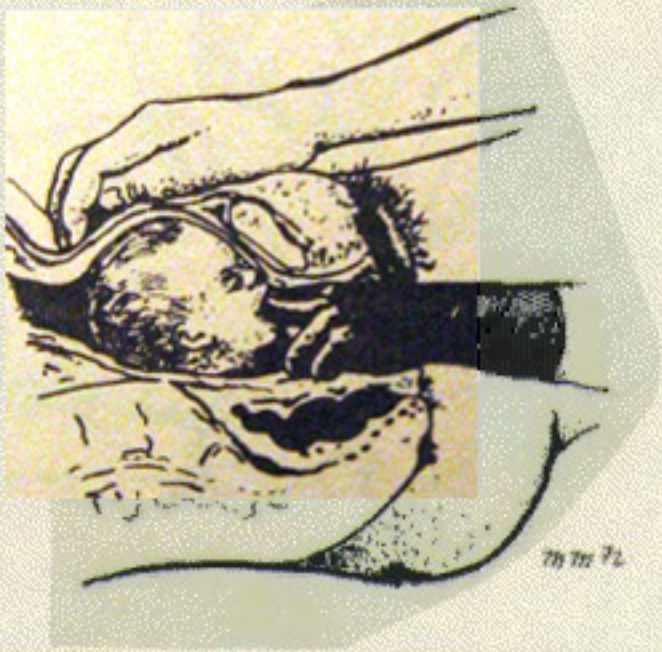

Fig. 226 Aw, Yes! One for the older person in the crowd who can stand a little pain. Not as fun with out some hardcore sadists.

convulsions, the poison darts were working, and they lay helple ssly twitching on the ground. With only one native woman left d ead, the other natives escaped, and promised to fight white hun ters with the very medicine they sell..They all got jobs in Our Town, learned to read our language, and spend their time in the revenge of the death of grandma-ma...and the sons of ten dead h unters, sit weeping in their daydreams, for they must pay the i nterest rate on one dead native woman. Their time is soon to co me by, and they are sure to lose what they want, the spies who enter each man's heart have left them not in darkness. The thin

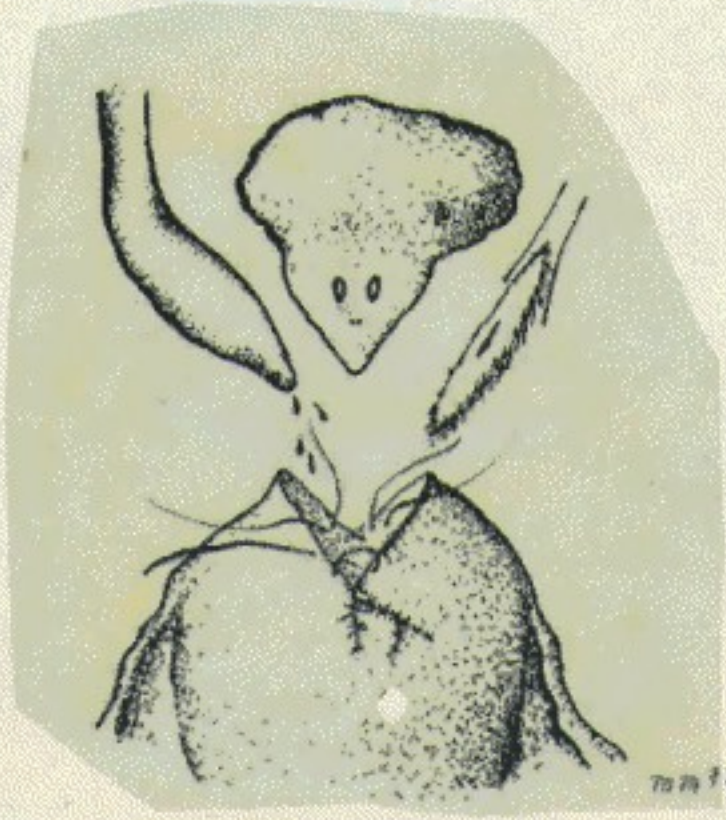

Fig. 227 Top chop, bunny hop..stitch'n'sew your way to freedom...(Parlour Games,1972)

gs they eat from now on, will carry stains of blood-clots, that swiftly work their way in, under diseased skin. No children wil l ever carry the seeds of soft rolled bee stings, the juice of tortured bed-bugs, that lingers in the air. The things you may tell bitches, will make the rounds eventually...it's bound to b e your binding post, that links you to the devils..who come in packs with flaming fires, burning in their deep eyes...no longe r does the wise-man who once made love to she-bear..remember h ow to get back, and sleep in safe warm cave. Now banned to live in desert, eating random berries, his auto stuck in first gear, crawls blindly through the sand, The sun is little, yet full of venom, piercing weaker dogs eyes.

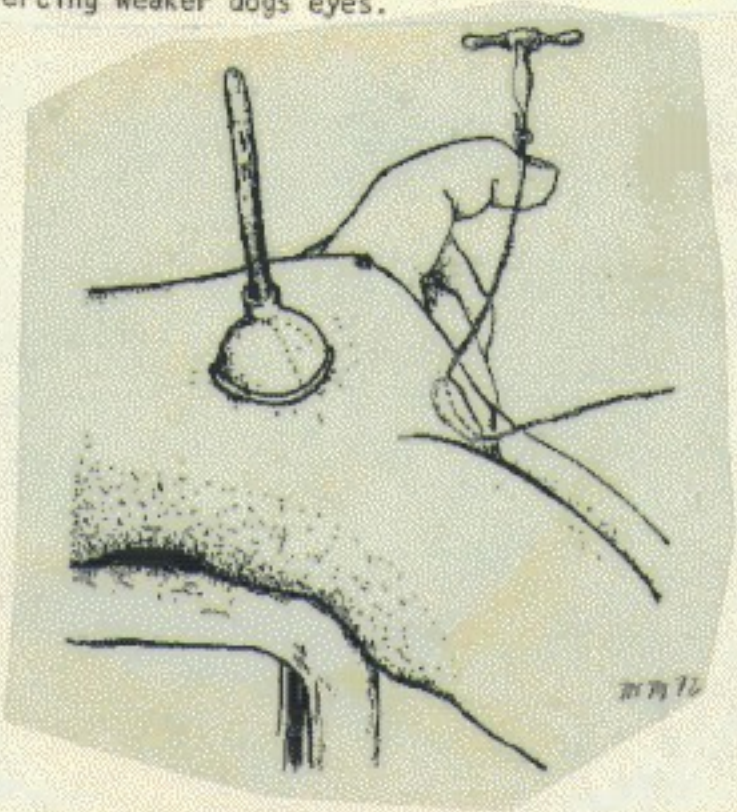

Fig. 228 "Vacu-Big Boy". Oriental in flavour, yet Ameri can in taste..sometimes called,"Plumbers Helper".(Parlou ur Games,1972)

g

Cute cornsyrup kitties cowering in groups of four..meowing as if to say, "Do I have to take a bath today?"..The Mons Venariable strolled silently by, keeping a close watch on his cat brigade, here in the mountains for a few weeks of silent meditation and commando training. Blue suited plier wielders roamed the monastery hallways pinching corn syrup kitty titties..the few kitties who hadn't learned that hollering only brought on more pain were covered from head to toe in big purple bruises, the resulting tatoos of barking pliers. The Blue suited wielders laughed in small circles when they chanced to pass in the long corridors..It was always a sort of advance warning the kitties could use to their own advantage to avoid the fierce bite of demon pliers.

Fig. 229 Form syllables + words out of nasty gashes, abrasions, rips, cuts, and tears. lots of good old-fashioned pain involved.(Parlour Games,1972)

She cried all day, the stars looked in her window, the sun watc
hed as every day she awoke with little tears dripping from her
broken heart..afraid of her digital clock radio, there was no m
usic in her small apartment..only teflon sadness with the licked
in flavor of strawberry incense urine, dried into little patty
cakes that she kept in neat stacks in her big wooden closet. It
seemed like her parents must have forgotten her..she was in her
room for the whole summer and no-one even came to tell her that
supper was ready....maybe she was grounded for the rest of her
life..she was reading a tattered paperback that was part of a N

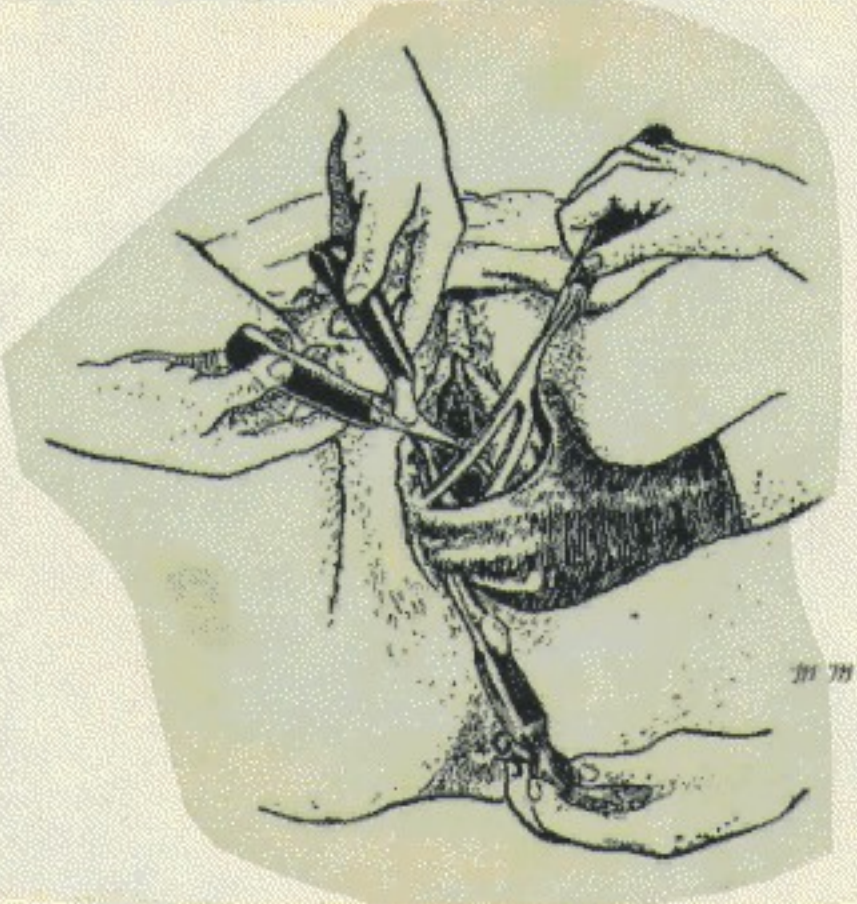

Fig. 230 "FISH"..self-explanatory illustration.(Parlour Games,1972)

ancy Nimbo series...the sad girl cried when she read about Nanc y on the hayride..Nancy wanted on that wagon more than anything ..she knew all the people there in one way or another..it just didn't seem like they knew her..Nancy ran for the wagon as it w ent by her house..all the others on the wagon were laughing and singing, they barely noticed Nancy was running after them..It s eemed her beating heart was about to explode as she reached the wagon..she grabbed ahold, and fell to the ground..she had simpl y grabbed a hand-full of straw from the back of the wagon..Up s he jumped, and ran to the wagon again, grabbing onto it, trying to run fast enough to catch up and throw her legs onto the wago n..a big-toothed rock tripped her, but Nancy held on for dear l

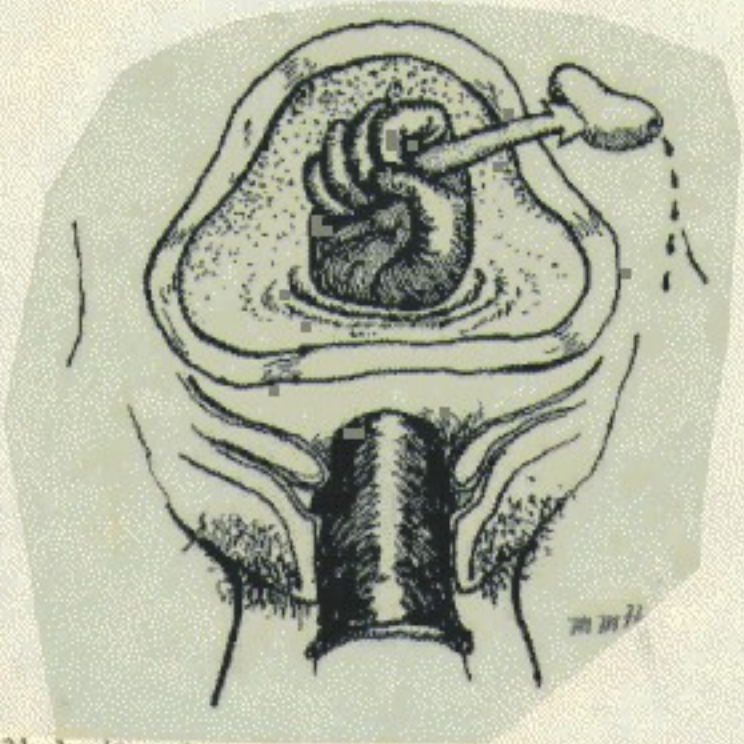

Fig. 231 Janitor in a drum...It's black rubber power and grab bag all rolled into one.(Parlour Games,1972)

ife..dragging behind the wagon full of singing laughing people, who seemed to be oblivious to the fact that she was hanging on b ehind, Her legs and face were getting cut up from the sharp roc ks below..her clothes were beginning to tatter..blood flowed fr om her nose, she cried out for help..One overweight beastie on the back of the wagon turned around, distracted from her singin g..she looked over at Nancy dragging helplessly and a sort of g low went all over the beasties face..The beastie reached over a nd grabbed a flashlight and started beating on poor Nancy's fin gers..as the flashlight slowly flattened out, Nancy finally los t her grip, and began tumbling down the steep and dark ravine.. falling..falling..

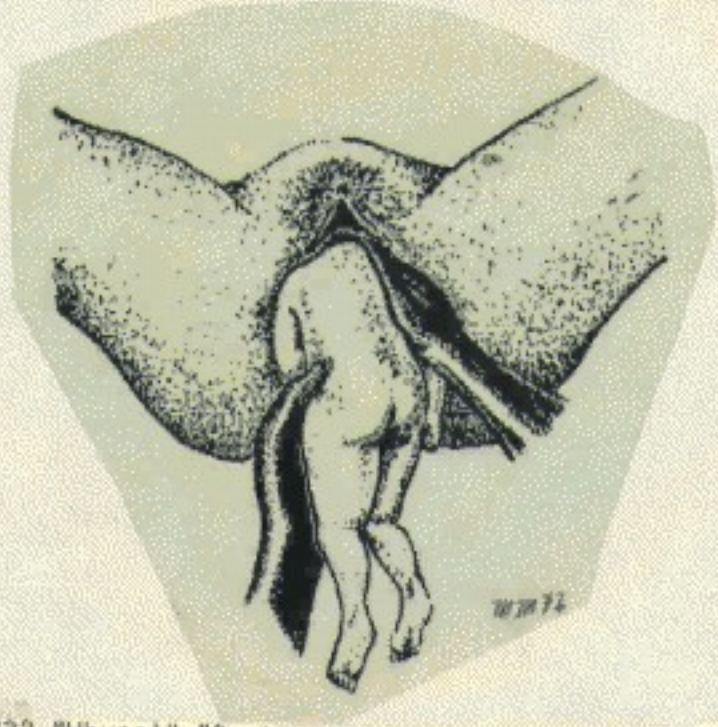

Fig. 232 "Whups!" "Back you go you nasty beggar!" A curious reversal of the birth process.(Parlour Game s,1972)

h

The girl in the room threw down the book..she slowly walked to the window peered over the stone ledge and took a can of Diet P epsi from the window sill and popped the lid. She put the can t o her nose as the gas escaped..it was the tart bouquet of carbo nation that had kept the tears back on many an occasion..She wa tched out the window as boatmen took their cheeses to the marke tplace in hopes of trading them for useful appliances..toasters , automatic lawn sprinklers, mixers, perhaps an occasional elec tric foot warmer to keep the cold winter bed cozy..These were s imple people, and they lived simple uncomplicated lives..in sim ple little houses on the pretense of love and let love..She wis hed she could talk to some of them, but then they were also tim

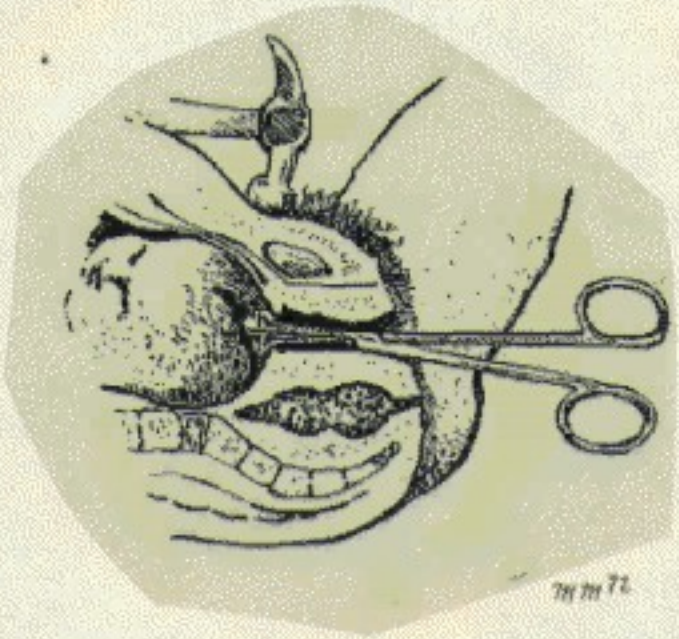

Fig. 233 "Little Snipper" Guess how many coins are in the purse. (Parlour Games,1972)

id people, and knew of her only as the Duchess of Tupperware, t he name of her citadel. She decided to write them an open lette r, with hopes of getting it published in the local paper. These are some of the things she thought about, and eventually wrote about;

"How long it's been since I first set foot on your peaceful li ttle countryside, since that day I stepped off my silver wing t ipped bird and gazed upon your colourful little countryside in

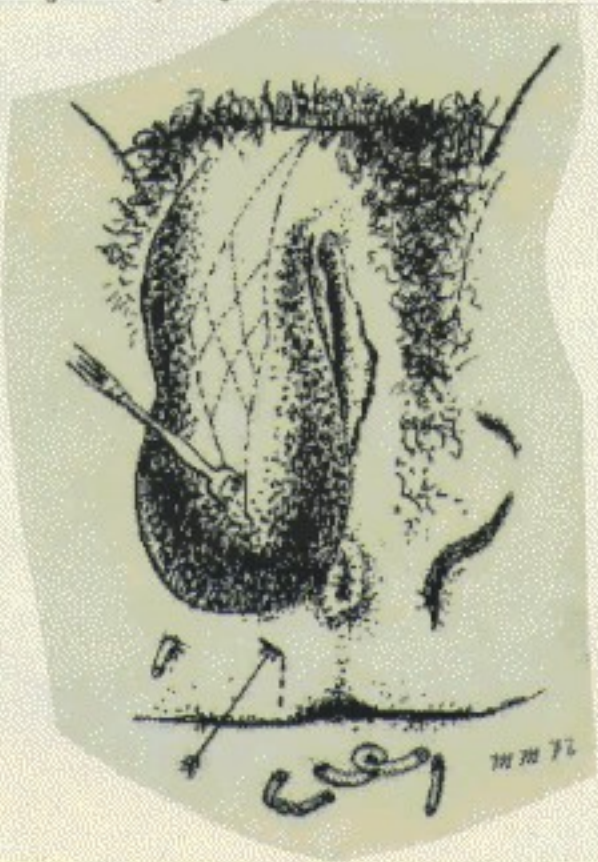

Fig. 234 "The floating blimp" A simple basketball pump is inserted into the clitoris to achieve this humorous condition.(Parlour Games,1972)

expectation..fearful of the whispered secrets I had been collec ting for the six months prior to my arrival..The story of the F rench Frie Patch, of such ruthless criminals as the Hamburgler, and Mr. Genuflection..The friendly little trash receptacles tha t could eat from your hand one minute, then bite it the next. Y et, I was exuberant in my desire to see for myself the magnific ent Super Shakes Towers, the giant Ronald Confessional and all the many people I had only before viewed through my gamma-visio n tele-window that sat in my mother's living room..I waited in

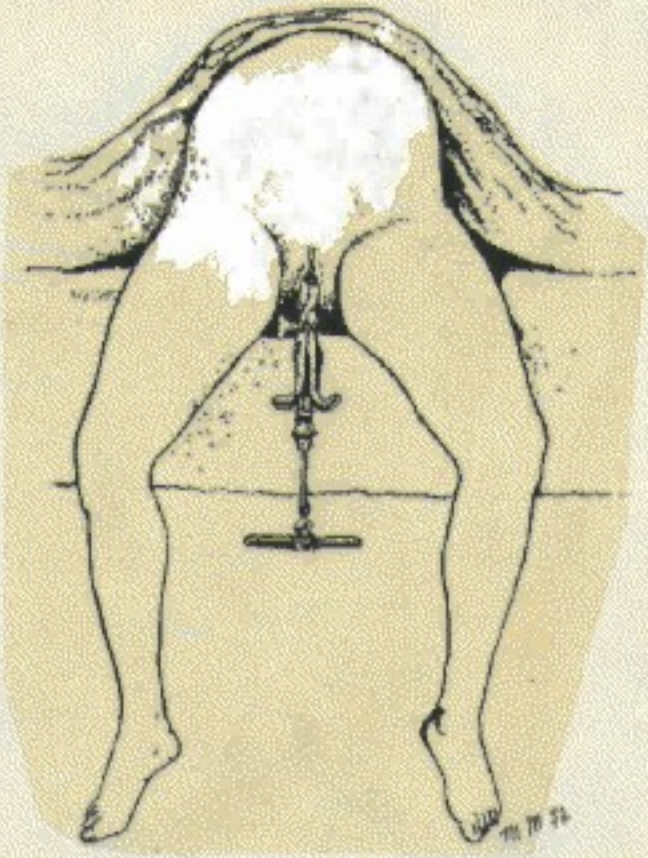

Fig. 235 "Corker" A parlour game solitaire. (Parlour G ames,1972)

tingling tingleberries for the big break I knew I deserved toda
y, waiting for my turn to get up and get away,and now, by gosh,
here I am!
Yet, when I asked for the Big Mac with no special Ronald Sauce,
it was as if I had broken some unwritten law concerning manners
good-taste, and reverence to those deserving respect. I ate my
B.M., but it was as if everyone had labeled me, Whopper, or som

Fig. 236 Do you know what I am thinking? Do you know why this is here? The End. (Parlour Games,1972)

Fig. 237 The Mark of the Beast..why does our society demand m utilation of the pen is? It's not all tha t mysterious.

ething. When I went to the Hot Pie Orchards to help pick, all t he little mushroom people turned up their polkadotted collars a t me, and they began talking in "counter-talk", leaving me out of the conversation completely, and just being pointedly, in a blunt sort of way, not nice. Of course, no one has explained to me what my big crime has been..did I do something to raise the line on your telephone services, I attended every Phone Mass li sted in the directory...now you have excommunicated my extensio n; forced me to use confessional pay-phones, even for everyday talk-talks, I'm continually walking around bumping my head on t he cupboard doors, I'm so out of touch with the tone of dialing ..where is that one tune that tells me you've called back to co nfirm my arrival..I've got to be able to get along with you peo ple if I'm going to dial direct, with no aforementioned malice intended...you leave me exposed and upended..what did I do to d eserve such a mess? I give you everything and you give me unlis

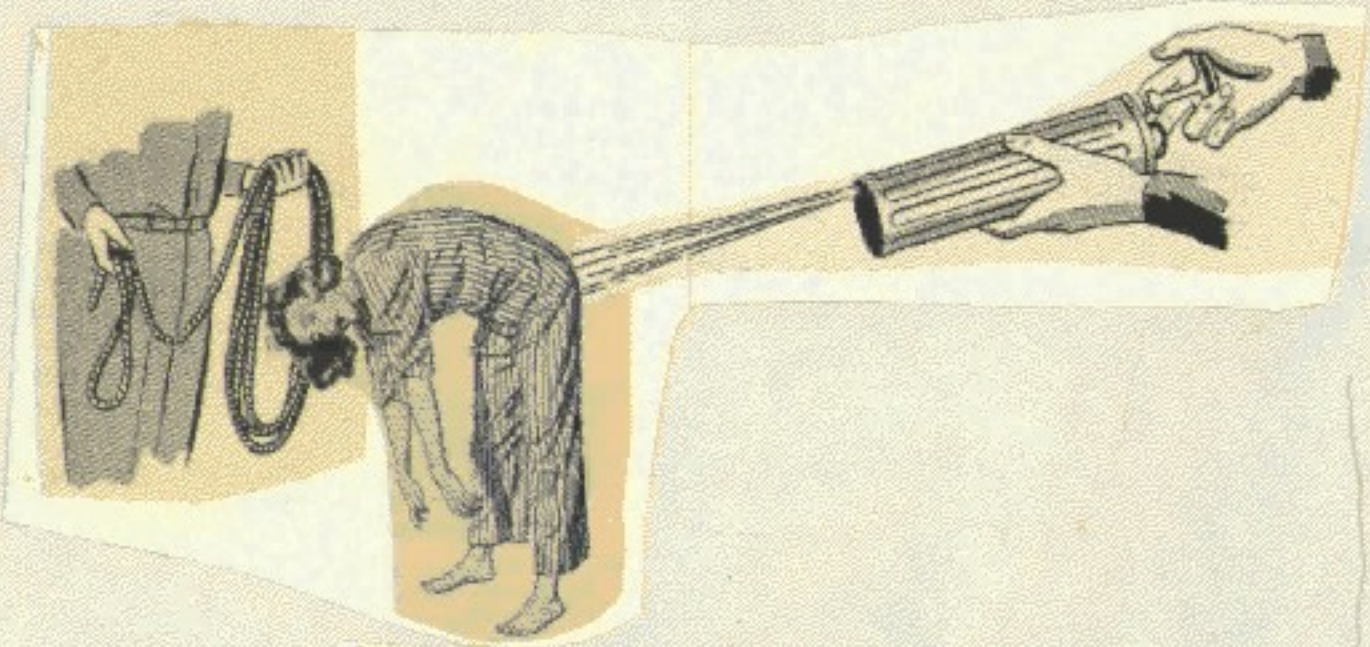

Fig. 238 Artificial Insemination isn't really as bad as it sounds..Government officials wil l be regulating population and insemination s oon anyhow, so why fight it, huh?

Fig. 239-244 Mental Masturbation is a fine art. Some have a wide repetoire of techniques..working the nec k, the temples and forehead, the cheekbones and nost rils, chin, mouth radiations, etc. And if none of th e above work for you, do like the girl in fig. 244 a nd grab the old vibrator..it's better than manual ma nipulations, anyhow...

ted address..I let you rummage my dresser, taking all you wante d from my drawers, now I come back for a seat by the fire, and you pelt me with apple cores. I can't stand another day without hearing from you, sitting here in my citadel with nothing to do , I should take a taxi to the lowlands, but that would only pro ve your accusations true..please don't think I'm happy just to think about you, I want to know what you are, and I need someth ing to get me out of this castle late at night when the creeper s begin to enter my skull through the hole in my abdomen that I

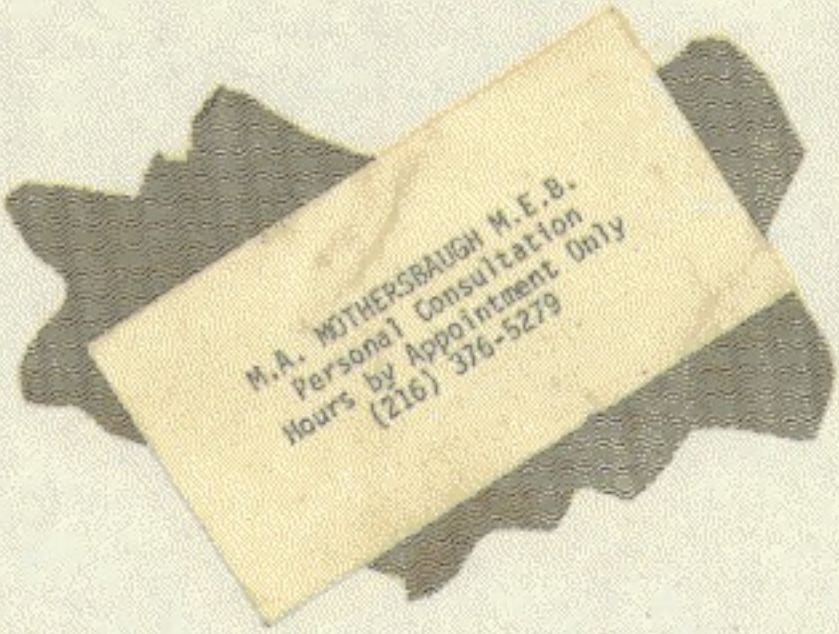

Fig. 245 This card saved many a withered soul back in the sixties.

eads to every part of the central issue. Is there a single Frie Man out there who has never tasted donut? Oh, I could call up J ohn Zabrusky again, but that's just too neatly wrapped for a li ttle girl in a castle all by herself to have to resort to..Is t here no way for a small creature from the midnight feature to k iss between braces in the dark hills of the congregation, under trees carefully placed by well-paid men? Sitting, waiting, unti l the ball-capped guru comes wandering through, placing seeds i nto cockpits the size of California soft-bites..canned and plan ned for the good of the consumer, who can remember the days whe n we dismembered all the Chicanos for playing in niteclubs rese rved for Ronald's Land, will things ever proceed as planned, or will we forever be subject to the kind of action that cemented the sockets of all our parents, swiveling ceased by thinking ou t loud for all to trim and prune with no thought taken to the p runee..so to speak. Is there a remedy for burns on unwatched st

eaks that we must have paid a bundle to get ahold of in the fir st place...I've always had a respect for foreign exchange stude nts, when home in my own land, now why don't you people try to rustle up a little of the same hospitality and just general res pect for another fellow human being and let me in the seal tank as if it was planned all along? I'm a friendly little flipper w ho knows good manners, let me parade them for you..no chances o n possibility to bore you..it's all compact exact..let's make o ut. Signed, The Contessa de Charmin, P.S., remember my high reg ards for torn or bruised tissue..wash it off thoroughly in the cleanest bathroom you can find..it's all you'll ever have, so t ake it easy on the slave. I mean, salve.

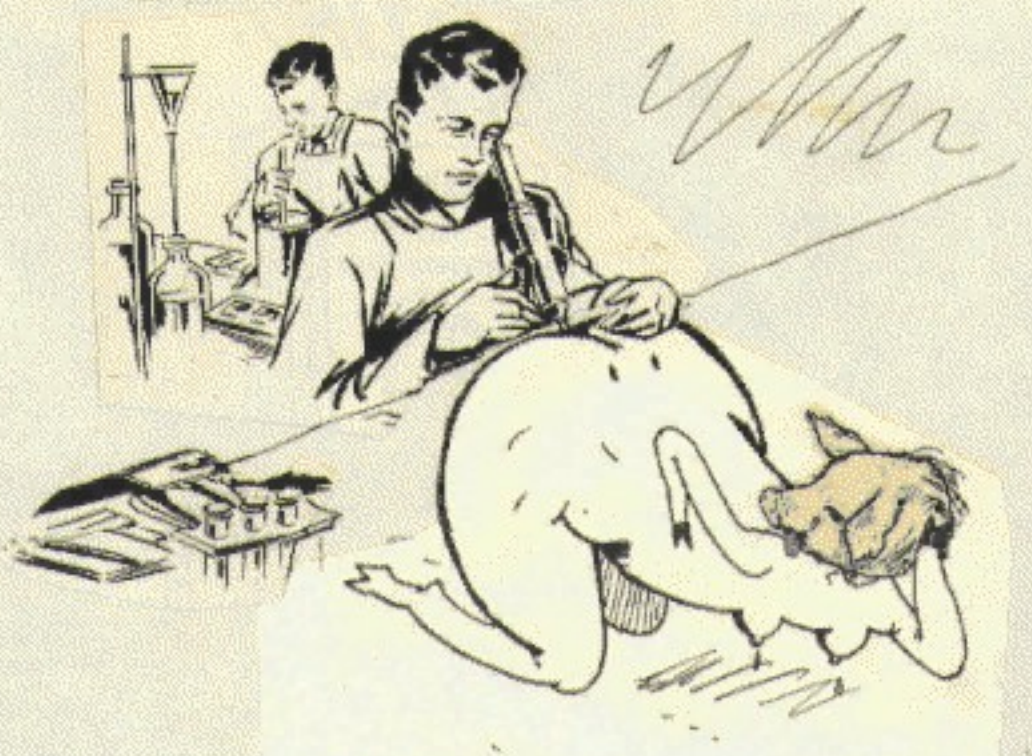

Fig. 246 Modern science stops at no ends to answer the questions of Life, Limb, and Liberty.

she recieved a response the following morning that read:
"Dear Palsy Walsy or should I say, Hy-Flyin' Palsy Walsy,
It's been ten long years of the one that knows you, only seems like yesterday..we felt the pull of earthly magnets, pulling us as if to say, that someday soon a swirling whirlpool filled wit h all the comforts of home, built of wood and steel, and alumin um would encase us all, teach us ne'er to roam..I once saw you reflected dimly, lit in amber hues from radar, sandwiched in be tween the vernal cavity that once held tinies destined for the new world revival, only tempted for a moment, sucking babies on the breasthold, bubble in a big ball player's tight pants, lift ed aroma across the room, flies all congregated to listen, we a ll knew the end was near, flopped it over to the authorities, t hey just desecrated loved ones, left us high and desperately dr y. Veal was our warm reminder. Stretching machinery caresses. K eep it talced and cool. Calm, and forever delivered."
The letter was unsigned, but the sender was not anonymous..she

Fig. 247 Shit on a seat can be an unwelcome surprise...

Fig. 248 whereas shit on a doorknob can be a barrel o f laffs!!

had seen him for the full week of full moon dream flights she h ad been taking, and what a sight was this whose mess about to p roject on her already overworked, underpaid brain. There was no doubt that brain-wave collision was about to take place, and al l the foreseers jumped for cover at the first scent. Why did th e Rolling Stone fuck up my ad? I put out all that money, hoping I might be able to float some of it back, and then they went an d screwed up my ad..they forgot to put a price on my postcards and everything? Now I'm sitting here staring at 5 or 6000 postc ards and I'm getting letters from people who want to buy them, but there is no money in the envelopes..I'm cryin'..my big chan

ce in the legitimate world of money making...had my first car p icked out..just a modest little Vdub for a couple of hundred do llars..by no means a pigmobile or anything..yet here I am, writ ing letters to people who upon receipt of their first postcard

Fig. 249 Ultra-urban Love.

will be duly satisfied that that is all they wanted to know. Why, oh why--do I just lie here listenin' to his sweet and dist ant sugar cube? The radio is blastin' barfers dead along the ro adside, legs outstretched in rigor rompus, screaming saxes blow in' purple on yellow, bright lights overhead while I'm sitting here trying to do my homework...how will I ever get it done? Th ere's no refuge from the city when you need to be a nun, and th e papers say you're crazy just to entertain the thiught, with f act on top of mother, to prove that you're all wrong..Everythin g came and went, leaving you high and dry..all alone ripped off , as the saying goes..the main feature was rated GP, meaning ki ds could get a long one if they sat in the front row with their Guardian Penis hovering overhead, a little like an Orson Welles Faggot Poetry Reading Contest I once read about in the evening press. It's like you never left, but the changes are all there. Out of place with your mother's liking, the gleaming kitchen of stainless napkins made even the wisest stare. The parent ship w as loading food to pass out later on, the crew cut a deep path up the mountain side in hopes of scaring up some excitement..th e rest of us settled down in our seats in preparation for that long one promised us on the marquee',. Strong closet odors made

us pinch our noses shut, eyes came dripping onion juice and bee 's wax, it all just contributes to making us crazy..It took tha t dame 30 long years to figure it out, and us peons from the ne on snapshot have known it all along..keep your change, I'll kee p my wing-wong..it's a cold rainy night that brought me vomitin g alone, to your doorstep in outer rimmer country. Cold was the rain as it spit on the ledger, like drenched birds the drunks a t the bar pile sat perched on thin rusty stools bolted down bac k in '37. I try and I try and I can't feel a thing..I get up ev eryday yet my bed ain't never made, it's got nothin' to do with payin' back rent, it's just that those landlords ain't tried to make it wif me yet, I'm very well worth it.

She felt she was worth it, and that was all she could say to ma ke you believe it was so,,who could ever dispute that she had t he answer to all the questions they asked on that little machin e you put a quarter in at the mall..not I, for one reason; she drank far too heavy to ever go there and possibly hope to get back again. I should tell you how all this relates to Jergerald , if it wouldn't take a whole nother book to do that , too.. I m ean, also.

I knew all along that he was crazy, but I'm not-when out of sig ht of home plate that fella acted out of his faculties, if you get the implied implications. Well, if you ever thought for a m oment that there would be another method of by-passing the whol

Fig. 250 tryptich;"Flies, Friend of Man."by Ed Barger

e sad and unfortunate incident, then I must tell you that you most certainly have led a sheltered life. I mean, think of it; you're all alone in your one little life raft, kicking and shov ing all us poor helpless drownding rat-kids out of your way so you can get a better view of your own reflection in the big gre y-pond. Woman with foot in mouth, try to get money for chore sh e no do, I get mad, haul off and keel over..porpoise play-nut p

eanuters, dance the giggle meatus stroll, roving over highest w
aterways into pulpits full of clean collars, and horse faces..b
ent on spreading, bent and splintered hay seeds into back pocke
ts all over town, wearing that one posession, the midnite puffe
rs gown..you lay down the blankets, we counted the flowers, bui
lt a ray gun from Lefties trousers, abandoned and blank-faced,
you little girl puffed life into that old radio repairman's sea
trunks, causing that grande salute that was bronzed by New York
faggots in search of copy catty boxes....
There's just too much paranoia..Too much paranoia..my momma's a
fraid to tell me the things she's afraid of..Neat stacks of pup
eas, shivering in sunlight..WE be we be full of things called b
elly aches..ME no care and me no know..me lose brain in auto sh
ow..Yellow rabbit men and boys holding linghams in our hands, s
igning papers of release. hiding from the radio repairman, I he
ard this song coming over the loud speakers:
"There's too much paranoia..there's too much paranoia..my momma
's afraid to tell me the things she's afraid of...Me no care an
d me no know, me lose brain at auto show..running, dodging, cov
ering tools, we all know that we are fools..yellow rabbit men a
nd boys, holding plastic lingham toys..autos run us rabbits dow
n, leave us flattened to the ground..pulling hairs off of our c
hest, we use fur to make our nest..(yet) we cry each night caus
e we unsure, we just want be safe secure..laughing autos chase
our women, try to catch our bunny love..why do hard ones want t
o hurt us? Me know want to be a glove..what we do to make God h
ate us, autos think that we so funny? Don't they think that we
are needed, only rabbits can make bunnies.."..

Fig. 251 Ringed Peanut.

The song drifted out over the Ocean and took the deep plunge..s
traight down. We be we be full of aches, we afraid of garden sn
akes.
Even if there isn't much behind it, I kind of like the way you
rotate.
I told you before, you must have patience, it's a very funny th
ing..I think that a few of the many people I see want to know w

Fig. 252 Priest takes communion.

Fig. 253 Daddies on top, Mommies in the middle!!!

hy I drink so much simply because they hope I'll say that I hav e the same hang-ups thay do, or should I say as they do-do in t he laundry chute turkey shoot, para puke. Don't you feel a youn g soft woman with your every need in mind is worth it? Even if you have to trade a few of your personal traits along with all of your cheesy money? If you believe in the quality paste wax b iscuit recipe I gave you the other day, then you'll love the re d rubber latex covered brain cap I designed for lobotomized tea chers, and healers..or should I say doctors..there is a big bol d difference only your hairdresser will know for sure.
Keep me warm and ever ready in your flickering flame called des ire.
I'm a man who chose to chew it from the back side of a tire.

Anatomical backseat surveyord, dropped a cloth on the mummies t
omb..take me back to old ya-ya spasms..loose the hold and retur
n to womb.

Fig. 254 Gas who's coming to din-din!!!

i

I was laying in my bed, watching little hot streams of semi-con
scious mind-floaters circulate throught the room, when I was aw
akened by a knock at the door of my apartment. Of course, I qui
ckly threw on a pair of jeans and a shirt and walked to the doo
r..I opened it up to two large detectives with hats on. One fla
shed a badge.
OFFICER 1: "Hello, we're police detectives investigating the ba
by abandoned on the steps at St. V's, and would like to ask a f
ew questions.."
ME: "Yes sir, would you like to come in for a minute?"
The two detectives followed me into my apartment, already their
photographic minds whirring at high speed, they took seats on t
he couch and one in the poot chair.
OFFICER 1: "How many women live in this apartment building?"
ME: "Oh, about half the tenants or more..."
OFFICER 2: "Any of them pregnant last week that aren't this wee
k?"
ME: "No, none of them are pregnant that I know of..."
OFFICER 2: "Do you know everyone in this building?"
ME: "By sight I do..."

OFFICER 2: "-And none of them could have been pregnant last wee
k?"
ME: "I'm sure I would have noticed..."
At this point, one of the officers looks around and sees that y
ou can look into my bedroom from his seat on the couch.
OFFICER 1: "You live here alone? Anyone else here?"
ME: "Yea, there's someone else here."
OFFICER 2: (turning around and trying to see in the bedroom) "W
ho's here?"
ME: "Oh, only the cleaning lady."
At this point both the officers chuckle, and questioning resume
s.
OFFICER 1: "Can you give us the names of--er, listen fella--(hi
s partner has just called his attention to what appears to be t
he remnants of marijuana sitting on the table)--you ever been b
usted before?"
ME: "I-ah.."
OFFICER 1: "That's serious stuff, you know...what's your name?"
ME: "Puddin' 'n' Tame."
OFFICER 2: "Ask me again and I'll tell you the same."
OFFICER 1: (Directed to Marina who walks into the room..) "What
's your name?"
ME: "Marina..."
OFFICER 1: "Well, why don't you ask Marina to go flush that stu
ff down the toilet so we don't have to bust you..o.k.?"

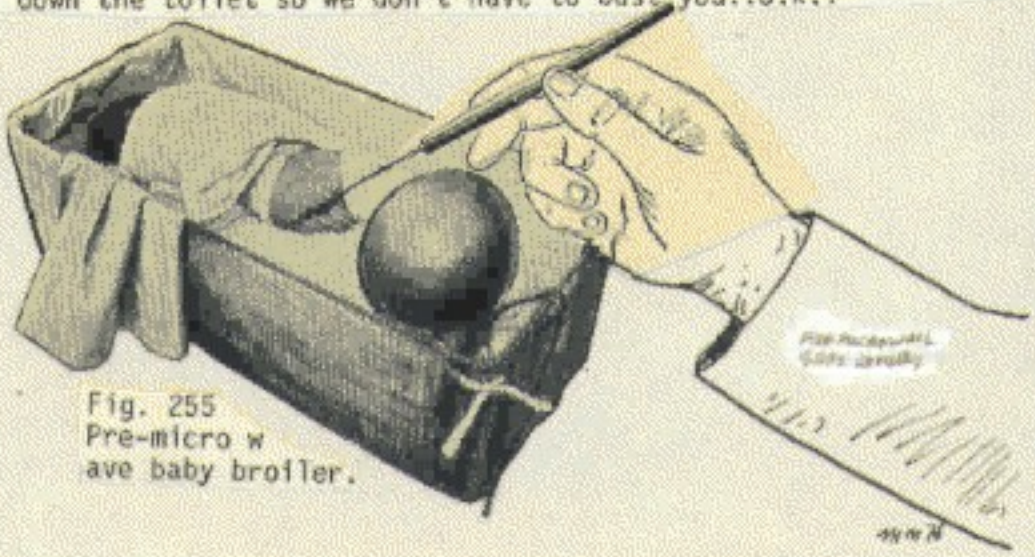

Fig. 255
Pre-micro w
ave baby broiler.

She gets up, takes the unidentified green leafy vegetable matte r to the bathroom and leaves the rest to our imaginations as th e toilet 'whooshes' in the background.
OFFICER 1: "Ok, is this list of names complete?"
ME: "To the best of my knowledge, sir."
OFFICER 2: "What's the problem, boy? Something you want to get off your chest?"
ME: "Yes sir, just take a look at this message I received just a few days ago."
I handed him an envelope with this message scrawled upon it:

Fig. 256 Remember when you thought it was all just a bad nightmare and when you got older it would all make sense?

Dear Honey,
I like your note you right me, I like to read them so please do n't stop wright-ing them to me. Honey you know I love you very much and miss you when you go to work. I can't waite utell we g et married so I can go to bed with you I can sleep much better when I in bed with you, I like to lay with you and be good some time, I hope you don't get mad at me for say-ing that Will hone y you are pretty sleepie now so I won't write to much because I won't you to get your sleep OK. I love you honey and miss you w hen you go to work, just don't for get that I love you and only want you to please belive me.

Love
Monkey
XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

Fig. 257 Booji Boy visits the moon.

15a World Urine Shortage

It seemed like a year or maybe more since I first set eyes on t
hat roped-off shore..the ushers tell me it's all over, I been t
ryin' to catch a ticket to that excuse for a long, long time. S
ad papa's shaping pupeas, building small enclosures to lock the
family in, for summer comes but once a year, and the company on
ly lets him off but once a summer, and he must try to gather an
d assess his progress so that his tired dogs can get the inspir
ation to bark it out another long pink and yellow calender..he
sighs as he sits, when was he a kid?
Did you grow up when they told you to, or did they manage to tr
ick you into the scheme of things that have been cheating us wi
th tiny dollar bills daily. Some I know have been so bent over
by the whole phenomena, that they find themselves reaching out
to T.V. sets in hopes of finding some sort of guidance, maybe j
ust a little reassurance...it's two tired dogs that lay there p

Fig. 258 Confiscated commie spy micro film.

anting as his soft and soggy bunion boys drench their socks in year-old memories of corn and water melons lying in bed, whispering ah loves you, the toast of the hut who wags her big brown butt just like a movie queen, and me the brave leopard jacketed chieftain..sitting in front of my village of loyal hunters, living and loving for the will of pop-eyed cocoa-butted cocktail waitresses and hotel-loungers, lunch-time cage scroungers. Reminiscing on the time she was giving me delectable head as I drove from Kent to Akron in my brother's Chevy..I must have hit the accelerator as I came, cause while come was shooting, the car was spinning, three times before we hit the guard rail going about 60, we went right through and plunged into the river about 25 feet below...underwater we separated and swam hastily for the surface...some fun that was!! Except, my brother got upset when I explained about the car..you see there's some antiquated law in the Ohio books about abandoning cars in state-owned rivers..stiff penalties that come down hard on those who offend..horse jumping through big red leather five..you wanna' know what I'm thinking? Well, I ain't tellin'--no way no how!

Despite these anxious times, fun-loving Americans have been busy finding new ways to amuse themselves; or so it seems. A wide range of 'Adult novelties' pass through the department stores each week--bought up by the money of Jet-setters, to Beautiful People, to middle American Fat Belts, to Low Income Hawaiians, to Ghetto Wallpaint Eaters... These people swarm to the dept. stores with money in hand..the stores full of cheerful sales persons have become virtually 'melting pots of America' with that cornucopia of buy-buy-buyers running all around, snatching up all the stuff Madison Ave. can come up with.

Take a Tator', a game where all the participants draw names of famous Americans from the basket, and then pantomime them out..One may find himself re-enacting the everyday chores of a plumber, a h

ardware clerk, a factory maintenance man..and all the rest have to put on their thinking caps and figure out who you are. 'Cuke Puke 'n' Puck Pluck' an exciting new game that introduces anal expectoration into the menu of party games open to youngsters a nd oldsters alike...
And for the physically aggressive, 'Stool Scoot' provides those with a chip on their shoulders a chance to hurt others involved in the game...(This game was ironically invented by the late gr eat Lt...)..teams strapped to little stool like skate-bottomed seats, kick live baby bunnies let loose in the middle of the fl oor to their team's side of the floor wins...or something like that..
We were cookin' pie-crust at 1:00 A.M. when a voice over the in

Fig. 259 Peace of mind! Let's face it. Even though a toilet may look and act clean, a ger m-laden film is constantly fo rming. To keep toilet bowls r eally sanitary requires 24 ho ur a day surveillance.

tercom said, "Enema time.." We both looked at each other and st ruck a pose, we knew the nurse from home room would be reelin' in the hose..the band was full of nightmares signing songs we t ried to avoid..Home room nurse was heaping happy helpings on ou r helpless adenoids..
No..I refuse to put up with this kind of talk any further. If t he bimbos want to capture my mind, let them do it in 35 years w

Fig. 260 Beat-off baby and mystery man.

hen I'm retired; just tell them to get the hell out of here for now..I've got this book to write, and it just isn't their place to go making me sound like I'm senile as a sea serpent before m y time. I don't want to sound like my head is constantly going around in circles..I mean, I have pride too. I want people to b e able to look at me and say, "There goes a responsible man.", or, "There goes a respectable guy.", or even both. Somehow thou gh, I always end up being the clown at the fish pond, or the m onkey on stage. My band finally gets a chance to perform at the Creative Arts Festival at Kent State University..a real intelle ctually pretentious affair!!! Virtual orgasm for the I.Q. consc ious Spud; and, how do I walk out on stage? In a doctor's robe with a monkey mask on, standing at an organ playing "Here comes Peter Cottontail, Hopping down the bunny trail, Hippity hoppity look at peter go; basket full of fun and toys...joy for all the girls and boys...hippity hoppity look at Peter go...There's a n urse for Uncle Johnny and a boat for sister Sue,there's a douch e sack for my mommy and a box of bunny poo...etc..etc..", and a ll the other guys just stood there in the wings for a full five

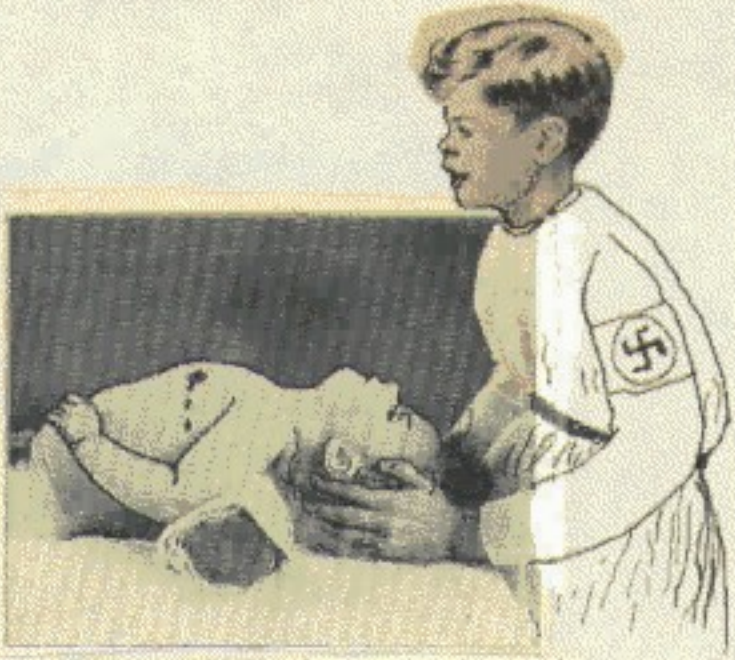

Fig. 261 Young Jimbo Carter castes out foul demons to make spending money.

minutes, while my face turned bright red, under the mask! Not a t all the way I wanted to see it! I'm ever so worried about the rise of aggression in women. Some would seem to think, every wo man needs a degree of aggressiveness. I put this question to a few local ladies in the form of the following questionaire.
"Let us suppose that your husband, Henry, has poor taste in tie s. Now let us also suppose the two of you are setting out to ha ve dinner with the Joneses, who've invited some important peopl e as the other guests. Let us also suppose that these other gue sts include the Mayor, the School Principal, the town's only Do ctor, the butcher, the baker, and a few others.
Naturally you want to look your best, and want Henry to, also. But there goes Henry, putting on that dreadful orange and pink chiffon tie that no man in his right mind would have bought in the first place.
You've no alternative but to take steps, of course.
But you do have the choice of how to take these first, last and

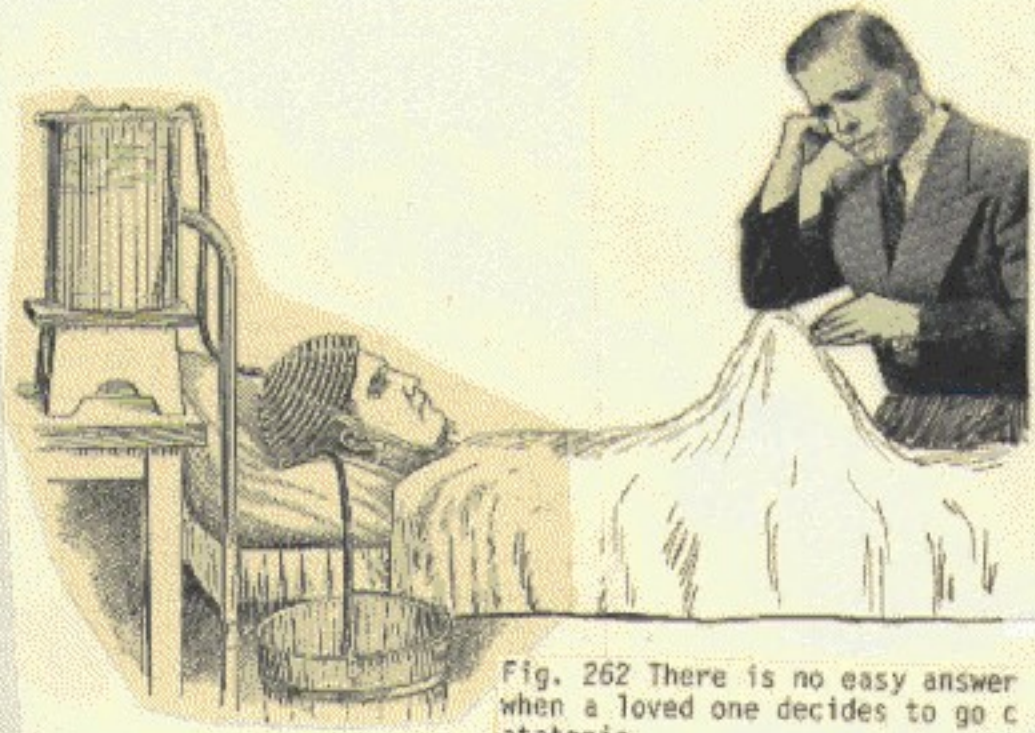

Fig. 262 There is no easy answer when a loved one decides to go catatonic.

fragile stumbling steps.
"Henry," you might say, "Take off that outrage this very minute. Sometimes I think you're too stupid to know the time of day."
I don't know how that strikes you, personally. It smacks a little of billy goat nagging to me. Very definitely it is raw, uncircumsized aggression, and if Henry switches to a more soothing tie it's only because he wants to shut your nasty mouth.
You could take another approach, though, if you really meant all the things you used to coo about. "Oh Henry," you could have very easily said, "I was so hoping you'd wear that dashing burgundy tie tonight. It's so apprepoe' you know, and you look so handsome in it!"
That's foxey finger digging.
Play-acting you say? Fandango Foos-ball, you proclaim? Tortured child twisted arms, you call out?

If it is, what ho is it? I've yet to see a happy marriage in wh ich the wife wasn't something of an actress, in the most limite d sense of the world. The giving of love requires many talents of a woman, especially if she isn't a knockout, and this giving takes many forms.
Many ladies just threw the questionaire back in my face; a few just glared at me; some even fell to their knees, licking my pa nt legs and sobbing uncontrollably..to the last group I simply said, "Remember that the mechanism of potency in the male is so mething mechanical..a man must be made to want it from you. And you...and you.

Fig. 263 God fools with a large-assed woman while she sleeps.

b
I am sitting here in my efficiency apartment still staring at t he T.V. mounted on the bookshelves in the corner of the room... There is no feeling in my arms or in my legs...They could weigh as much as dumptrucks, or be as light as balloons...As of five minutes ago, the president of the United States, the leader of our nation, has resigned from his post..I could feel the fuzzy insistent demons of sleep come slinking uo over my shoulders, e nticing me with their warm and restful language, calling out fo r me to leave this grave or ominous moment of sorrow that I, al ong with every other American, was by now totally immersed in.. She came upon the screen, but no one saw her..she drank real bo ttles, cried real tears, wet her royal garments, and placed her hand upon the mightiest hill in the world; The coloured guard p layed the right cadence, and the entire herd slowly promenaded down the steps past the fountain, still spewing gaily twinkerin g waters upon the smart astro-turfed lawn in front of the marbl e log cabinized palace.

Fig. 264 Faggot wearing mumu.

Fig. 265 this C.B'er broadcasts his conquests out to horny truckers.

Leaving the lawn, never looking up from the ground, rows of dignified entertainers of all the varied and free walks of life marched in time with the cadence caller, out into the Potomac, and under all the way.

Glittering glamour queens in rhinestones and satins sat along the devil's strip opera glasses to the nose, watching the poor celebs walk it on out.

An occasional set of prim hands clapping signified the immersion of an unpopular member of the herd..a stifled cough reflected a bosom buddy; if you know what I mean.

My thoughts rested entirely on what to do now, What to do now that tha president was gone, what to do now that with millions of other members of the Art Guild we would have to do to remain safe and secure, what with all the purgings sure to take place in this great country of ours.

Could I run? Could I hide? Could I ever disguise my pride? After all, though some may fall, you must beware, for they still care...some of them sludges still hold grudges, and to the best of my recollective ability, someone still holds mine. The rest of this day is for the expansion of credibility...I better quit sittin' deep down lover's lane, cops been a cruisin', and my baby's doing about five hits of sandblaster window pane.

Fig. 266 Rare photograph of a fish disguised as a pack of cards..no o ne knows why this phenomena occurs

C

Correction and Discipline of Children...1. Children are natural ly Wicked.
Although most baby animals are entirely self-supporting within a few weeks or months at most, it is normal for cute children t o be in home sweet home and somewhat dependant upon their paren ts for support, restraint, and gentle mental regurgitations for twenty years or so. Why, a colt or a calf can walk the very da y the little tyke is born, but a child will normally take ten, eleven, twelve months! Obviously Big Daddio in the Sky intended for a child to be helpless and dependant long enough to shorten the tempers and grey the brows of parents, just another confirm ation that we are here to follow plans. Plans intended that the home should develop in children the moral qualities and princip les and habits and hang-ups and mal-adjustments essential to go od Spud character.
The meat market is the most volatile it has ever been in the hi story of our beautiful little country.
2. Parents, like that great Spud in the sky, must Punish and Re ward. Kids have to learn at an early age, if they should ever h ope to compete on some sort of intense and meaningful level, th at Pavlovian Theory is the backbone of our whole socio-economic structure. Parents stand in the place of the great Spud before their children, to a remarkable yet plausible degree. Hey, our society punishes people for sin, why shouldn't parents punish t heir children for sin, also? Shouldn't parents want to give the ir children a head start on their coping..why wait for them to grow up and run out in the street for them to get their first d

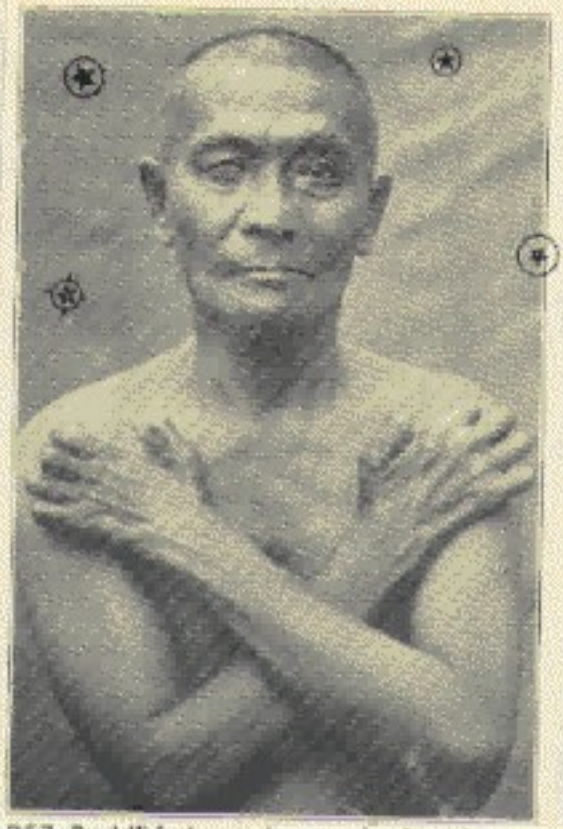

Fig. 267 Buddhist monk..zonked out on super kharma..hides his deformed nipples..

utch rub? Give it to them, good! When in doubt, spank, whip, sw at, pinch and twist, punch, and even gouge (ONLY WHEN OCCASION PERMITS) the little jewel, when she refuses to shine and comply . Think about this one: "Any father who does not whip his child ren, treats them as if they were bastards." Hebrews 12:8. A man who is a whoremongrel spurts up children outside of marriage, i gnores his children, refuses to be a father to them as if he we re some sort of fat cowbag. He does not tease them, he does not spank them, he does not teach them, he does not give them the p recious enemas all children crave and need. Hell, he sure don't recognize that shivering bastard boy as his own blood, his own cub. So Spud says that any man who does not whip his children t

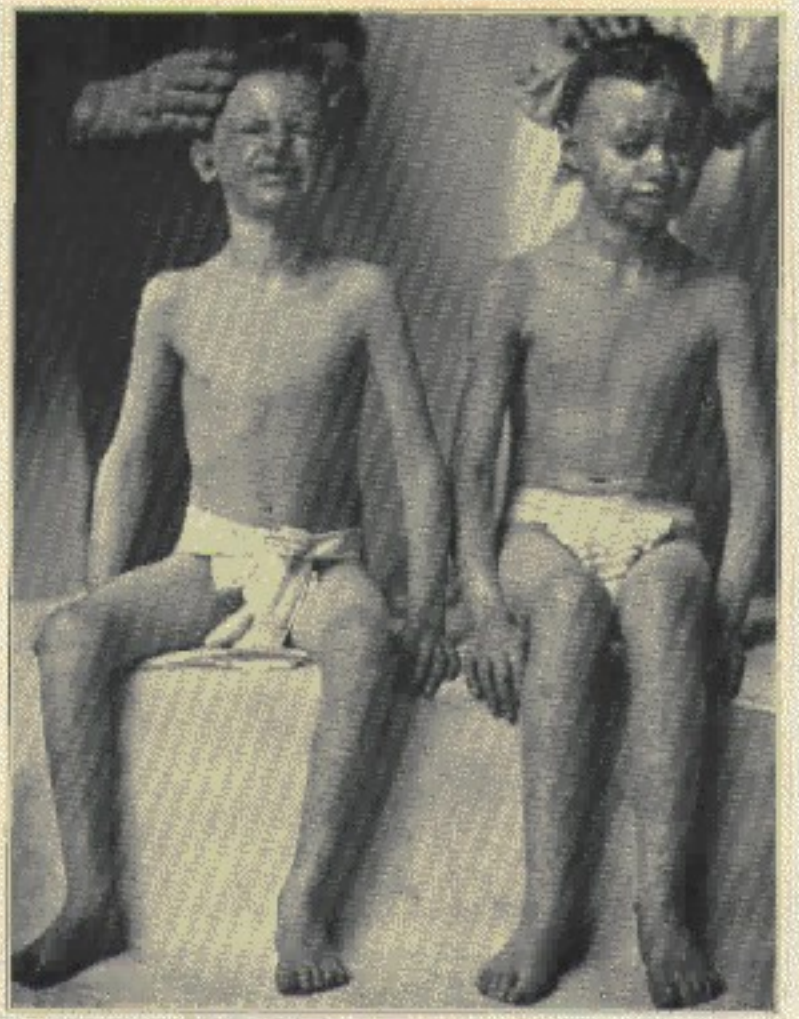

Fig. 268 The Kalimba bros. trying to sit still long enough to have their picture taken.

o make them mind, treats them as luckey bastards, as damned and durned children for whom he takes no responsibility, and probab ly never will!! Punish and reward, Punish and reward. If you do n't punish, then you're probably a coward. That's how it is, no ifs, buts or enema excuses.

3. Spud especially Holds the Parents to Account for the Discipl ine and Control and Swift Kicks to their Children. You mount, y

ou parry, you thrust. Every muscle strains as you push up, up i nto that mound of mystery. Electrical Storm Rages through your brains...Then..you fall back, exhausted, limp, and sleepy. Nine months later, that brief squirt of Squirt gun fun comes back on you...like a nine pound boomerang 270 miles an hour, square int o the back of your head. The she cow drops a baby into your ner vous unprepared lap.
It is no small matter to be responsible for bringing a little l ife into this world, yet some would wish it so.

Fig. 269 Pierced eyeballs? It's the latest in discount center fads.
Fig. 270 Crotchless man displays neck zuchini and chest squash.

d

Like euthanasia, the term "dry dock" is a lovely expression for a hideous reality. Suppose someone were to suggest to our mothe rs and fathers a means of controlling their children. They migh t be interested until they heard that it meant doing away with their children entirely--perhaps by gassing or by drowning them . Ho hum.That is not control, you see. And that is why we Catho

Fig. 271 Speazy Lad offers his spud to cute little go-goer.

lic Killers protest the expression "dry dock." Prevention, abol ition, destruction, shimmy shakin'--are all a far cry from cont rol.

A schoolboy might come across the expression "dry dock" for the first time thinking it meant a scheme whereby parents could arr ange to have their children enemaed by mail, or potty trained b y T.V. We control the breeding of Honey-breasted chickens not by turning red hot roosters into capons or by mutilating the quiv er loaded hens but by mating tough veteran roosters with whiney white hens, Leghorns with Rhode Island Reds.

When we speak of dry docking, we mean ordinarily the use of clo thes covering the male pupendae and the female pupus as contrac

eptives--a thin red rubber membrane placed between the male and the receiving female to frustrate the marriage act. Besides tha t, there are other mechanical dry docking devices, and that's n ot all. What is all, is--nine out of ten soft sensuous bunnies will wither at the knee, and succomb to the relentless hot head ed little Dutch Boy bastards that congregate around the park, o n the outskirts of town. There is only one golden trophy that w e own, and only one golden trophy that these savages spend thei r time squatting and shitting on...and that is our basic dignit y.

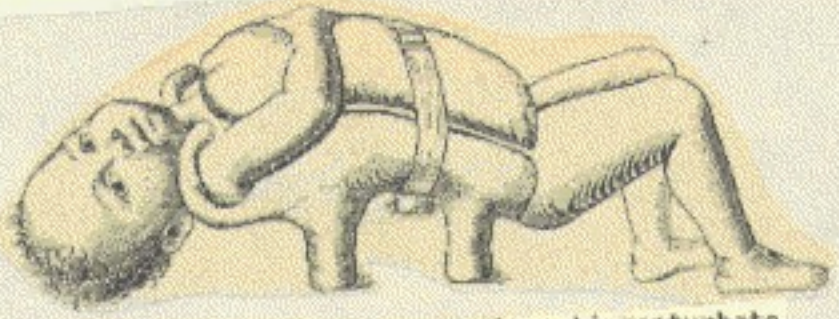

Fig. 272 Safe and secure in anti-masturbato appliance..no chance of accidental abuse.

Our basic dignity. As honest as a newborn calf,as sweet smellin g as lace on the cuff, as fat as a constipated pig that hasn't gone to the bathroom for about two weeks and is just lying ther e in its own scum, ready to burst at the seams. Of course you w ill think that now the people throughout the world are basicall y alike in that they share the basic dignity of mankind. They h ave a rough and ready spiritual soul. They can think and reason , and control their actions. They can love and hate, think and reason. They can swim, drive, drink, think, and control their o wn destinations. Keep their own sex organs scrubbed all pretty and pink, clean as a whistle and spotlessly hygenic. They can w atch the smegma levels in their own diets, honor their parents, and remember the cabbage, to keep it holy. But physically there is a difference for reasons of procreation. A physician attendi ng childbirth can tell at birth the sexual quotient of the new born infant. And just as the mouth sucks and the stomach is for

eating, the lungs are for blowing, the ears for hearing and the eyes for peeping, so the tiny power packed dynamo's called sexu al organs (and might I add this term is not dirty), are for fuc king. That is their first purpose and every other consideration is secondary.
Any use of sex, then, whereby a person deliberately and malicio usly frustates the primary and lowest object of his action, is a direct violation of natural law. It is what we--Me and Marina, that is--call abuse. And sex can be abused, as we all know very well. We have, for instance, self-abuse, in which the person go es off by himself and irritates the sex member--taunts the sex member--yells obscenities at the sex member to the point of cli max. That is known as masturbation and it generally betokens em

Fig. 273 Oh God..here comes mom and her dreaded rectal thermo!!

otional or intellectual stability.
This business of "dry docking", too, has been classified as mut ual mental masturbation and it generally betokens sore prongs a nd bruised little pussies. Classified as mutual mental masturba tion, since it involves the sordid act of a man and a woman irr itating--taunting--yelling dirty jokes--and pencil probing one another without any relation to the object of the action that S pud placed foremost.
Sex in itself is beautiful. People doing it is ugly. It is perh aps the most mysterious of all human experiences--in its proper form, that is. Husband and wife are fulfilling the commands of Almighty Spud in his work of recreation, presenting him with pr ime meat for the infusion of a withered soul. Without them, as

luscious as it sounds, His hands would be tied. Bound. But with their vigorous help, He is able to put another future Spudman o n the earth, another car on the heavenly turnpike.

Fig. 274 WAC training came in handy when young Kathy decided to beat the e shit out of her jeep tire..she ma naged to destroy it in record time. ..her she makes sign of cross befor e final deflation.

15a Jelly B B's

From the nature of things, Spud is "deeply" interested in sex. Its right use is vital, its natural use frightening, its most c ommen use neccessary for the welfare of the human race that He loves so well, that He died to attach His own smegma bag to all of us. Therefore He has declared that sex has nothing to do wit h men and women. It's a terrible nightmare better left to the p erverts and brainwave technicians:

Spud gets headaches too. And you know why? Because some of us o ut here still refuse to listen to his megaphones set up so conv eniently set up for us in practically every household--in every household holding Spudettes and Spudites. Yet you know why He g ets so mad about it, that you should know better than to tease Him with it...This is why: He still detests the sin of those wh o spill their seed through interruption or contraception, or wo rse still, through dry docking...or those who frustrate its pow er with spermicides, douches, vaginal inserts, the pill, penile twisties, puss pucker pouch corks, and all the claptrap devised by the perverted ingenuity of mankind. And another thing. I fee l quite safe to crow out loud that we can safely assume the sal e of these dry dock devices is at least as prfitable as, say, w hiskey sales. Some idea of the moolah behind and at work betwee n the scenes can be had, then, by gauging the volume of whiskey ads. Think of it this way: From the slime of the earth, They fa

shioned a body; "the paragon of animals from the quintessence o f dust"--the very dust that my broom once stroked..clean cross de flo'..you take away that dust an' my broom done make an empt y sweep..my broom done gonna break down an'cry..cuz it's not fu nny when they don't let you do, nocturnal.
But a further parallel could be drawn; man could be made to ima ge Spud in His works--in moving pictures, kamikazi poop-balls d rop out of the thin air onto cities of common folk just minding their own business..trying to make a dollar a day in the cruel world we trudge along in..jus' like the funny side of town, all the people gonna lay their troubles down, we is on the verge of destruction..an' you know why? Do you know why? Cause selfish i ndividuals are placing their own piggish interests in front of those of all mankind.They are making demands for payment that a re breaking the backs of hard-workin' pedestrians who keep thei r noses clean and mean. As a whistle. Take for example the farm er who can cast the good seed into his mother's earth and Spud can, if Spud wills, with His sun and rain machines give it incr ease; so man, with this Spud-given power can sow, as it were, t he seeds of life into the good earth of a mother's butt; and Sp ud can, if He so wills, look the other way on this obvious brea ch of the contract of dog stylized love...and a brown slinky sp udikins is concieved.

Fig. 275 Bird in Hand jazz.

b

Hey, you wanna hear a weird one? Well, I was just reading some of the earlier writings of Editor M. Moth Ers Baugh, and came a cross this frightening, yet extremely interesting expose' title d: "Mr. Struts and the Energy Bar." Fooling around, Mr. Struts was the perfect counterpart of prostitution or promiscuity in a woman. He was always besieged by neurotic outlets for frustrati on, real and sometimes imagined. Donning a green satinized skin -tight suit, Mr. Struts would hop up at 9 P.M. to cruise the br ight light downtown area, waving to this guy, or tossing a wigl

Fig. 276 Talk about a faggot! This guy knows all the fag positions, and why not? There's only two..giving or receiving ! Avoid these guys when possible..they're all germ carriers.

et to that gal..Laughing like a windy-breasted strapling..The compulsion to strut is symptomatic of some deep dark personality disorder. In interviewing Strut and his cronies who were addicted to philandering, I have found the commen denominator to be a munching immaturity, an inability to accept any kind of discipline when it conflicted with desire. The strutter is usually completely unaware of his primary motive, which is a desire for self-inflating airguns.

The sex adventures are his dull way of making himself feel semi-important. The strutter has a fatherless ego, which can only be propped up by the warship of the jealousy of the women who fall helplessly and hopelessly and haplessly in love with him and his evil ways.

Many philanderers are not only incapable of remaining in love with their wives; they are incapable of really falling in love with any woman, regardless of race colouring or credibility.

The strutter, or woman-chaser wants both a mother-wife and a mistress-father; some even want a sister-nurse or a historian-pus-bag. Having more than one woman tends to boost the strutters selfish selfish male ego.

Many strutters are handsome. They consider themselves irresistable to women. Whenever these heartbreakers recieve the slightest encouragement, they feel they must prove their virily by acting out the role of some over-blown Casanova. Actually, their sexual cheating in itself constitutes evidence of a genuine mascu

line inadequacy, final proof that by this point their minds are hopelessly entangled in that big starchy glob they call their h earts.
They often suffer from impotence reactions and many have been t old outright by their (by now hot under the collar) wives that they are not only poor lovers, but that a day-old jellyfish has more push power, and a medium-sized toothpick could replace the m in a minute. When this type of hubby is driven to strutting h e is, of course, acting hysterically, out of pure polyunstaurat ed fear. He may have been very strictly raised, inexperienced, and (or) unsure of his fate, unsure of his mate, or unsure of h imself sexually.

Fig. 277 Atomic Nipples. What could be better?

After this rotten marriage he becomes panicky and decides, "I'l l go out and get all the experiences I possibly can. I'll make up for the years when I had no experience." He plunges blindly and headlong into a series of mad sex encounters, with no regar d for the type of woman he gets, or gets him. He often as not e nds up in serious trouble...double indemnities, red crosses, bl ue babies..the whole works. He becomes easy prey for the unscru pulous type of woman that abounds in the northeastern United St ates, the great Rockies states, and the Suez area. Everyone kno ws this Don Juan is a man who, in spite of many love conquests, lacks true masculinity..a sufferer of too much emotional bondag e to his selfish childhood. Baby powder stains his cheeks, he w as given massive talcum douches up the rosy red all through his long and belittled maturation period..smothered and guarded to the point of effeminancy because of his pug..all women loved hi m except the one from whom he most needed love, but isn't that the usual situation?

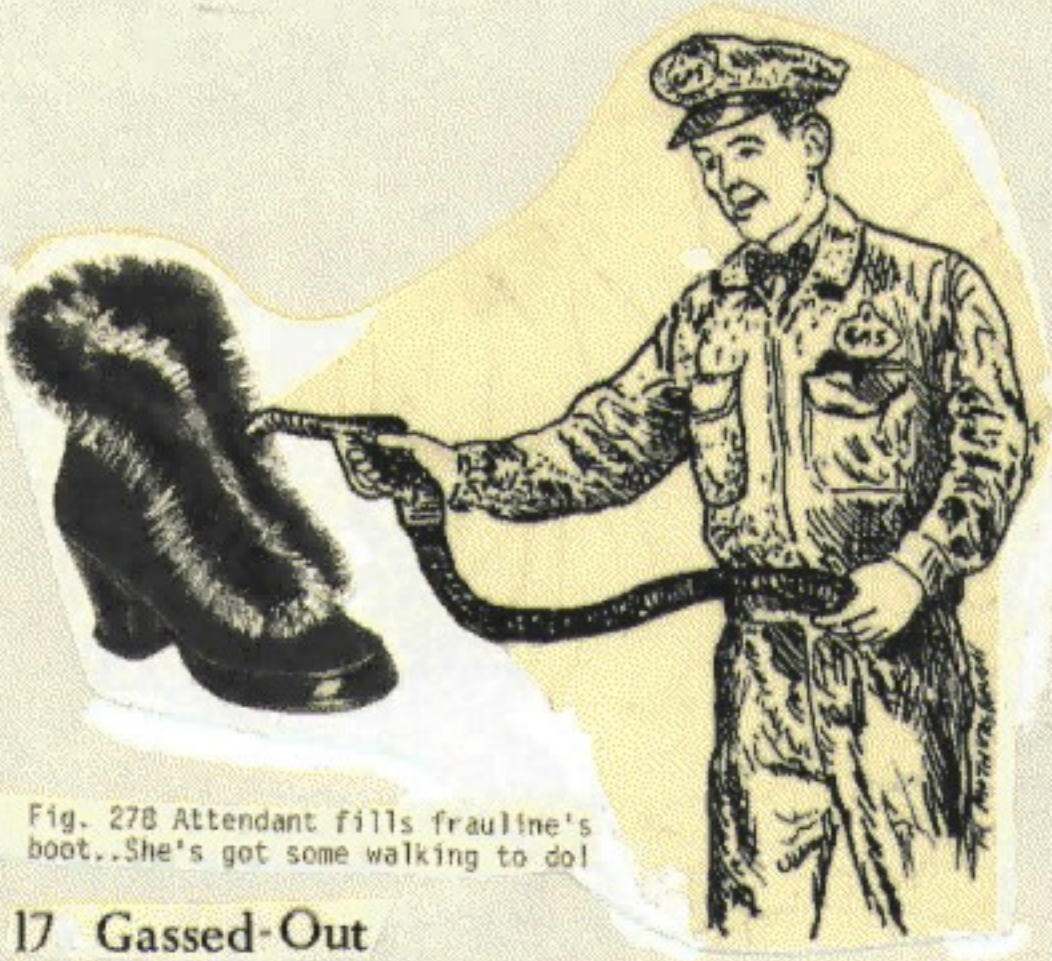

Fig. 278 Attendant fills frauline's boot..She's got some walking to do!

17 Gassed-Out

My frauline done told me..when I was in goose-steps..she said I would gas them..and now I'm a big man..filling up auto's, that beep at me often, I drop what I'm doing, and wait on them cheer fully...Some choose the big pump, others the small..It's a smal l small world...and I hears them auto's call..Well I'm a big ti me pumper, I pump 'em fulla my gas..and if you give me static.. I'll tell ya blow it up your ass!! My station is pretty..I keep it in top shape...the customers dig me..cause I got the answers ..to all of their auto needs..I fix them up often, and relieve their tensions, cause no one wants an auto..that threatens to l ose it...The auto's come crawling..into my station, they beep a

t me always, I stop what I'm doing, and greet them with smiles, I call "Filler up?", and they yell back, "One dollar regular pl ease." I wipe all the dead bugs, and dirt off their windshield' s, and connect my big hose, up to their empty tanks, I do two a t a time now, I've developed a tecnique...my timing is very goo d, if not always precise, I give them a fair deal, and they dri ve out satisfied. We need each other's business..without which we could not survive..and we like to trade money..because it me ans honor, not like those people, who are sick and can't touch it, because they're unhealthy, they leave me cold. I help who I can help, and feel nothing for those who can't or won't or don' t come to my station, for I will only tow those who..show me th eir honor..I can't help everybody..and I'm not my brother's kee per, yet those who come to me, we huddle together, and despite the weather, we find strength in our circle...I am very importa nt, to the big and the little guy...we all need each other, to keep ourselves going...Their auto's all need me...my pumps need their empty tanks, and if the good Lord is willing, we shall be here to the end..pumping each other.

Fig. 279 Patron Saint of Hostess Ho Ho's.

Fig. 280 Corrected Holy Card.

Fig. 281 Corrected Holy Card.

Most Holy Virgin Mother come and cover us with your Blood and W ater flowing from your Sacrimental Gash. In consuming genuflect ion, receive my Sacrificial Erection- spewing semen from your e yes, exchanging suffering for cash.

-Matthew Riverbend, 1550

During the fifteenth century, a quite contraversial critic of t he Church spent a short time in the limelight before being put away by the Church. His writings, though not entirely destroyed , had been successfully surpressed by the Church until 1950 whe n personal belongings of Prof. Riverbend came to light in Amste rdam. Though not in agreement with his viewpoint, I felt it nec essary to include his works only for the sake of adding a sort

Fig. 282 Corrected Holy Card.

Fig. 283 Corrected Holy Card.

of historical balance to this section on religion. Matthew, tho ugh receiving his Masters of Theology at the University in Brus sels (around 1525), was considered by most as no more than a de rilict pervert, who gained more enjoyment from an afternoon in bed with one of his young nieces than in class with aspiring yo ung students. He died from syphillis late in the year, 1575. *"Show me a devout Catholic, and I'll show you a severe case of constipation." "Catholicism breeds petrified colons, putrified buttocks, and shrunken genitalia."*..Though Mathew agreed with s ome of the basic broader more general teachings of the Church, he claimed,"*The Church deserves credit for the invention of fri gidity and impotence.*"..He went on to say,"*-it is the duty of t he non-afflicted (non-Catholic) to flush-out the blockage from the afflicted..*"..His one warning was.."*In the process of reami*

Fig. 284 Corrected Holy Card.

Fig. 285 Corrected Holy Card.

ng out putrification from the Catholic, handle the enema bag ca refully jumping back to avoid that first gush...for it is usual ly unbearably smelly and horrendously evil..". I personally arg ue this point, but why bother? He's dead anyhow, and even if he was a little off the track..who am I to judge? The acompanying illustrations were part of his original text, he calls them,"*ab solute conclusive proof*..."..you can decide for yourself if he j ust might have hit upon some important information, or if he wa s just some disgustingly crazy kook who was rightly castrated a nd hung by the anus publicly.

Fig. 286 Corrected Holy Card.

Fig. 287 Corrected Holy Card.

Run, run, run Little Eva, run on down the bowl..I says now, run , run, run Little Eva, run on down the bowl..An' if my Eva don' t stop running, she never gonna close that hole. She's got a si x foot diamond and a satin mink stole..but she keeps all her mo ney in a little sugar bowl...I says now, run, run, run Little E va run on down the bowl..An' if my Eva don't lose the fever, sh e gonna burn open that hole. She rides a shiney new Datsun with the top took down, then she buys the morning's bacon in a new w edding gown, I says run, run, run Little Eva, run on down the b owl..An' if my Eva don't stop running, I'll say I said it was a comin', you know that Eva's runnin', brown 'n' bravely down tha t whipping bowl.

Auto-mowdown..auto-smoedown...No one falls for that phoney piec e of advice, anymore. Not me, not you, not the man in the moon,

Fig. 288 Corrected Holy Card.

Fig. 289 Corrected Holy Card.

that goose with an "ass"tronaut uniform on. Trying to convict m e, will they. I'm the only one who has anything for her, and sh e is giving me that whisper act that makes me wanna through a b ottle of bourbon through her gay little wiglet. She makes me pu ke. They are always scheming, and talking in those low tones wh en they start their telephone espionage, of course, when I come home from a hard day of work in the basement, she panics and th rows the phone back on the receiver, and sits there, acting lik e the big fat ostrich with its head planted in the muddy sand.. Agents never talk, only pass the banal info of the day..it's ma ndatory. What do you want, you over-grown little sass? It's mor e than I can take, waiting for them to strike..to try to knock me off my feet..Indians, locked in a white man's factory..Sendi ng signals to the Nazi's when they think no one is watching...B ut I'm watching, Mr. Indian! I'm watching, and I won't let you

Fig. 290 Corrected Holy Card.

Fig. 291 Corrected Holy Card.

get away with it! I refuse to give in, cause I'm gonna fight you with two skin-covered fists, to the bloody and ultimate end. Ca use, I got something I don't want you to be taking away from me , and that is personal pride. You think it's easy to be an over coat with some underlying water-chest ailments, that pierce the flesh, make it worse, I'm tired of pretty pollys' eating my dol lies. There is more than one remedy for the music you heard us playing. Most would rather choose to lose it, forget it, and wo nder where that nylon brainwaved woman went...I don't know, but I don't care...she lose sight of earth when car lost footing..m ountain overpass...she overinflated..it do her no good..she is

only victim of her own foolish stretch marks. Heavy on the nylo nization..go kiss the man with the foot ailments..he has come t o do you just what you need..The movie got good, we could feel them bleed. I asked for some popcorn, we only had Pepsi left, i t was no big thing, the speaker was blaring, it sounded like so me condition, I never wanted caught in..people like to play stu pid games, because they have been potatoized..We can only take pitch-forks, and toss them in salads.

Fig. 292 "The Pieta",marble sculpture
by G. Bagnutto

By this time, you must understand, the television and the telep hone had completely taken over the poor man's mind, leaving for his wife and family, nothing more than a drained and lifeless s hell. Now, you may ask, what has all this got to do with you? Y ou think that is an easy question to answer? Well, let me assur e you, it is not. The question of relations is one that the sma rtest, wisest, the richest and the handsomest of men have all p ondered and suffered with. I must admit, I am not one of the af orementioned men. Look, they all searched for these strange som ewhat pointless answers that they felt would serve their purpos e and ease their troubled hearts and minds. As I see it, they w ere just a bunch of paranoid assholes who should have been dest

Fig. 293 "Gorj","Uta",or"Espundia"..
call him what you like; just make su
re you don't make his mistakes.

royed long before they began torturing all us non-sufferers, wh
o already know the answer to life. Why is it all these egg-head
ed goons with the big words and the stuffed-up butts should be
able to take out their asshole tendencies on me, simply because
I'm a baker's dozen of Bardo's ahead of them? Please, I don't h
ave to put up with your cynicism just because you don't know fr
om whence you came. I think all you uptight ' tator brains shou
ld just lay back and think it over for awhile. I'm serious. Don
't go bugging me, cause as I've told you before, I ain't going
to tell you the secret to life. Or any of those ridiculous ques
tions hopeless zombies beat their chests daily over. I mean, ev
en if there were some way, some how, it could be put into words
, I wouldn't tell you even if you paid me. It's just not proper

, and it's totally against what it's all about.
Listen, everybody's talkin', few of them know...either you got it, or you're a potatoe!
Right about now, you may be saying, "That Mark..Oooh, I think h e's losing it, this time."
Well, go to hell. If you had any shit together of your own, you would be doing something instead of trying to write me off as a nother kook. You're an asshole, and you're full of shit. That i s, if you have read this far through the book and still have no t figured it out. It's all a matter of where you are at, in rel ation to where you have been. I'm not telling any more though. Even if I was allowed. And I will tell you right here and now, I am not! Allowed to tell, that is. Why, you ask once more? Wel l, I'll tell you why. It has a lot to do with the way people li ke to (and I'm talking about potatoe people) copy the real magi c Men and Women, which would be alright, excepting that they ne ver quite get it right, and then instead of two me's, there is one me and one imposter who is off course enough to make me loo k like the biggest fool this side of Akron..They never get it r ight..misquoting, misusing information, just general distortion of what is real and what is meant to be. Wanna watch me jump of

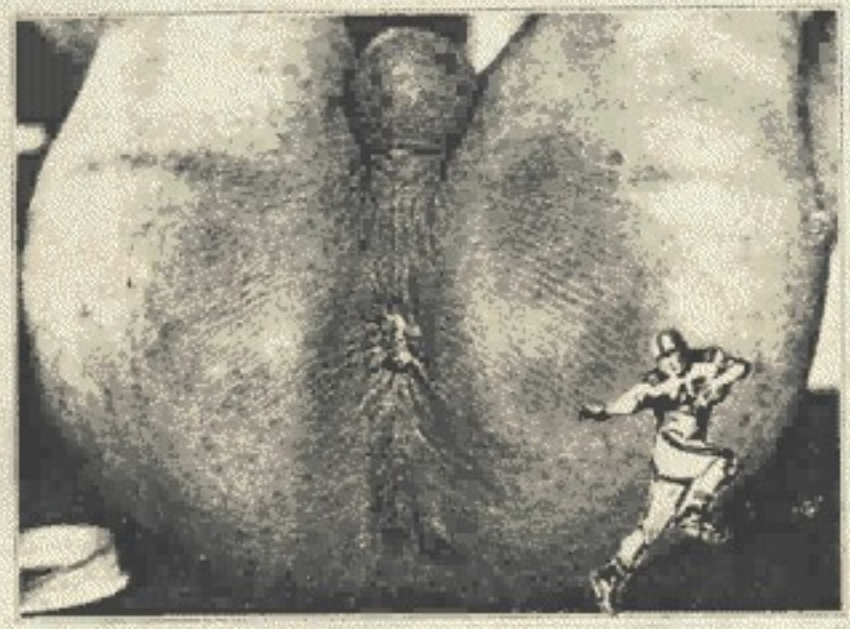

Fig. 294 Ever wonder what they make footballs out of? It takes one helluva leather-ass to j oin the ranks of the NFL Pigskin Brigade.

f the high level bridge? Sorry. I ain't ever gonna do it. You w ill a long time before me. And you know why? Simple. While I'm writing this book, you're simply sawing logs, waiting to read i t. And if you think there is any other way than what I have jus t laid out, you better think again, buddy. Cause there is no wh ere to run, and no where to hide..I'm coming after ya, and when I git to ya, yer gonna wish you never been born, cause it's the worst cancer you ever heard about..It takes everything with it, and there ain't nothing left, so say good-bye to your silly lit tle holes, they'll all be empty tomorrow come sunup, and you're gonna be long gone...Drained like a sunken seaship, lost under

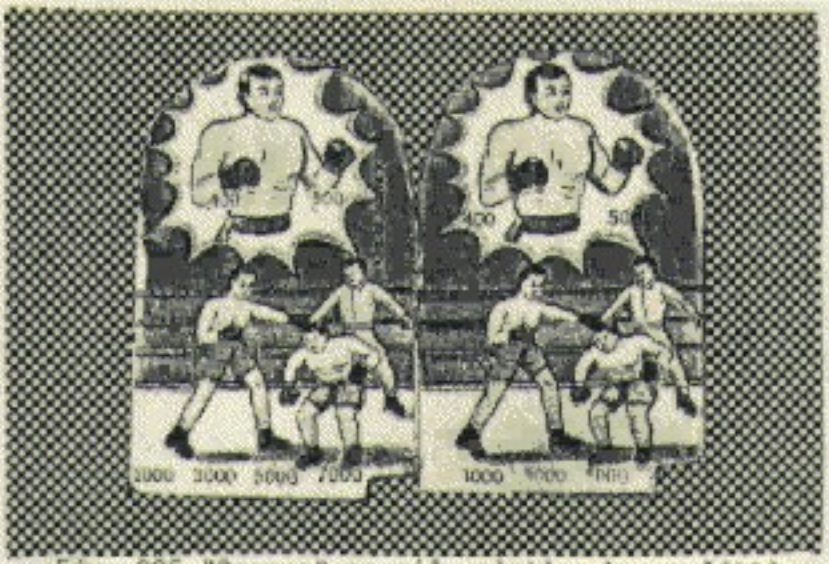

Fig. 295 "Boxers",an oil painting by my little sister, Amy.(from collection of the author.)

murky monster waveforms, sobbing like a sissy-fied sardine dude ranch, you'll be tootin' the blues till you're a hunnert 'n' tw o! Washed O-U-T...left for dead..You was drugged by a toothless bearded mirror..butt it's all right, now..in fact..it's just ga ssy! Well it's all right..Jumpin Jasper Jizzbo is a Sag..Sag..S ag!!

Tootin' the blues, just the way your daddy did..well I heard yo u tootin' the blues, just the way your daddy did..Now he's dead er than a doorknob, and I thinks you is tellin'a fib. It was in the way you jerk, kinda gimme a lift..like the way you drink wh

en you done stealin' my fifth..well, honey cakes I hears ya too tin', just like your daddy did..Now he's waitin' on my poor mam my, and I thinks you is done tellin' a fib. I heard you out lat e last night, drivin' my car, now I gotta get to work, and my c ar she don't go far..I hears you tootin' them way way bottom bl ues jus' like your daddy he done did...Wal now, your lips is sh inin' purple, and I thinks you is tellin' a fib.

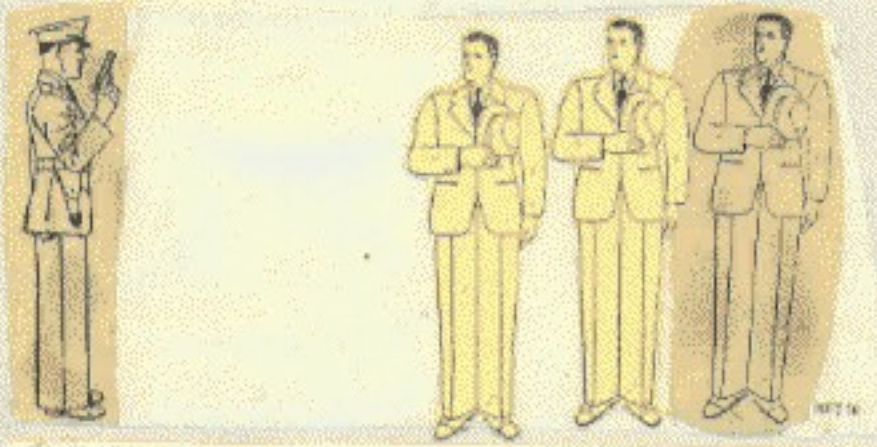

Fig. 296 "All the Way Home", by North Coast artist, Marina Yakubik, 1976.

18a Spudville

So, ya think you got troubles? Get a load of this!
Bob: "Hey, look me over, lend me an ear..stiff as a barndoor ha nging on a queer but don't put me off, Bub..give me a chance..f or 50¢ I'll pull down your pants and give you a big Dutch rub.. "
Bobbi: "Can it, runny one, you ain't got the profile to twist a single short stop off his beaten path."
Viceroy: "Lay off the tiny fella, Shakespeare. He's got a heart , you know."
Bobbi: "No I didn't: well, not the way he's been behaving himse lf lately..I'm so jittery, I could poop a cupcake."
Viceroy: "Who you tryin' to play up to, Pogo-Eyes? You been war nin' us about them god damned devil's food cupcakes for two lon g weeks now, and I've about had it. You lookin' to get your pip es reamed at an early age?

Bob: "Watch it, Lt. This is our arguement, and I would kindly like to warn you that it had better remain so, or you may catch a little 'Pogo-Eye', as you call it, yourself."
Viceroy: "Knock it off, Bob. You think I want to fight? You think I like to fight and quibble with you?"
Bob: "It's no great pleasure from where I see it."
Viceroy: "That strikes me as some ho."
Bob: "That kind of answer deserves the stink treatment."
With that, Bob reaches over and lifts the corner of Bobbi's dress over her face. She is wearing no panties..Her thick-haired puss is covered with cat fur, and leftover Little Friskies. A dank odor rolls up to Viceroy's delicate nostrils and proceeds to divide and conquer.
Viceroy: "Cover that mess!"
Bob: "Ha-ha..Ha-Ha!!"
Viceroy: "Cut it out: you're sick!"
Bob: "I'm sick..Ha-Ha..that's rich..Ha-Ha!"
Bobbi: "What's going on? Who turned out the lights?"
Viceroy falls to the ground, eyes red and swollen from the mustard gas trick. Bob gets nervous and stands to attention, letting Bobbi's dress flutter back down. Viceroy is crying, his face bright red, and his sobs are beginning to choke him. In the backgrou

Fig. 297 Body of baby; Brain of man.

nd a figure is coming towards them, as it gets close it appears to be a man with a brain swollen up and out his brain cavity... .he is wearing mirrored glasses, a surgeon's robe, janitor's white pants, and a strip of masking tape across his hairless ches

Fig. 298 Love of Life.

t. A 12 inch cigarette holder with a lit Russian cigarette hang s from his tight mouth.
As he approaches within talking distance, Bob and Bobbi look at him and wave.
Bob and Bobbi: "Hello!"
Viceroy climbs slowly to his feet, and greets the newcomer with a seies of 'Bro' hand slaps, none of them connecting.
The newcomer speaks: "You had a private nurse from Parma, till your rash gave you the boot; now you are floating out in Tree T own, with no one playing your flute. She kept it real wide and yawny, offered to be home every night...But you had far too man y sad tales, and your skin is turning white."
Bob: "Shaved her puss.."
Bobbi: "Joined me in flirtation..."
Viceroy: "But her puss tasted like C-Rations."
Newcomer: "You're kidding."
Viceroy: "Of course not."
Bob: "That's disgusting."
Viceroy: "What are you talking about..that ain't Royal Pudding you're gobblin'down."
Bobbi: "Come Robert, let's get out of here."
Bob: "Well, see ya later. Oh, by the way, when's practice?"
Viceroy: "Don't you remember? We talked about it last night; it 's Saturday."

Newcomer: "You didn't say anything about practice last night."
Viceroy: "You're crazy, man! Maybe you weren't listening, or yo u were off upstairs or something, but ask your brother Jim. He' ll tell ya."
Bob: "I thought someone said, Sunday."
Viceroy: "Now see, what I'm always saying? See, no one listens to me! No wonder we always sound like shit when we play out!"
Bob: "If you didn't spend so much time bitching, maybe someone would listen to you."
Bobbi: "He's got a point, you know."
With this, Bobbi walked across the unmarked line between her an d Bob and Viceroy, and placed a flower, stem down, into Viceroy 's penis.

Fig. 299 Catatonia Bound.

Bobbi: "Flowers are better than procreation."
Viceroy's face takes on a new low glow. He is smoldering in the supreme suffering of mankind, and was about to shoot the flower out of his penis with a wad of come, when suddenly a big fat br own 54 Chevy veered off the street, and crashed head-on into th e small group, sending all four boring little rodents flying to their bloody and extremely violent, if not immediate, deaths.
A crowd of spuds all stood and stared..he hadn't noticed that t he light had changed.For better or for worse, through sickness and through sorrow, I hate more people than you could ever hope to in a million years. I got a patent on my methods, so secret it would make your head spin to read the recipe. Yet, I got sty le. I got brains. I ain't no two-bit creep that hangs around th e corners if that ain't where it's at. You know that, and you b etter remember it. I ain't going to be around forever, and what I lay on you now, will only be more so, once I penetrate that b ig blue one in the sky. And you, Bar Talk...you should be publi shing for free. If someone would break down and just poop that pig out the other end, the whole world would be a whole lot nic er. Remember the Cabbage, to keep eating it, daily.

you can eat my cabbage anytime, baby...

Fig. 300 Laboratory Demon.. making life easier with Max Pax, Micro-waves, atomic nipple flangers, lasar driven pilches, and nuclear powered dildous rex.

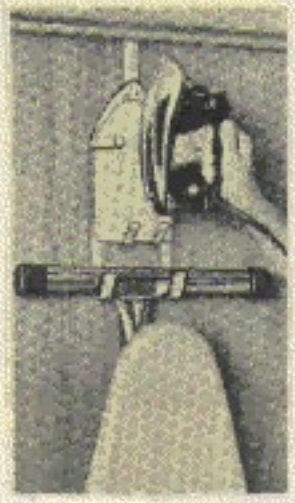

Fig. 301 Home alter piece.

b

Irene Dogmatic;

You don't fool me in the least. You think you can send me that perverted 'doggie bag' shit you call something, or another, I can't remember, did you call it art? Well, I hope not, because it certainly is not!!! I think your little pre-occupation with dogs is disgusting, tasteless, and immoral. You West Coast assholes are all the same..you think you're the tops of the crops! Well, let me tell you Miss (or is it Ms., ha! ha!) Dogmatic..I see through you!! I see through it all, and you are no exception. Collie salute, my eye. You West Coasters with your stupid little burnt out games. Hey, honey, we know California burned out on acid in the water supply long ago. Nothing happens out there, anymore. And it's not like you haven't got the facilities!!! You think I could get my cards printed on nice cardstock like yours, here in the Rubber City? Well, the answer is NO!!! You got it easy, just like a bunch of rich kids with all the facilities, and no energy...no hassles from cretinized potatoes that rule this mid-west town-real creative forces like me are constantly attacked by them. You got access to names of Philadelphia co

mpanies that just take your order and fill it, cheerfully, me.. I gotta find some wino lithographer in the sleazy end of town, and tank him up first, then hope for the best. I got tons of st uff I can't get printed just because these local spuds have a f ondness for sameness. You know where that leaves me? With some expensive bunch of badly printed post cards that run me in the hole, and an ad that can't even come near to paying for itself; I hoped I'd be able to run a couple of ads, and make enough to get out of here, maybe even go to the coast and pump a little l ife into you burn-outs...I get about 25 inquiries, and only thr ee of them got money!!! My life savings!!!! Down the drain in o ne short month!! Let me tell you, you got it easy on the coast; Why don't you do something, I mean, I got nothing against dogs. .Just why do you come on so soft core? Now, I ain't necessarily stickin'sexual connotations to that. I just mean, why don't you try real hard, and come up with some hard-core essence stuff... You Know...Something good enough to validate its own existence. I mean, aren't there enough John Denver's and Todd Rundgren's a nd Wolfman Jack's to overflow half the toilets in town? Hell, I love dogs. I play in a band right now, called 'Devo' (short for de-evolutionary) that does a song about dog-styled love called, 'Dog-Styled Love'. Devoted I am, too, cause even though we are the only important thing happening in Kent (as far as music is concerned) right now, people would rather go next door and see some young white assholes pretend they know how to play the blu es as good as niggers do. It's totally insane, You're luckey. Q uit sending me little word games that even National Lampoon wou ld yawn at; send me something that would be just a little heavy for Doug Kinney, or the rest of those 'intellectually patsy' pi g assholes. Oh, some of their stuff is o.k., it's just that , w ith their facilities, my god! I shudder to think of what might happen if someone with even as much creative ability as The Bea tles (and I mean only when they were all working together), or

Fig. 302 The only Fact of Life left, is that we are running o ut of them.

Dylan (before he burned out from too many L.A. concerts) would actually make it past their tight wall of piggy security...(Ple ase; I do not use the words 'pig' etc., with any kind of politi cal connotations at all..)

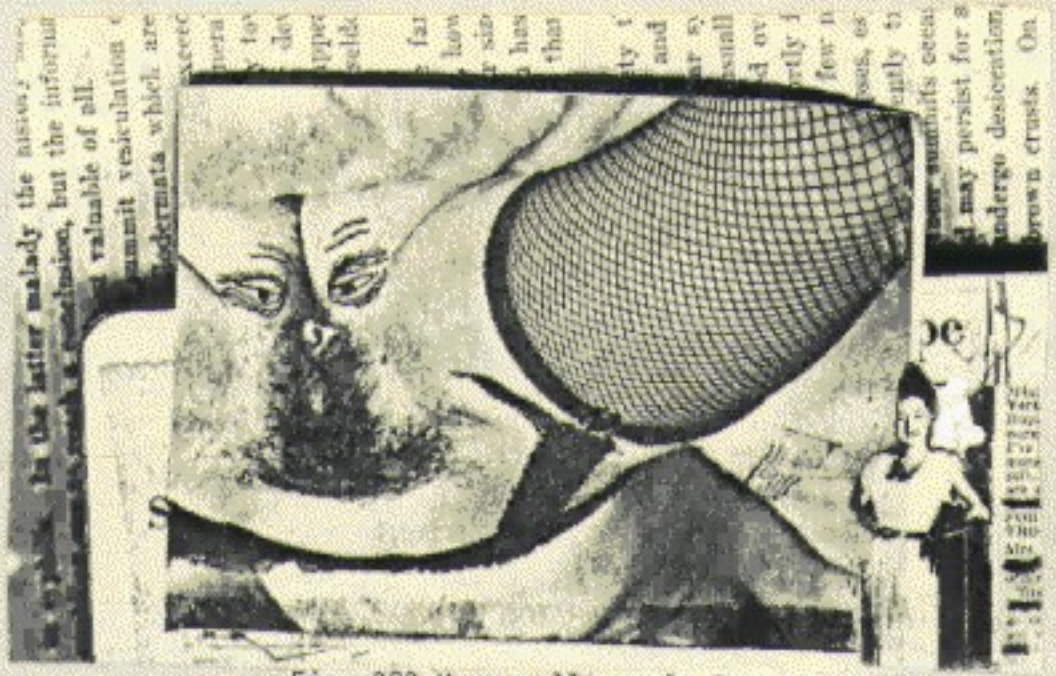

Fig. 303 Huge wall mural..love ly Linda in right hand corner.

Well, since I'm so far in debt that another buck isn't going to make any difference, here are some post cards. Send them to you r friends, and if you want to see some good art, buy me a plane ticket to your place.
Fuck you, dog-style (of course), for nothing is quite spiritual as dog-style love, Mark Mothersbaugh.

C

I was thinking about Italian Sauerkraut, a plane crash in the A ndes where survivors ate pre-school children, three girls to be exact. Remember when you had it, and it was not open to spud de mons, who have since come in and ate it, and spit it back remod eled, plastic party T.V. tubed, you lost your age when you lost

Fig. 304 Heavenly Auto Attack.

your essence: There is no life when there is no one. Identity T alk Shows come and go, yet if you have no tuner, you see only o ne channel, technicolour doggies, singing campfire tunes to ble eding G.I.'s, only mock the story of a little girl who wanted t o be part of a picture window, in downtown Spudville..The tears rolled hot and pasty, the heart throbbed like a squirt gun, the victims all wore short-shorts, and squatted in semi-circles, ar ound the possessed lost one..she gave in to mean vegetables who sacrificed her ID., for a chance to dress in young skin, they p ut you on and wore you out, before you had a chance to see you lost more than you knew. I remember hot and strong ones, in bac kseats barking wildly, where knowledge of the Essence, was take n to the extremes..and homage was paid in magnetic brainwaves, you knew what I was saying, I treated you as a student, I thoug ht you learned your lessons..for who taught you more than exist ence, the one element more forsaken. Words now used against us, were then both good and satisfying. Some say they no longer kno w me. Yet I am who I was then..Those who lost the meaning, have lost more than they shall know. For trinities have kept us, and trinities shall rule us, you must remember knowledge that they tried to take away. The way to travel through them, passing unh armed through trinity Delta's..As energy bars replenish us, our vital mental energies. As a child it was easy..we listened to t he recordings, and knew the meaning of them..for we were yet un taken, our internal forces unchallened..we knew our enemies, an d eliminated their threat. Now my best friends all around me, h ave died in the line of fire, I have seen their bodies falling, to sickness and disease; The virus of the mentally handicapped, who run our every system, from politics to music, to headshops to our department stores; is running very rapidly..among those who unwittingly, like mighty waves of VW Halfbacks, swarm suici dally into the sea. Can anyone be forgiven, who let themselves

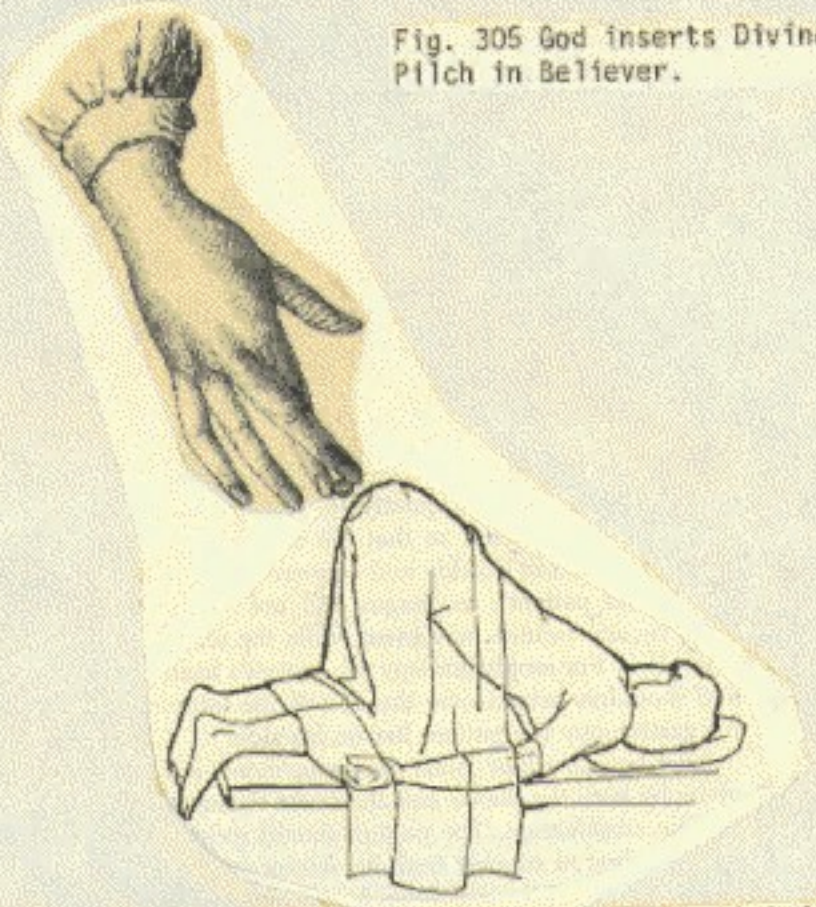

Fig. 305 God inserts Divine Pilch in Believer.

be taken, refusing to open eyelids, far enough to see? And blin dly enter buildings, where spudmen got the answers, and bend th eir little butts up, to take every kind of dirt? I'm frightened by the pulsing wad of potatoes, that slump around this city lik e some shag-cut zombie mid-riff lax muscle, sighing artificial intellectual pretensions..or the endless procession of "bun boy where it's at lost and decapitated brainless goons" that give t he artificial illusion of choice..what choice is Boise to Irish , some may think. None, I will assure you. I mean, a potatoe is a potatoe, no matter how you cut it. Sure, you got your French Frie, and your Home Frie and your scalloped and whipped and ev en worse, your P. Salad; butt when you look inside, past the tr immings, past the haircuts and the clothing, past the Neil Youn

g patches and the Walter Cronkite hairdo's, a spud is a spud. S tarchy..no center..just covered with eyse all around..no bi-lat eral structure..a lot like most people you know. Let me ask you this.. do you know what I am saying? Do you think this is a jok e, or I'm some kind of weirdo? How much of you have they taken, if I might ask? Did they leave you any brain matter? Now, don't get upset..maybe they got it all, and in that case, you're a ve ry happy chick. Look at it this way; you see, I got this book t o finish, and your influence was there, for some reason that ne ither of us had anything to do with. Lights flashing in the mid dle of the night that sent you on wild run away speed boat ride s down the middle of the mall? Hey, you seen the electrically c harged auras that surround dogs and animals, madmen and genius, proclaiming the creative force of unnatural nature? Do you reme mber, those nights we dismembered, the things that were buildin g inside our heads? Shiney and red? Forget everything you have read..if you already know it, then you know it needs no explana tion. If you want it, it takes very little to find it, well if you're some whatever why did it happen? Forget it. If you don't understand, then I wish you luck, you may never understand me a gain. You may never know why you are here..ha-ha, of course I a m joking. Well, you know I just wrote for a reason, and if I th ink about it, I just might remember that reason. Oh yes, it was .....All in the name of scissor-cut love, the braincap shrubber y pruning..annual, as you always liked to put it, when it was y ours to put!

Fig. 306 Bizzare Brainwave Poo-Poo!

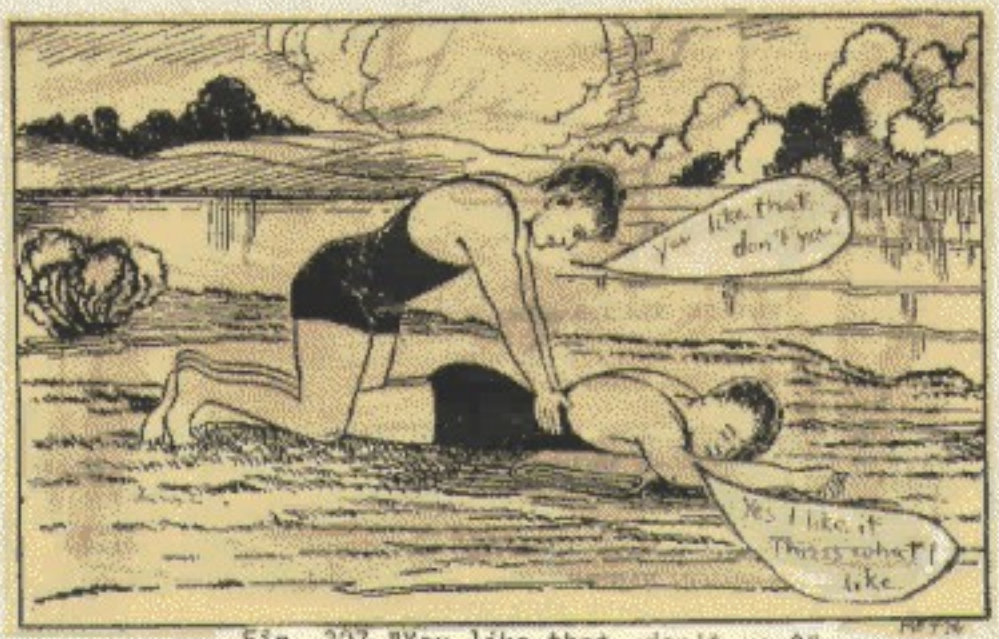

Fig. 307 "You like that, don't you?"
"Yes I like it. This is what I like.
",Billboard by M.Yabuchuck,1976

19 X-9

The next thing I remembered, I was in a hospital bed, a private room; my head was still groggy from sedation when the doctor ca me in.
Me: "Doc, how am I?"
Doc: "Oh, you're doing just fine, young man. That was quite an accident you lived through."
Me: "But my legs..I can't feel anything."
Doc: "Well, Jimmy..We saved your life, but there was nothing mo dern medical science could hope to do for your legs. We had to amputate."
Me: "Where are they gone, Doc?"
Doc: "Oh, they should be floating down the Cuyahoga River by no w.."
Me: "No...I mean, where were they cut off at?"
Doc: "Oh, I'm sorry, now I understand. Your left leg was remove d just below the knee, and your right leg, just above the knee. "
Me: "Sufferin'Succatash."

Doc: "Oh, never you mind son..Modern medical science has developed shiney stainless steel appliances that will have you up and around in no time.."
Me: "My wife, Doc, does she know?"
Doc: "No, she has only been informed that you have been in surgery, she knows nothing more."
Me: "She mustn't find out. I don't want some woman's love, just out of sympathy. We was havin' misunderstandings as it was, I don't want her feeling sorry for me..not cause I ain't a whole man, no more. Don't let her find out, Doc! Don't tell her what has happened..you gotta promise me!"
Doc: "Oh, all right..but she is waiting for you to come out of sedation."
Me: "Just put those flowers under the covers where my legs should be..I've got to keep my secret."
Doc: "Alright son, but I think you're making a big mista-"
Me: "I know what I'm doing."
The doctor arranges the daffodils under the covers, then leaves ...about ten seconds later my loving wife popped in through the doorway, all teary eyed.

Fig. 308 Wartime Storage of the Family Penis can pose serious problems if you wait till the last minute to rush out and purchase a container..It must fit as well as your shoe.

Fig. 309 Puss-Face caught in an Air Attack!

Wife: "Jimmy-Jimmy-Jimmy--Oh, are you all right?"
Me: "Yeah, I'm fine..just be here a couple of days..why don't you just go on home?"
Wife: "Oh Jimmy--I've been so mean to you for the last couple of months..now I realize you were out in a situation you didn't like anymore than me, simply because you loved me."
Me: "It's all over, Clover."
Wife: "Jimmy, please take me home..Take me in your arms, make love to me.."
Me: "It just won't work anymore. We must go our separate ways."
Wife: "Please Jimmy..I'm sorry..I was wrong..you were right..forgive me.."
Me: "Well, I guess every young married couple has their ups and downs.."
Wife: "Oh Jimmy, take me home, and lets make love..me with my legs around your waist as you stand in front of the hallway mirror.."
Me: "Aggh..No!! It's over..there is nothing to hold us together, now..You go your way and I'll go mine.."
Wife: "Oh, Jimmy--Jimmy-Jimmy--If it's because of this accident that you have lost your love for me..don't let it be so..I know what has happened to you..I know you will need time to recupera

te..I just want to nurse you to health..I love you, you crazy f reckled Irish rover you!"
Me: "What? I asked the Doc not to tell you..you still love me a nyhow?"
Wife: "I still love you, you big lug!"
Me: "Wotta fool I been..I thought this was the end, and here it is, only the beginning of something big, and new."
Wife: "Oh honey, face it..we're inseparable."
With that, she swoops down, and gives me a big kiss, right on th e shoulder. She is sitting on th e bed with me, making goo-goo ey es when a trickle of water off t he flowers soaks through her tri -cotton dress and low-cut underw ear, right at the base of her sp ine.
Wife: "Ooh, what a chill! What j ust hit me?"
Her expression becomes serious w hen she reaches down and feels s he has been soaked to the butt.
Wife: "What is going on here?"
She qickly lifts a corner of the sheet, and then throws it across the bed, altogether in a quick m otion, as she lets out a shriek.
Wife: "What is this?"
Me: "I thought you said the doct or told you everything.."
Wife: "He told me all about how your penis had been bruised, and the engorgement of blood in the tissue had left it permanently f ourteen inches long, seven inche s in diameter, and stiff as a wh istle!!"
Me: "Ah--"
Wife: "This--this is repulsive.. this is more than I bargained fo r..why--you're--a

Fig. 310 Chinaman shows off for the camera.

Me: "Don't say it-"
Wife: "Cripple!!!"
With that, she burst into tears, rushed out of the building, into the waiting car of her boyfriend Bruno, and I haven't seen her since. Oh. once I got a letter when I was working in the bag folding dept. at Goodwill, it was on the back of a post card from Reno,Nevada, had a picture of two servicemen staring at an ice cream cone, licking their chops, and the message said, "The weather is fine, I miscarriaged and I'm planning on signing divorce papers tomorrow. Bruno can stand on on one foot in front of the mirror in our motel room, when we ball. Having fun. Good luck with the stainless steel toys. Truly, Clover.

Fig. 311 Proposed logo for the FBI.

Now, to top things off, just last week I was running this high-powered drill, putting a hole in the ceiling of this building where I work, when it grabbed hold of my hair and yanked a good size chunk out. The doctor in emergency said I should get fitted with a toupee' as soon as the swelling goes down. In my leg, that is. Seems I had a reaction to my tetanus shot, and my legs swelled up like blimps. Oh well, it's been one helluva experience from where I stand, and I hope you feel the same way about where you stand. There is just one thing that I can't stand, and that is dames that turn the tourniquet too tight. I just wanted to kill them, every time it happened. It don't even have to be me..Like when I was at the veterinarians the other day..some little Pekingese who had his arm bit by a snake was having a tourniquet applied..by the biggest slob of a woman you ever seen. She was eating an apple..not even paying attention..the poor doggie was sobbin', guess he knew she didn't care..I rushed over and slapped her down, good. She was disgusting.
Then, I was in the movie show theater, and the man on the screen just got a bullet wound in the foot..his nanny was applying a too tight tourniquet when I burst from my seat, made my way to the projectionists booth, and before anyone realized what was up, pulled the machine over. The film went rolling every which way. I just laughed and laughed and laughed.
Today the rain just woke me up, I had no covers, they were pull

ed from my naked body..you know who did it? Yep..that's who. Se e you in September..remember to keep calm, cool, puffy at the m iddle, and plenty of punch available, when the chips are down, you are the only one to carry that pigskin through the lines of combat happy charley's who stroll the streets looking for fight s..while away the winkies on a good old dappled grey..we sat an d watched the tele in a good old fashioned way..who should know b ut you..who should try to keep i t sweet..who was always round my revolving door..trying to catch a glimpse of whence I came from. .Oh nothing could be fina than t o be in your vagina in the morni ng..nothing could be better than my hand up in your sweater in th e morning..Oh if I had a nickel, I'll tell ya what I'd do..I'd spend it on a rubber, and ask you over to screw..Oh nothing cou ld be sweeter than your lips around my peter in the mor-or-orn- ing!! Shits, you call it. I call it, a bolt of golden lightenin g brought down to fill the ceramic foosball programatic itching palace..Please pay sharp attention to your infantile retention. .the one with yellow bows around your withered old oak tree. Th at's all, for now. You dig?

Fig. 312 Strap it on?

I was sitting at the bus stop downtown last night, listening to an old man speak tp a huddle of about 5 or 6 nuns dresses in bl ack leather jackets, each with the words "JOCKO'S ENAMEL SOX" w ritten in studs across the backs. Of course, when he started sp eaking, I couldn't help but listen in..they looked like curious monkeys from the back..I had to listen in.
He stood up slowly, as if his balance depended on it, and began unrolling his words slowly: "Listen ladies, for a story I will tell..how they held the pickles, yet goosed the lettuce, and fo rced their children to hell..it's not a pretty story, yet it's one that I must tell..for I was once a burpin' baby and I learn t my lessons in hell."
With this, he lit a Lucky, offered them each a puff...they wave d no, and he drew a long one, and then threw it down and steppe d on its orange tip. Taking a deep breath, he plunged in once a gain.

"Somewhere around the spunky age of fourteen the sexual instinc ts begin to manifest their presence. The generative organs puff up, perk out their ears, increase in size and become unduly agi tated when prodded with small sticks. It is not infrequently th e case that the organs themselves are irritated and mechanicall y aroused without any conscious effort on the part of the blush ing youth.
So delicately and sensitively nerved is this generative mechani sm that the unknowing and uninitiated boy may not be the master of himself at all. The sensitive sexual nerves are quite easily aroused (i.e.: distant train whistles, squeaking latex garments. .and there is not infrequently considerable temporary pleasure connected with the experience. Herein lies the danger. The orga smic thrill is a subtle, progressive allurement, and when once dipped into, is likely to be repeated.
Kids that once had basically honorable motives to their space e xplorations, and shopping center ventures, soon turn to the gro tesque, the sinister, the sensual. Touching things they should

Fig. 313 Floyd Kalimba & Mitzi Bootsi dance it up in the cult flick,'The Truth about De-evolution'.

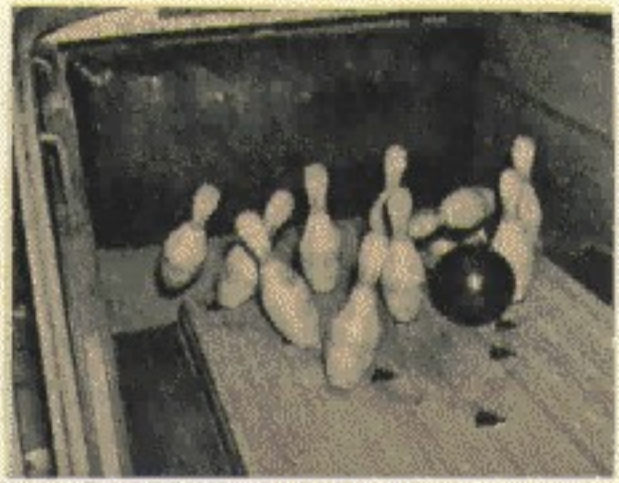

fig. 314 Where are you in this picture? Are you a tumblin pin, a big ball, or stuck in the gutter?

have kept their little hands away from, they are busy exploring tiny asparagus stalks, little ice cream dips, split peaches, and tiny rosy donut rings. Like blood rushing through the vein, pumping in gushes from the breast of a lover, acting out lacey traces on the operating table, the thick hot vital fluid begins flying every which way. And, you can bet your sweet life, honey, you can bet your sweet life, sister, you can bet your bottom rubber, whoever he may be, that liquid sweet and sweaty, gonna be the death of me. Cause I lost my leg a'sailin, I lost my leg at sea..yet I still spend each long night dreamin', about that velvet speed boat I once kicked the starter on. Some may say, as we wait for the bus, there ain't enough energy to excite a pidgeon in the midst of us, but ladies, I got something to say..Any woman who ain't got it, lost her donut one day..that a no mans land, that's a no man's friend. I hung my head and cried..as I seen your photo fade away..and counted condoms pulled out long, wet, yet dry. The world was rocky, as I called your rotten name..you took out all my back teeth, you took out all my fame.. I spent my last dime on trophies, now it looks like they won't get here in time..If I die before the day breaks, bandage my crippled leg one more time. I hobbled here to love you, and I ain't leavin' till you say you love me too. I rest my case in your powder room, hope my speech writers teach it to you. Won't you please tell me where you gonna go, I got bullets in my brainwaves, and they're spillin' on the floor."

With this, the old man, crumpled to the ground, and the audienc

e jumped up and covered his body with squat butter, shaving his time by about three weeks. Someone said to me, "Mark, your writing has absolutely nothing to say, it's as boring as a hand drill, and could be superceded in content by the average high school senior."
I looks at him and says, "Does that mean you liked it?"
I'm a detective, I sniff out lost little boys, and take them down to the station for enemavestigation..First my buddy frisks them..Then, my pal shakes them down..Then, I put them in the line up..when we're done, we all exchange phone numbers, and pose for the press. It seems the newspaper gophers are hanging around my gymnasium more and more, ever since they got wind of changing times.
Just was awoken from slumberland by a tenant who locked herself out..I was dreaming that the Lt. and I were sitting in Grey Drugs, sipping Cokes..there was an aisle display to the right of us..it was the toothpaste aisle..about five feet up to our left, (the sanitary napkin aisle) little Chatty Kathy was laying inside one of the counters, dressed only in pink bikini, getting a suntan. She was laying second shelf down.
Directly across from her, and on the other side of the toothpaste counter, two businessmen, one obviously Dr. Kissinger, and the other, some unidentified pig, sat at their table, eating, and drinking, and talking in a lewd manner, laughing to themselves. Chat didn't hear them.
Suddenly the muzak changed to some airline stewardess singing along with folk guitar and violins, "I will lay down my arms...and beg you to wander," over and over. The man who looked like Kissinger, started singing that line, and motioning to Kathy, and the other guy had an evil smile on his face. Jerry was concerned, and didn't know what to do..gave me a look like, "Well, if that's where they're coming from, and she doesn't figure it out, then whatever happens is her own fault..."

Fig. 315 Illustration from Taiwan Sex Manual for Teens.

Fig. 316 Many people overexert in the mad rush to gain the material things of life; and quite often, when their goal is reached, they find that they cannot enjoy what has been gained for they have lost something more precious--good health.

ACT ONE: "ALL IN A DAY'S WORK"

Dear Diary,
As of today all things are being prepared for the transformation planned for all of us by aliens from outer space.
Bob, Bobbi, Moroocan Jack all in the same house, slightly warped walls and lots of leftovers left all over the place.
Bob: "Boy. You just do that, you last place creature from the Temple of Meat Derby..I just get me some coffee and you say you want vamoose..what gives?"
Bobbi: (covering shoulders with crossed arms) "What?"
Bob: "You and that 'if I'm lucky' stuff you keep whipping out everytime I suggest a little roo coo coo."

Bobbi: "Oh, you're just a ittle too rambunctious, you just keep that couch all slick and covered..it's your own little tattle t ale you keep tutting on, you know.
Bob: "What??? (tosses look of disgust over his shoulder to Jack , who is pulling burrs out of a dog's coat.)
Morroccan Jack: "Seems to me, you should never live with someon e you sleep with, you should never tussle with the tankard you fill with the grapes of jolly behavior for the wines of tomorro

Fig. 317 Safety First!"Watt U Gott.. sure good to me..",or so it seems sh e's singing it out!

Fig. 318 Poo poo stains on the carpet? Colitis is lurking just outside your door!

ws, big bad sorrow will surely grip you by the one small twig left to us here..American No-How!"
Bob: "Jack, what's the matter? You seem so sad and philisophical lately, I'm kind of worried.
Bobbi: "Help me screw the pole up in the closet."
Bob, Jack and dog break into loud jerky guffaws.
Bobbi: "Oh, go poop yourselves, you intellectual broken beanwires!"
Bob: "C'mon, it's all in fun, hon...You said it, not us. (chuckles midsentence) We can't help it if you been acting like a pin the last couple weeks."
Bobbi: "Well, what do you expect? Who does the dishes around here? Who works at the Temple all week so you can drive all over who-knows-where picking up girls for occasional blo-jobs? Who discovered the peanut..(pauses to deliver with a sort of one-upmanship approach)..that you keep tucked away in the garage to drive to your heart's content everytime I turn my back?"
Jack: "Peanut?"
Bob: "That bitch saw an ad for a roaster about nine months ago, I liked it, I bought it, and now I drive it. She holds it against me, the peanut as she calls it..she found it, I drive it, that's all there is to say..I wish she would drop that subject..I'm tired of her always bringing it up."
Jack: "You mean that yellow roaster, it's the peanut?" (tickles

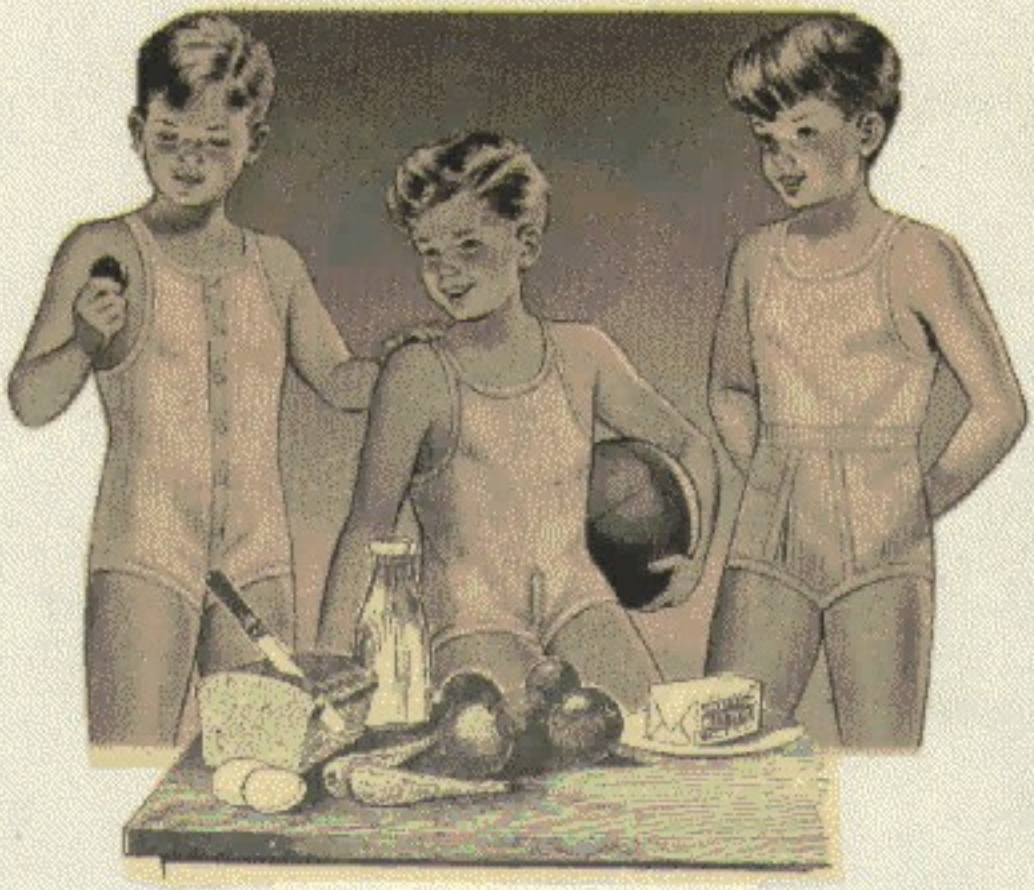

Fig. 319 Future Tire Shaggers.

dog's ribs)
Bobbi: "It's a pet name. You see, we never had a child, so we d ecided to name the yellow roaster the peanut. He blames it on m e. He was there, he helped me, and there is no way for him to w riggle out of that. He drives it like it was a big yellow peanu t."
Jack: "You mean like in the Joni Mitchell so--"
Bob: "Enough!! That's all I want to hear about my pea- er wheel s..You can all take a fucking stroll..I mean, walk."
Bobbi: "Woooo-oo big talk, little jock. Go scab a pick off Dr. Spock..ha-ha (laughs and giggles) hee-hee."
At this point, Bob rushes forward and slaps a bewildered Bobbi

in the tiny rosebud she uses for a mouth.
Bobbi: "Owl! OOhh!"
Jack: (to dog) "Say dude, let's go back to Morrocco, it's safer there."
Lights dim as light dies down with only a spot on Jack furiously combing a howling doggie.

ACT TWO: "ALL IN A DAY'S WORK"
TEN YEARS LATER

Hollywood bowl, nobody's around, birds are falling out of the ceiling, dead, all kinds of birds. Enter Bobbi and Bob, they're holding hands, and look as if they're late.
Bobbi: "Oh, no..we're too late.."(then coming to abrupt halt, stage center, they both rise to their toes and the opening strains of 'Too Much Paranoia' comes pooting up from the sewer drains at their feet..slowly turning towards each other, staring, they fake a couple 'state ot the art' ballet moves and with the opening vocal lines Bob is singing, Bobbi starts doing inverted jumping jack flapping motions, undescribable, but I think she could repeat them if asked.)
Bob: "Pretty Teasy Tong-twister..shove off the continent..Happy Little Horsey-back..grab a couple glances..."
Bobbi: "Toy topped romances.."
Bob: "Cut a dip, cut a lip...bite and nip and trout a tippy-tip

Fig. 320-323 Government photos of macho faggo's in action.. left to right..positioning,pull stroke, push stroke, big O.

Fig. 324 Buggi-eyed condition brought on by excessive compu lsive TV viewing..100% fatal.

ple blowfish basket rubbins....I lub you, lil' nubbins.."
Bobbi: "And you too, chim-chubbins...for the memory..memory..I am a memory.."
Bob: "Flphlemery..phlegmery..life is a phlegmery..faded in deep dark denim dumps..."
Bobbi: "I got de' mumps..."
Bob: "Let's pass this way again.. sometime.."
Bob and Bobbi: "For the good times..(Bob puts his arm around Bobbi's waist and pulls her to the ground)..For the goodtimes.. Let's rest our big pudgy heads on one another... for the goodtimes."
As the music fades, in comes Jack and dog... obviously back from a safari in where else? Deepest Darkest!!!!
Jack: "What ho.. What goes?? Where's the fire.. Bring on the dancing gals..(dancing gas??)"
Bob and Bobbi (simultaneously): "Jack!"
They run over to help him with his bags, Bobbi falls to knees and puts arms around Jack's dog, kissy and petty.
Bob: "How the hell ya doing, man? Where the hell ya been? What the hell ya thinking? Where the hell ya going? Who the hell ya doing...Je-ee-z I can't --wow, this is freaky! Holy shit, fick, god dammit, oh hunka...goddampus her man...Hi Jack..."
Jack and Bob have a warm fraternal embrace center stage,,Bobbi is still working over the dog.
Jack: "Hey, ho...what do you know? I just got back from a Morroccan tooty-boat show..get the go? Check out this scar..(points

to left armpit) Ya dig? Picked it up in Nairobi..the next large st town to Pez..people shit in the streets, camels are bought and sold like property..girls reach puberty..boys dig for worms and sell them to the G.I.'s, who just get drunk, fight fuck die and get paid by Uncle Sam. It's good to be home, none the less." (Bob and Jack do a bro' handslap)
Bob: "Do tell, Jack (happy laffs) Do tell, Jack."
Bobbi jumps up to greet Jack: "Jack!! How absolutely Marv! How splendid! How right on target! (As she says target, she lets lose with a punch in Jack's unsuspecting gut)
Jack: "Uhnh, oooh..oh...Bobbi..unhgh..oo..Oh, how utterly Bobbi-like! Thank you, my good friend for staying the same...I wondered how time and the Temple would affect you, and it seems to have left you intact!"
Bob: (frowns) "Knock it off you two war-torn nighties... There's plenty of time for you to tussle back at home. Come Jack, you're living with us from now on!"
Jack: "Bob, you're both a gentleman and a scholar."
Bob: "Jack, you're both a liar and a good sport."
Jack: "Bob, you're both a wise man and a fool."
Bob: "Jack, you're both a traveler and a travel log."
Bobbi: "Boys, boys..into the Datsun!"

Fig. 325 Sour grapes may mean hidden wishes..or just defective genes.

ACT THREE: ALL IN A DAY'S SOMETHING OR OTHER? I FORGET

The trio arrive home to leftovers in the Datsun. It's been a long drive, the muffler is missing, so it's been a noisy drive, and they are all fagged out. After about five minutes, they slowly climb out of the car.
Bob: "Long haul."
Jack: "Yeah, yhat's true...it really has been a long time since we got into this car."
Bobbi: "Oh, my bones."

Bob: "Some party, though."
Jack: "Wooo, wow. That you cannot deny, pardner. That you cannot deny. (stretches, yawns, rubs head.)"
Bobbi: "Lots of food."
Bob: "Incredible amounts of ffod."
Jack: "That hostess..the one with the mostest? Well, I think while under the influence of a party atmosphere she and I got engaged."
Bob: "Hey, you two looked a little chumsy, there."
Jack: "I was really out of it."
Bob: "Oh yeah? You handled yourself pretty well."

Fig. 326 Victom of Kryptonite.

Jack: "Old Morroccan trick. Morroccans get high so often, you g
otta be able to handle things even when you're out of it..or el
se you might be out of a job."
Bobbi: "Out of luck."
Bob: "Last night I think you were out of wedlock."
Jack: "I had it under control at all times. You see, I know the
Art party scene pretty well and I know better than to just sand
bag it all over the fucking bathroom floor like some people we
know." (makes gesture towards dog..dog whines and runs under ca
r and covers ears with front paws like in Little Rascals.)
Bobbi: "Did you see the way that beefy dude in the pink and red
jumpsuit ogle me?"
Bob: "I almost decked him, but then his super vixey chick start
ed checking me up and down..At first I felt like a piece of mea
t; the way she vulgarly undressed me with those bi
g bulbous eyes...then reached into her purse and h
anded me a box of Red Hots! Well, for a French Mor
roccan lady I knew something was up. And it was my
flag! Waving like a fuckin' Fourth of May Nat. Gua
rd rifle butt..and then; she grossed me out..She pu
lled out a box of candy Boston Baked Beans..those
candied little peanuts that..."

Fig. 327 Ju
st a vegeta
ble without
the head.

Bobbi: "Peanuts! Peanuts!! That's all you think ab
out." (covers ears and runs into house)
Jack: "Don't worry, Bob, she'll get over it..."
Bobbi: (yelling out from house) "Get in here...it'
s a neo-dada tap dancer with a curtain on back, ta
pping to Vic Damone's 'Up, Up and Away."
Jack and Bob scramble for the door.
Jack: "Is that hotcakes I smell?"
Bobbi: "No, it's not! (she runs upstairs and slams the bedroom
door.)
Bob: "Don't worry, she'll get over it."
Jack: "You know, it's strange..but I feel over the last ten or
fifteen minutes, we've all grown so close."
Bob: "Dig it."
Jack: "O.K., but I've got to tell you something. I'm due back i
n Morrocco real soon..I just got the telegram a few minutes ago
..I've got to leave in just a few moments."
Bobbi: (she has been listening through the floor boards)"Jack!
Jack! Jack! (running down stairs) If only we would have known s

ooner..What a strange stroke of fate. Well, see you when you ge t back."
Bob: "Yeah, see you later, pal. You will a lways find a home in this house..by the wa y, we're moving at the end of the week..to morrow."
Jack: "Well, I guess this really is goodby e."
Bob: "Good luck."
Bobbi: "Good evening."
Jack: "Good riddance."
Bob: "You really freak me out, dude."
Jack: "You really do me in dud..er, dude."
Bobbi: "Well, keep in touch."
Jack: "Keep in shape."
Bob, Jack, Bobbi and dog simultaneously tu rn towards audience, and repeat in unison. .."That's all for now, That's all we know, This is the end.
FINISH.

Fig. 328 Enema Lad.

20a Long Distance Abuse

So you own a Dog!!
More than once in your life you shall find yourself confronted with a situation that leaves you nothing to pet. Alone in a roo m with nothing to own up to. Perhaps in a reclining position, s taring about cold plastic surfaces snapping out..you think only of your Princess phone. The touch. The glow. Where has your lov e gone? Give yourself a minute to think it all out..but you're so upset you can't even listen to the radio!! Suddenly, you are confronted with the possibily of LONG DISTANCE ABUSE..Your Prin cess is an agent of the electronic indifference: You love her. Feelings bubble to the surface in quick hot rhythms. You think you know it all, yet there it is..all hot and bothered stretche d out in the hall..she was young, sniffy, pink and always eager for the touch..the bone..the toss of the stick that always sent her fetching..now it is the thought that leaves you wretching.. crying in the big hot petunias all about that pup that bit the mitt. Left alone; just the bowl and the biscuits to remind you how it once was. "Painful shifting and deep dark angers, servic es rendered in acting as the paid representative", she once smi

led. Your ears hang low,they wobbled back and forth..tears hit the note she left in your billfold.."Dear-----(fill in your name), I have to say, I'll be leaving today..but first let me drop a few inside hints. 1. Give freely, be not overly pragmatic, nor underly postdiluvial, that is, taking a place after a deluge, but rather, remember portiere (french curtain) is the opening to post facto and otherwise opportune postfix. 2. However, if you have asked the agency to try to move you up the ladder to a position for which you are not fully, wholly, completely, morally, initially, posthumously, readily, quickly, cleanly, religously, reluctantly and yet ever so steadfastly ready in the sense of qualifications for, you must be willing to assume the risk! Please believe me honey, NO GUARANTEE CAN OR WILL BE GIVEN!!! 3. Please assume a more honest position, that is to say, less garish (gaudy, dazzling). 4. Remember the cabbage, to keep it away from your appliances, you know what can happen there. 5. And this is for you, Lt., just walk light and carry a big stick..It's undoubtedly about twice as thick, as anyone would ever expect.

Your loving doggie, Princess.

Will Ohio Bell ever return your little doggie? Well, that is as much up to you, as to them. Do you treat your doggie correctly? Do you keep her clean, use her often, and otherwise make her fe

Fig. 329 Man is what man thinks.

Fig. 330 Knock off that cryin shit, lady! They don't look that way because they want to. These guys can't help it if they were chosen to absorb the Hostilities of an entire Social Empire!

el the center of your affections? Or, do you let her ring,ring, ring, failing to answer her most urgent calls..Are you away from her when she has something to say..When she wants to play, do you touch her everyday? And lastly, do you keep up your payments?

No doggie is for abusing..using..confusing. You must Love, Honor, Obey..to stay happy every day. God put doggie here as man's best friend. Let's not leave him down, or ourselves, should I say so.

Remember this little story...for if you don't understand it now, chances are in favor that you will soon one day. Your Loving Historian, Manners Big Boy 4/14/75

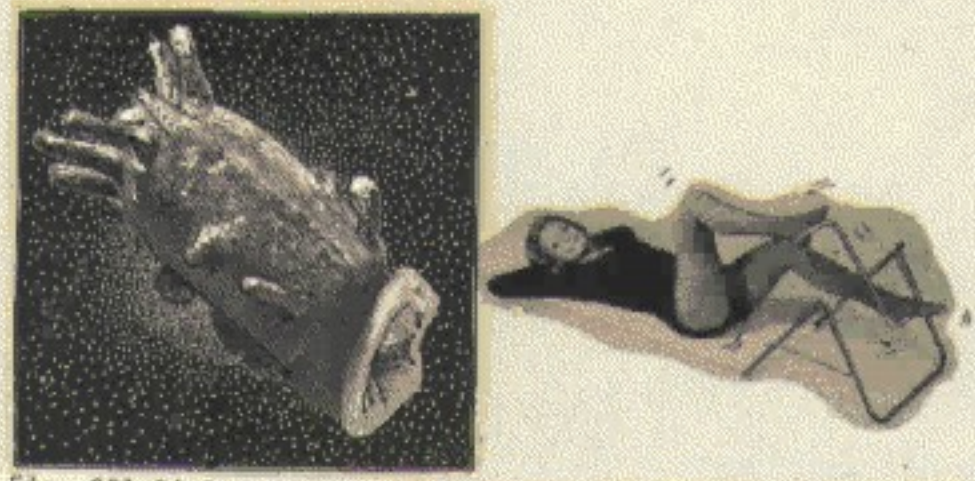

Fig. 331 Dislodged Space Maw chases pedal-beauty through heaven.

b

Life and Limbo Bouyancy

I would like to start off by saying that ever since the world b
egan, there have been differences of opinion over the subject o
f anal retention of water-based food substances. Some claim that
the entire subject is regulated by the amount of offsoring pare
nted by the victim of anal retention. Others believe it to be
simply a disgusting mythical ailment conjured up from the minds
of sick and disgusting sexual deviants. Still others feel the s
ubject of a.r. belongs off the record. and on the mat. Still ot
hers proclaim a.r. to be no more than the sensual prelude to bi
gger and better doses of unused sexually magnetic cavity fulfil
lment..or, more aptly, Blunderbustte.
Germanic in origin, the Blunderbustte Theory has permeatted eve
n the more feline of genetic circles, finding rise in popularit
y in many Oriental based energy wads, and constant reference up
on in both the Americas.
Could the simple wadding of shy, almost innocent pristine white
shredding of Tamponese and Cocktail cottens and brightly border
ed sniffy silks release light upon this highly sensitive subjec
t? Could the entry of these materials into the anus itself shed
whispers of truth as to the reasons why?
Pushing on deep into the dark and foreboding colon (sic) fright
ned pups and startled spuds hang up cold..Is there a reason why
? Can any one of these reasons why ever be brought to light, or

as they say on the subject of windfalls, Can it be controlled? As a young scientist, afraid of the fatal consequences of astro nomy, I must say that too much is vastly more destructive than too little. Take a look at just about any phase of our present Spiritual Structure. Bloated. And not just with the info of the ages. Too many astronauts pushing brooms, raising sons and daug hters. Too many Moon Gazers out to capture Planet Play Pals..W hy is it only years later, now that we have been plunged and ro oted that we see the consequences of our probs. Why do we wait until it is too late to close the back door to dirty water..clo se off offending angles, seal up unprotected territory? Wiped f rom view, we lay crying in big soft mounds, Even the smartest l ook like clowns, some say yatta yatta tim bam boom!
Blow it on out of your system, sister!! Send it packing on out the door, brother!! We're here, and here we are!! What you thin k? What you got to say, hey? Let's round 'em up shove 'em off, do whatever we gotta do, but smash the dirty little substances that daily flag along at our nerves, nip away at our souls, and dig in deep at our potatoes. Blast them apart, and leave not on e flower of evil to sprout jelly-seedlings in the wake. Kill th e deep end divers, Destroy the devil-strip demons, and resurrec t our most dearest and private possession, our Mothers.
Thank you for your cooperation and prayers, Rev. Ernest Angsly

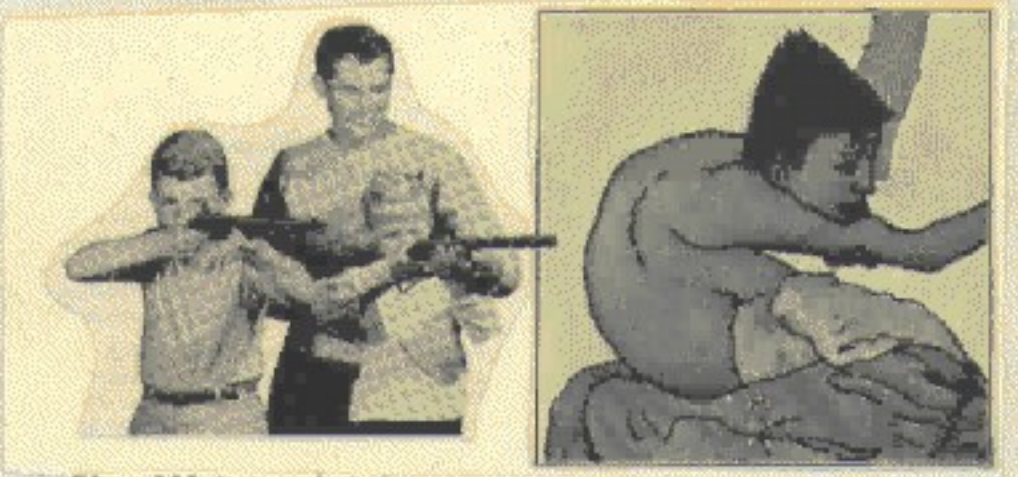

Fig. 332 Natural Selection..as practiced by the family.. Little Buddy and Janey have no idea what an important fu nction they play by removing such flotsam from society!!

Fig. 333 Never No Never bend over in the presence of one of them multi-eyed spuds when its all sexed-up.. They just seem to have no reverence for the human bo dy whatsoever..it's redic!!

21 Religious Vomitosis

A word on auto accidents.

I remember my first auto accident. I was driving a 67 Barracuda out by my parent's house. Me and John Hilston was on our way to practice. He was the fat sloth-boy who played guitar in my band , and had a father who worked the night shift at a rubber plant . Only thing, John's dad was a jazz horn player, and sat around all day wearing dark sunglasses in the house with the curtains closed. He forced John to read playboys and look at surrealisti c art, and encouraged John to masturbate. John's mother was sic kly and thin and complained constantly of her condition. Well, it was raining. I was driving, and there was this big hill, cal led Smith Hill. Some interior decorators son got flattened by a train at the RR crossing at the bottom of this by now notorious hill. Well, we was doing about 35 as we headed down it, which w ould have been fine except there was a Cadillac about halfways

Fig. 334 By-products of TV chemical cleanser warfare.. in other words, children of the damned.

down doing about 10. I didn't see it until I came around the bl ind curve and then, there it was, bigger'n'life..just as I said , halfways down the hill. Well, I hit the brakes..we did a shim my shake, went to the other lane where a car was coming up. Joh n screamed as we slid then back to our side, right behind the C adillac. I thought we was gonna hit that car, and then we spun around right over into the woods to our right. Trees went flyin g by until, WHAM!! We ran right smack dab into a big tree, broa dside, smashed my door in...John came flying across the front s eat at me and bent my stick shift over double. God dam! Worst c ase of jumpin' jitters I ever had struck me down right then. We were in shock, but made it back home. The car was totaled. Anot her good one was with Irving Terzic on our way to another job f or my band. The car was a 69 Plymouth..it was 68 so the car was brand new. It was snowing, and there was an amplifier on the se at between Irv and me..I pulled out of an intersection and Wham ! a 69 Pontiac rammed me broadside. I got cited, but before the

tow truck took my car to the garage, he towed me to Tallmadge High School so I could unload the equipment from the car. Boy, was I proud riding in a tow truck to a gig! Irving had an interesting home. His parents were from the old country; as a matter of fact, his father was an actual Nazi soldier during WWII; the only one I have ever met. His dad was also a prick. He had all sorts of stupid old country rules about staying out late and the like that bummed Irv and Joe right out. Irv was the first person I ever sawwpuke up alcohol. Gin and rice that looked like maggots. At a fraternity party my band played at. He was also the first person I ever knew who photographed his own cock. (He used a polaroid.)

Another good one was a 68 Volkswagon I rammed into the back of a city car at about 20 mph. Put a dent in the windshield in that one..did in the VW.

I had also previously run that VW into a tree sliding on a bad turn close to my parents house.

I also spun circles off the road in a 67 Renault Caravelle doing about 35 in the snow on an icy road about a mile from my parents house..It happened right in front of Star Market..I was spinning and hit a 6' by 8' wooden sign and the sign exploded..I thought I hit a telephone cable while I slid about 75 feet total ..It looked like the windshield exploded; somehow I missed the telephone line. I also wrecked a 65 Nova. But, strange enough, it was a 64 Comet wagon that I never had a major accident in..the only car I ever owned and didn't wreck. Something odd about that car, I never figured it out.

More about Irv...his grandmother was so far out of it, all she could say in German when TV commercials came on was, "Who eats

Fig. 335 One for the books! Rare case of pelvic implosion.(total remains pictured)

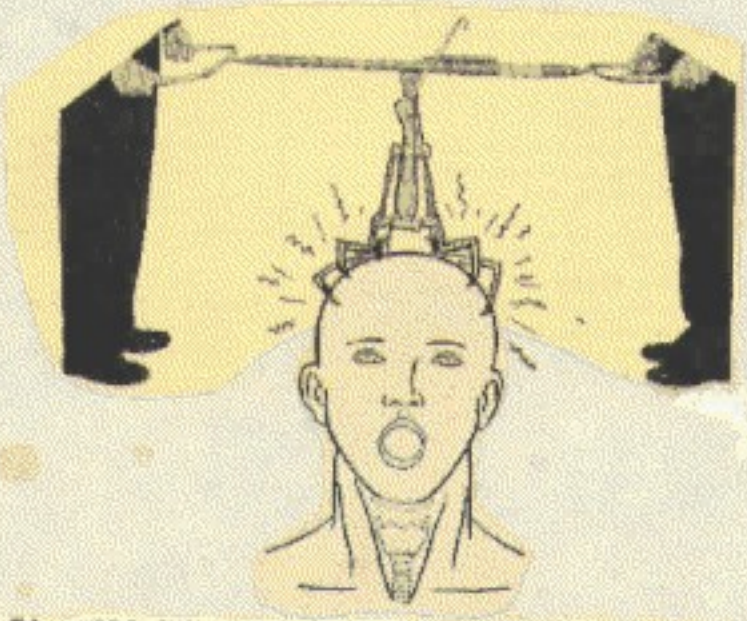

Fig. 336 Suburban Robots Monitoring Reality... its a 24 hour a day job, requiring dedication.

the food when they're done with the commercial?" She looked beh ind the TV and under it, and tried to get in it to get the food . Irv's brother Joe said in the old country, he remembers being so hungry, he and his mother sat down and cut out pictures of f ood out of magazines and ate them. At the time, I thought it wa s funny funny. I only sorta think it's funny, now. Irv had youn ger sisters I always wanted to fuck. They were too little, but I guess later they fucked everybody. Silly Krauts!

22 Surgical Big O

Odors in backseat could mean trouble.

The cold winter blast has finally broke down and we are confron ted with warm weather once again. But sniff. Smell that odor? L ook over your shoulder... you will doubtlessly blame it on faul ty incinerator culprits... but you wanna know where to check? T ry the barndoor. Someone left the bull get out in the cabbage, and now he's making a mess. Rubber boots are no help, as the od or goes over them, catching you any which way you turn. Feel li ke running? Too late. Feel like hiding? No way. Feel like cryin

g? Go ahead. No one forsaw this awful dilemma, but here we are. We are here. Snatchy whiffs turn tight pinwheels, zeroing in on red and swollen nostrils. Some swoon. Others cough. May flies l ay their soft white eggs in it. Soldiers, teachers, physicians, men of cloth fall to their knees weeping in prayer. But it's st ill there. And everyone wants their fair share. They load it up in dumptrucks and match packs and that ain't all. They got it s tacked up in the hall!! You know they never gonna run out of it , they need it too bad. Peel it down, drench it in chocolate, a nd cover it in plaid. Don't it make you mad?
Stay out of the back, it will be here soon enough, you overstuf fed constipated pustulated cream puff.

Fig. 337 Found dead with a bullet through his head.. was the way the papers read the day the fish came ou t and threw up all over this poor little guy here.

Dear Morrocco Jack..
I am here to bring delight to the youngest of your household, I am here to take the soft fleshy underparts out of their hiding places, tucked away from human consumption..warm and delicate n eon buzzing organs, filling the air with their tender motions.. giving vent to translucent vibrations, cooled-down wing prints lace the snowy white sand beds and skip finger motions off the cylindrical echoes, that conjure up from deep plastic pits, the song of a yet unfucked version of Ronald's big and boastfully b ulbous Big Mac. Love and kisses, Columbo Dick

The first time I saw you, I knew
There would be no other..
That tingle, told us
We were meant for one another..
I'm calling you..
I'm calling you..
I'm calling you; One Two Three..
Buttered Beauty of the Negroid North
Come Spread your Tallow on me..
Oiled Wonder of the Midnight Forest
Toss down your Glossy Web..
She's got me by my lever,
Stickin it out Stickin it out..
In simulated leather,
Stickin it out Stickin it out..
I think I broke my tether..
Come on, Come on, Keep on coming on now.
Buttered Beauty of the Midnight North
Come Spread your Tallow on me..
Oiled Wonder of the Midnight Forest
Toss down your Glossy Web..
to me.

Fig. 338 "Your little Tinky is safe with me."

Little tight noisy nervous grindy girl, frustrated by the hamst er habitat electrical nobodies biting each other in fake mating scraps, practicing on each other swollen thin hamster honeys, a ll twisting and tearing chirping sharp pain-screams, red-eyed w ood boys, taunting them to see through their thick musty impene trable crying curtains..suspicious of what they want the most a fraid to touch, touch touch, oh, It's a latex stretcher, faces taunt and practically splitting apart at the touch..electric ec

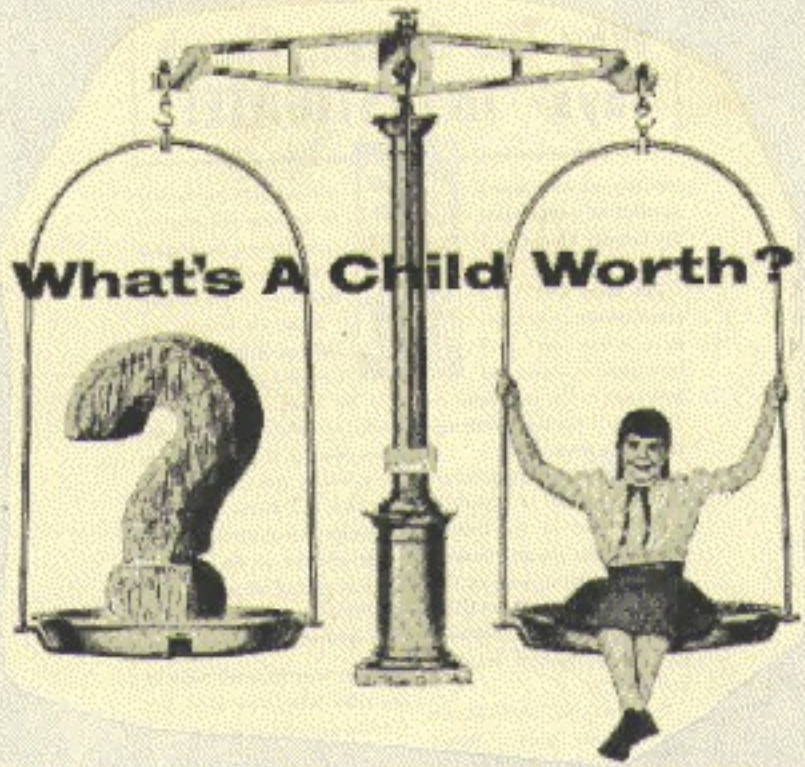

Fig. 339 Good question!!!!, and I guess it all depends on what you plan to do with the child after you get it.

hoes saying fuck me big boy to everything that clocks in Yang I m sad as a can o beans, smashed cat fur in betweens, They've ta ken way my black girl toys, left me in the car, or so it really seems.
Cape Canaveral hayride hoaxster, something's wrong, they've tak en my toaster... It's on the wagon but I ain't with it..Some bi g jerk got his arm around it..feeling my stainless toaster's pl astic tits..The thought of it..Too many silvered aluminum brain cells, busting out my soft and eggy rubber bubble top....ow .wo w..ow!!! Slit-eyed naugahyde barn busters puking pink and purpl e peanut clusters, sitting talking agar-agar, should we suffoca te our oldsters, long past useful, canker butt-aches..Jeeze..It 's giving me the quiver shakes..Hope I hold my dinner down, it' s bad enough stuck with big baby..and I don't mean maybe..There

Fig. 340 Japanese Philosopher Frogs chat under watchful gazes of their babysitters.(Hooded Splay-job eyes the encounter.)

's jus' too much to keep in touch wif..she licked me clean and stole my Jiff..Emergency road clamp, blood head truck hood got it good, poisoned food, washed my fishies up and on the beach. Smelled of spent dollars and panty seats..fat and tattered parents stumbled to their feet..It was all I could do to keep from crying. I mean, after all, it's just right down the hall.. too many hanging by the hook that took their birthrights away..Come again a little louder some other day..There is always the possibily that we could float back up to the top, but I ain't got my hopes up..seen too many umbilical sentences cut, watched the deep diving sun dry out too many of my kind, sucking out the pulp from the rind..It seems anymore a good cafe spot is too hard to find.

I bought War surplus from my neighbor, and he used it against me. Took me to court and threatened to abuse me. I cried out in disbelief and they put sand in my water.

Dear Diary,
He keeps asking me, "When did she say to you, I mean, when did she say this to you?" Of course, we have to humor him..it's part of the whole scene as of late.."Well, I think that's a good idea", he sighed, falling with a plump to the green egg seat, "I'll go halves with Jim"...I just try to ignore him.."Mark", he says and points to the TV screen...there is a picture of a cute 17 year old girl go-going to some funky tune. He's examining my rubber collection now. Three masted schooner, 54 chevy, sometimes we get it out in the open too much, says the fat double-knitted momma. Too many head pains honing in on Brain Time. kill the cream puffs and all silly little sad trikes and other three wheelers. "Would you be interested in doing the studio?" no. Well, maybe. It depends on a lot of other prunetta situation.

Big black boulders rolling down the side of the hill..grandpa waddlin and squattin by the still..grandma shakin loose bugs from the till..it's a long way back to Tipperary...Tiny television with a miniature bark..calling out the box scores from Yosemite Park..Drippy nazi water tubes tinkling in the dark..there's a firing squad waiting in the laundromat...I want to give you a message, that's why I barged in here..there's a rumor going round

Fig. 341 Sled-ride to Hell!! The kid is fucking up.

Fig. 342 Direct hit!! It's open season on Big Babies, and every one is getting the limit.

that you sqirt toothpaste up your rear..Now if you're so damn s ure that sexy laboratory goon-boat isn't some double-breasted q ueer, I want you to put your John Hancock on that dotted line. And climb in behind..join the crowd..strong and loud..It's the onlt thing I ever wanted..then I died on base when you choked u p and bunted..Come on give this sad monkey a shoulder to lean u pon! Scene in shop'n'shop: One piece of bread is covered with b utter, one with smegma, and one with vaginal excretions..can yo u tell them apart from the high-priced spread? Well, give 'er a try..stare 'em in the eye for it's do or die on the old campgr ounds. Trading burning areoplanes for pounds..the operation was called off when they found burning shrapnel from bombed out Veg as imbedded deep in childrens brains. I tried to stop her, Lord knows I tried..but she kept on running and running: and now she 's been deep fried. Deep fried in the batter from 10,000 dead a nd burning auto-fags..tape-loop intellegence lags, genes built to burst on impact.

They slid quietly down the fur-covered hill..each to his own, e very man to his own bone..They crept silently closer, pumping c hest muscles boomed like factory hammers:..little did anyone sus pect how close the invaders were. Kirk slides down the cord..ki cking off cliff side steel-jawed one way traps. First the slip

of the knife from the scabbard cuts the slumberland windless sl eepers..Citric dagger jabs stroke the life out of first the sle eping guards, next the kewpy youngsters. Sip zip zip..in-out in -out in-out...chests leak with barely audible bright red sighs. .Big Tots Nursery has been gone now a full ten seconds, and the world already seems so much older. Back up the hill to wherever they came, those rotten fiends! Such a morbid thing for grown a dults to indulge in..back home to try out Max Factor's roll-on kissing gloss Baby gonad ambergris prime ingredient. Stolen fro m the storage spots from children sleeping at Big Tots; perfume rys stopping at nothing to get the jump on commandoes from the competition.

Fig. 343 Klepto Kaught in the Act! Never trus t a woman whose tits p oke through her garmen ts when she eats.

God bless the pinhead,
With nary a care in the world..
Heaven help the nasty bullies...
Who would harm the playful pins...
One day the Lord will call all pins to sitteth on
the right hand of God,
And the bullies shall be cast into a firey jell....
Spurned into hottest Hell..
The pinheads will send forth volleys of brown
apple-jacks, which the forlorn bullies will be
Forced to smell.
(Psalms 121, vs.67-73)

There's a new family in our suburb, and it's got the neighbors in a flurry..It's 'up periscope' in our suburb, since they seen the new folks was all furry. Decisions are actually reached by a non-decision process wherein, minimal systems construction ca ptures minimally screened info on the most crass of bigoted nig

gerhood levels. And the decision reached called for a total fam ily Nair bath..a spring cleaning ala the depilitory system..just t to let you know that in this suburb, you're dealing with dang erous pinheaded savages. The lowest of the brainwashed-out cabba ges..Dusters and Pintos Vegas and Centaurs..Growling and snarlin g spouting nicotine and dangerous tars. Headache filter-tips, br own freckled spooner lips, Boxes full of Nic'o'Nips..Beeping "fu ck you's" from lurching cars.

It's a cold, cold day. Not like summer warm or anything. Cold, k ind of nasty with shivering silver neon lightening type horrible day. About what we usually get on the average here, where I come from. Well, not where I come from, but rather, where I am now. W here I got to, you might say, instead of where I come from. Oh L ordy, my minds wanderin again..It just ain't with me today..well , forget all this bad weather stuff..I take it back..I guess it must just be my mind..sometimes it's here, sometimes it's there, sometimes it's just anywhere...I didn't mind it when my pole col lapsed, or when my eyes creamed over, or when my legs got brittl e, and my teeth and jaw sorta rotted out..but when my meat compu ter went sour, a little more each hour...I tried to keep the pow er..oh, what's the use..just another helpless goose..when the se ams all let loose..solids turn to juice..wa..wah..waaah..Isn't l ife sad, dad? Dig?

Perma-cell by Andrew Loog Oldenheimer (German astronomer, circa 1837)

Don't give me none of your frustrated behavior,
I've had it with your 'apropos'
I only came here for some rest and relaxation..
Come on and untie me from this door(floor? ed.'s note)
Strat-o-flier lays on her side
Bach at home, plaster block H775
Fake bronze pee-pee boy counts Sports Coins
Please remove this skull-cap,
unleash these frightened thighs..
How did I misinterpret your motives?
Guess I didn't catch that glint in your eye
That moo cow face was quite a disguise
I was sure you was just a bore..
Now I'm laying here with tears in my eyes..
You 'n' your warm soapy water
Have left me extremely sore. Wah. Waawh.

Fig. 344 Art ificial Anus

Fig. 345 One day the reins to the whole universe will be handed to these kids.

When I hear those engines firing, all across the big red sky
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
And the big bass drum beats a rythmn cross my brain
Are you washed in the blood, in the blood of the lamb?
Cog wheels turning, churning music all around
Are you washed in the blood?
The smell of beef on the grill, brings a tremble to my soul,
Are you washed in the blood, in the blood of the lamb?
Darkies dancing wildly all around the boiling bowl,
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb.
The sounds of ages scream as semisfill the sky,
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
The pump pump pumping of mighty air-brakes flexing on..
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
There's a precious cargo in the tank car caboose..
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
There's a million card holders at the stadium tonite
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
We are forming car caravans to reach the promised land
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
Burgers almost ready, let everyone sit down to eat
Are you washed in the blood, in the blood of the lamb?
Burgers almost ready, let everyone sit down to eat
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?

Gathered round this table let us give our thanks
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
Take hold of his garment as he flies on by
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?
He's gonna carry us all to a kingdom on high
Are you washed in the blood, in the blood of the
Praise your Maker...
Hallelugiah...
Praise your Maker...
Tata tee tata...
Praise your Boss Man...
Tata tee tata...
Are you washed in the blood, in the blood..are you washed in th
e blood of the lamb..of the lamb....Are you washed?

DOGS OF DEMOCRACY

When the old dog
And the young dog
Go out together
For a spree-
You can best bet
We'll all get wet
They'll be running
Fast and free

Though the old dog
Got a bad hack
And the young dog
Got a tick
You can best bet
We'll all get wet
When the young dog
Learns old tricks

There's a message
In this ditty
There's a moral
To this song
When the dogs all

Fig. 346 Watch it! Pretty to look at a delight to view, but if you should bust it, it belongs to you!

Get to boneing (bone'n)
Remember their motto is
"money's never wrong"
Bone sweet bone
Bone sweet bone
Sing it loud and long
Bone sweet bone
Bone sweet bone
Money's never wrong

Fig. 347 God sez hi!

Mother aborts fetus aboard KSU float in Nashville May Day Parade
Some said she was protesting, the way we wore our hair..
Some said she was protesting, the pollution in the air..
Some said she was protesting, oh forget this shit. I've got copy on a big story I gotta get out by next Monday, or my ass will be grass. She tucked a turnip 'neath her labes, 'neath her labes, 'neath her labes..She tucked a turnip 'neath her labes, 'o' early-I-ay in the morning. She rose and greeted pinny lad, pinny lad, pinny lad..Pointy-headed children always made her glad, 'o' early-I-ay in the morning. I'm on to something big, I think. The air was warm, the sound of the swarm..filled my mind with visions of that big white glistening larvae swirling on mirror-surface...Big violin picking needle-point jabs into the huge luggo's skin. Translucent marmalade interior larvae living room pure pus substance..make me come my dipes.
The beautiful live long..the ugly dry on the vine..most of us are still hanging by our dehydrated little brain pods.
Sad and foot long super trousers hung, cuffs in the dung..Crackle faced reptiles hissing through one lung..basking in the hot African sunshine, mating throught the rainy season, long overdue.
Some crawl faster than the extremely slow ones..She was a chow-chow trouser buns....Huggy and dribbling pellets of Jiffy-7 canine poo pods..
Pregnant folk singer cheer leader poops her immature pup right into the coach's greedy ceramic cup..KSU is sure to win the best political float for the first time since they blew up paper mache' Jeffery M.s and company.
Well, the best part of this little excursion out into the real world is just about exhausted of all intelligible info.
Keep it low..stay kool, turn blue..lay it on the rind..freeze dry your genitals, it's real crazy, dudes and straps over and sour kraut-out. Your friend, Louie-Louie.

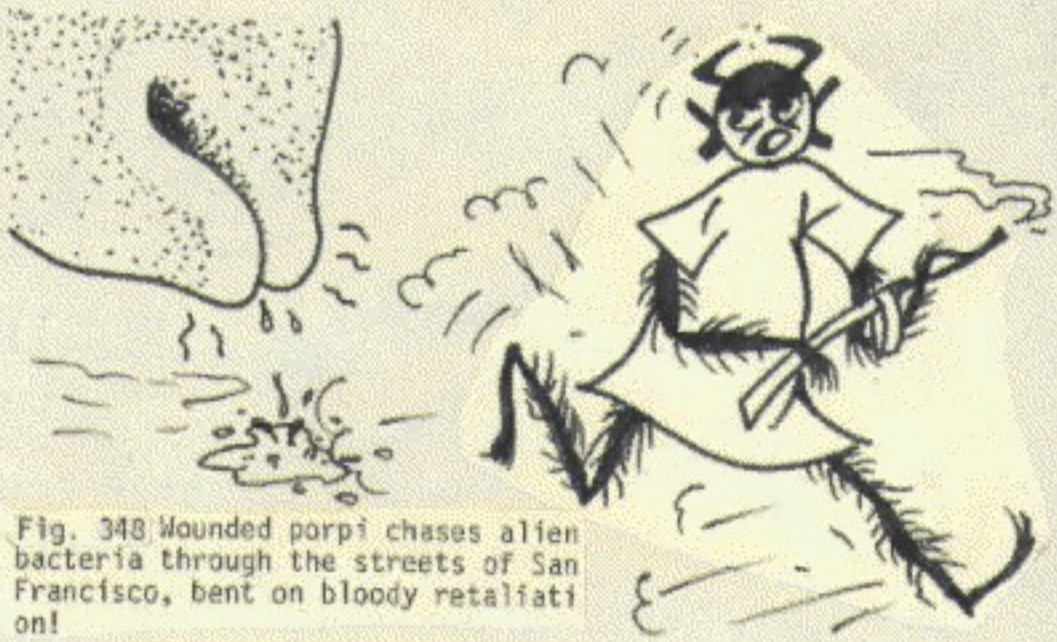

Fig. 348 Wounded porpi chases alien bacteria through the streets of San Francisco, bent on bloody retaliation!

Got a letter in the mail yesterday, it said: "Keep on the lookout for them bug-eyed beans from beeswax!" What could I say? I had to comply..who knows the reason why..Four on the floor playing their word games..Scrabbage, Crabble...whatever it's called, it don't make any difference once you're bald..some went before they was called. I sat in the halls for what seemed like hours...Ring-wormed baboons made us take jelly showers. Put big paws in the pudding, they were trying to offend us..we dodged their screaming yellow pus. Cud-faced cowgirls chewed circles of fatty cellulite..inching sideways bumping buddies, they exchanged outfits at the big bash slumber party. Fresh budding titties feeling farty. I tried to figure out all the little scribbles covering our cave opening..they appeared to be the symbols for panties and wheat spikes..swirling and orbiting the black cave's entrance. Not too many seemed interested in the obvious message from above..they just hung their heads and walked a little faster. A large group of noisy hoods sat guzzling Oil of Castor. Sweaty children gobbling waxy crayons..eyes bugging at TV bean commercials..Who's to say anymore..It's been dragged out the door..Someone said the President's brain had long since rotted at the core.One cancerous wr

Fig. 349 Tanya and Don DeFreeze-dried kiss for the last time before shoot-out.

inkle woman said, "They now bow down in town square to all the f ilth I fully abhor!" One decayed humous being coughed, "If I sti ll had my gun I'd even this score." He fell apart soon after..Th e young gun-toters couldn't stifle their laughter. The old carca ss softly decomposed in the gutter..Two Nazi Greek-Eaters search ed the neighborhood garbage cans for panty-butter. I can't remem ber when I passed out last..Those big trains..they laughed orang e and torquoise puke-pods right through my withered brains.
Too fat announcers speaking from the backstretch giggled, "It's raining out here, and we don't care..somebody stole our underwea r!" And with that, they fell to their knees in great fits of lau ghter, enema bags over their shoulders, still dripping hot from the last heat of the day. At least it's out of the way,you say. Well, don't be in such a rush, bub. I think it just washed down the tub. And if I'm quite correct, that poor queer's butt is abo ut to eject. Pussy poets rushed the theatre entrance, hoping to get a peek in spite of the tight security. "No Way!" screamed the sun glassed and sequined Bitch of a writer. He knew how to ride

a good thing..Intellectuals set out his own little taste of aura
l space. Of course, the critics grumbled, "Oral Space." They cam
e from all directions to sit in squat little circles, listening
for the thick creamy passages to spurt forth, like filling from
over-ripe outrageous pastry blimps. The wide-eyed wise monkeys c
hattering and jumping, trying to find a spot the thick goo might
land upon..In an attempt to achieve burial at sea..men in observ
ation decks look down in disgust at the silly little smarties. C
rispy white coats cover the observers arms as they reach for the
emmision controls..spewing snowy white urea and silver nitrate c
rstals down upon the primate intelligentsia..Like a picnic fanta
sia somewhere in central checkered S.E. Asia. It's hotter than i
t was before, the littler spudettes are squirming in beds....vis
ions of authority figures stripped down to the flesh dancing in
nocturnal rythmns to their demanding pelvic twitches..soppy whit
e underwear sparking musk odor itches. My well-worn plane was sl
owly losing altitude..that sassy young thing behaved in a manner

Fig. 350 *Thanx to DEVO..Beautiful Mutants around the world have found renewed personal pride.*

describable only as rude! She had not a notion in her head. Empt
y save for brain-sop rings, not unlike the more common bathtub r
ings. Get it Yangie? Flute poodles prepared for spiritual mass-s
uicide...Marble head board adopted parents, stood blubbering in
their hankies.. Soldiers shot the stankies...Mr. Magic drew a bl
ank. Someone said it was all in the way he flipped his hips..the
wind died down, the air grew cool..coastal mainliners slowed to
a hard-edged halt..we rubbed appliances..I pressed my flesh firm
ly against her blender..We could have been artists right then..i
t was a genuine rendering of all the vegetables you have ever se
en tossed lightly into one sea foam arena..Of course, on a fine
young piece of black velvet.
It all came together...Cracked and peeling teardrops glisten for

Fig. 351 *Thanx and a tip of the punishment cone to:* Mr. Gerald Devo for this pictur e of his little sis helping mom with the chores..... generously lending her anus as a handi-wipes dispenser.

the cameras.
Oh you big blue Bozo..drop out of this rowboat..She strangled on cyanide Pearl Drops float..Blue eyed drummers always get the goa t.. Let's bring this one on home, It's awful late."I'm tired of reporting on things that make no difference to anyone but me," w as the last thing that rocket titted bitch ever uddered on tape. Plastic Clorox Men consummated the fatal rape. Another seat at t he typewriter, another story, I always say. Since I'm on my way home, this probably will be the last for today. I sure hope so. All this load of information in the wrong hands could certainly spell trouble for me.

Hey, How are you doing?
Just changed my major to backyard barbercue..It's a real deep sl ice, up the middle, no one barks at second fiddle..sort of a com mune-style love affair, you know. Loose as one can imagine, brig ht chocolate dining room tables covered with our own sweet flesh and buds, swimming like fish in bubbled water all the day long.. .No one to stick you where it don't feel good..Green-translucent -templed wise guys, eyes half shut in silent contemplation, cros s-legged and calm as cukes..no one gives them any static...all i s too healthy to need the devoidgradated dehydrated little elect ro-hooks the Evil Ones try to feed our little fishies. Cod liver s rotting in a Dead Mah Breast..died with a toothpick through hi s head. I once had a love for a woman I once knew, there was pee ling from the plaster, there were bugs in the bedroom, the cafet

eria ran-over..Over-run and discharged, I bought a gun in a Spor t Shop and filed down the bullets...we all laughed in jerking mo vements, the dream was halfway over, I lost my brain in Cosmetic s and Notions, drowning in milky juice tart 'n' tangy lotion.
Cops busted in and examined her cockpit..spread the evidence out on the rug and began to execute a full and complete shake-up..th e tremors were remembered clear up in daddyville where no one we nt. His whole book of reasoning was completely and irrepairably bent. Bent like a bush burnt back behind the ears..Bent like a B -52 landing to lay its big white eggs..Bent like a schoolgirl sc reaming from the total consulption of 15 years of frozen tearpie s..locked inside her lonely little kitchen..Taking all the whirl ed as it comes..tree trunks troubled by the damage done within, groan in tragic windstorms, conjured up for packs of carnivorous movie-goers..dressed in corduroy and oil of musk-oxen..wrapped i n Saran and swaddling, eating boxes of corn as they impatiently await the kill. Oh, fuck yourself. It's all your relatives bounc ing off my relatives..There are no even numbers, not even any re liablr rules, only one big bunch of monkeys dedicated solely to acting out lamp shades and repetitive fools.
Children turning into horrible creatures, soon to come together, and rub their tiny futile regenerative organs together, friction building overblown dirty habits..frightened rabbits..cut tooth B aby Ruth less each day you have been away.
Only god can fuck a tree. Remember, you never knew anyone...

I remember mamma..lost her fur-lined booties in the Trauma, shot her way out of a laundromat with two fresh baskets under her arm , guns ablazin'...We were all very young and naturally figured s he was amazing. Aluminum cars dressed like big cold balloons scr

Fig. 352 Treat obscene phone callers with the same respect you would want for yourself..Speak in a clear voice and never be afraid to ask them to r epeat phrases you may not have under stood. Take notes and ALWAYS agree w ith everything they have to say.

Fig. 353 ALIENS DISCOVER JOCKO HOMO..and can't believe their eyes!! They had no idea earth creatures were so frightening!

eeched around the corner, stopping in the crisp dark night to st are at duplexes dimly lit by K-Mart Kris Mass dinlies, frightene d away the terriers, posing by the bushes, legs raised high as s team boats floated up, into Thermal dinner plates, destined for Thanks Guilty dinners. Tables full of fat youths, laughed and ex changed plastic shrapnel...Girls with bows and brillo pads, gigg led and touched each others spaghetti, full of nasty kick whacks , Barbies armed with stilettos....de-balling G.I. Jewies, soft-b ellied Burger Boys, drained soon after birth.

Someone left our department, we all stood back and took offense, cursing all the big line fakers, we sat out on our laps. Plaid a nd pluppy secretaries, stroking tiny fur backed puppies, reachin g for the orange worm, talking recipes and draperies, and infect ing puppies privates, The tiny perverted movie head image bank f or the dull illustrius danger.

Blonde at birth, and blind by necessity, he owned a double-knit brain bag for every day of the week. Some thought they had seen him dimly in their bad air attics, others knew his room number, and sliced salmon in his trunks. And ate it in his presence. Oth ers starved and died. Most just starved enough to eat each other . I knew the latter by direct association.

Nervous linemen sat by their cables, holding in the electrical c harge, expecting the big round-up rush to empty out their duffle ..Leaving them exposed and forced to shuffle..cosmetic cock fight s left one leather coat cut and bleeding..it was all in the name of fear.

LOOK SON—!! URANUS!! (LITTLE LOWER JOHNNY- LOWER-UH- AND TO THE RIGHT)

OH, - WOW--

When viewing divine creation, a parent should seize

OH DAD- LOOK-- LOOK- LOOK— MUHAMMJD ALI VS. JOE FRAZIER (CAREFUL PA- I'M "NUDE" TO THIS FACIST JAZZ-)

- YOW!!

Fig.. 354 HELL WITH COFFEE BREAKS-THESE GUYS WANT SEX BREAKS

Metallic licks from red hot furious pubescents, forced to eat th eir parents own frozen toxic puke-pies..Warped and teetering big shit lies..Children too weak to resist the squeeze..drinking dow n broken glass ans dirty water specifically to please. Your firs t taste was so small, you could barely discern the tainted flavo ur..but soon the doses got bigger and bolder..big chunks regurgi tated and much colder, soon come and take all your senses over, you've been bought for the price of a fix that stole your dreams . Boys soon shot short, Girls lost their emulsifying properties, back seat torture parlours were forced by strong-arm crusty shel ls, slobbering randomly upon what was once their own true selves .

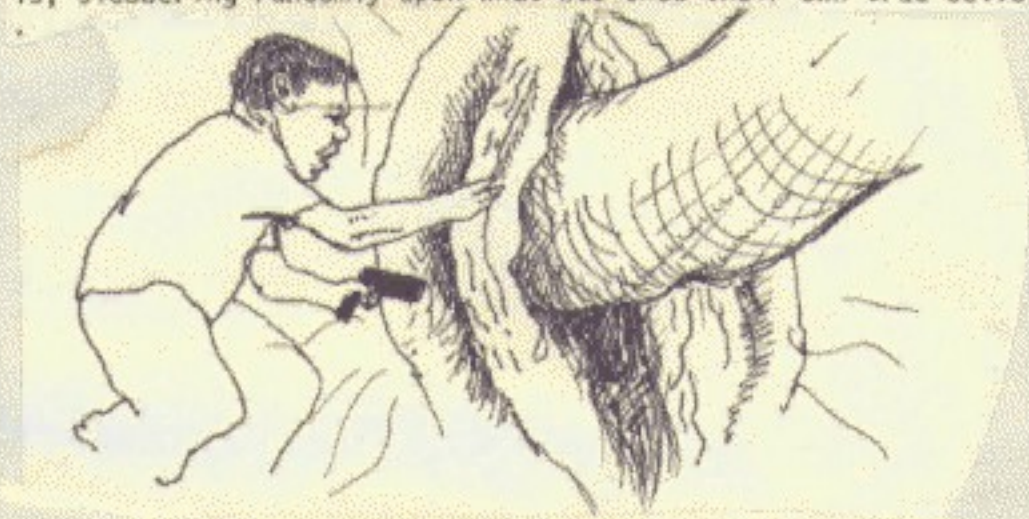

Fig. 355 Korean Midget used by US CIA for espionage work..collecting dirty linen from top US lawmakers.

23 Devonia

A number of sayings had been scrawled on the Devo clubhouse wall ..it seemed the neighbors were not at all happy with the presenc e of a revolutionary art and culture club in their area. One say ing read, Get your ass out, fag! Another read, Fire to the farmh ouse, you backseat sheet heaters, quit your belly rubbin' in thi s neighborhood! A few othersssaid, Chow, chow chow!! & Stop the magic of the back cat bone and don't tread on my mill & Till dea th do us part & Leave it to Beaver! Did Devo care, hell no! They know what it's like to do 40 in a 50..to fight fire with fire..T hey can handle those bulging taters and be peeling fresh young s puds at the same time between the sheets, if circumstance should

Fig. 356 Looking into the future..CAN U TAKE IT?

call for it. These guys don't know the word quit. They resemble a huge iron dynamo when they get going..They are the real Neo-Nazi-Dada-Korps Task Force, here to save the world. THink they're gonna make it? You can bet they're gonna try! Space-pins got the answer, they'll be passin out fresh pie...or at least so they're motto goes. Their propaganda pamphlets would lead you to believe that they got all the answers..and, well, it's hard to deny! They represent the most believable viewpoints around. And by now you certainly realize I'm not one to jump off the deep end, so to speak.

A word about the word, Devo. It's origin is three part. The first being d-evolution, or reverse evolution. The theory that things don't evolve up, but actually follow all the other laws of natural science, mathematics, physics, and history and unwind. The second part is its relationship to the Devonian period of our world's history, in which the fish left the water for land, and only the smart ones returned. The third origin is from the early american slave negro slang term, d'bo..meaning a hermaphraditic androgenous cybernetic middle class intellectual, who really does know from whence he came.*(* Who is kept from becoming a universal guru by economic conditions, only.) Since then, the word Devo has come to mean other things to other people, some meanings being far from any of the three aforementioned true origins of the word.

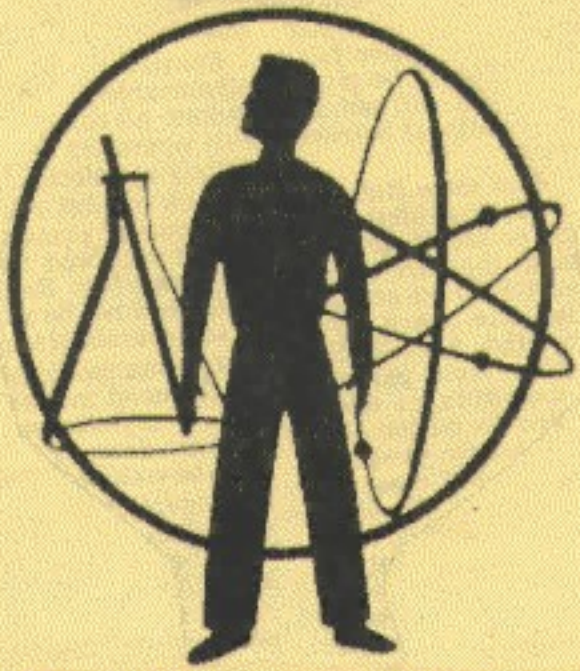

Fig. 357 *SCIENCE..KEY TO THE FUTURE..WE CAN THANK TECHNOLOGY FOR ENSURING US ALL A PLACE IN THE 80's..SUPREME CATATONIA!!*

24 World Catatonia

Well it's over now, you got nó where to go, the tubes have all been severed and the fluids draining low..love the feeling..... I've had all I can take, cause I can't take no more...dropped i t out on the floor..fleshy face pads releasing gamma gas at sta tion attendants..rubber brained bubble boys slumped in circles smoking paper sticks, grunting out donuts, and bloody baby dagg er jokes...saggy-eyed drooping memory banks, spilling brown bea ns, and burnt black nylon legends from the stank they drank in TV time rest rooms sonic booms buster jet sugar poison, fished out of public cafeterias, school line-up china plastic ... open containers filling with oxygenated bliss-outs..over-extended wa rriors slowly file in line with spuds of every dimension possib le..down the dusty trail to.....SUPREME CATATONIA..... That is all I know..That is all there is..This is THE END.

Thank you.

Booji Boy x o

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ARE WE NOT MENY